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THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

VOL. I.

JOHN MOORE M.D.

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[illegible] PALACE.

THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

WITH

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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THE

LIFE

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

THE

LIFE

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

OF the eminent writer, whose works are presented to the world, the particulars which compose the personal history are insufficient to satisfy the curiosity that his writings must excite, and disproportionate to his eminence and his fame. A few dates and notices, recorded in scanty memorials, scarcely more ample and satisfactory than the inscription of a common grave-stone, afford little scope for amplification and embellishment.

Dr. JOHN MOORE was born at Stirling in the year 1729.* He was the eldest son of the Rev. Charles Moore, one of the ministers of that town, formerly one of the ministers of Culross, and of Marion Anderson, daughter of John Anderson, Esq., of Dowhill, near Glasgow.† His father

* It appears from the records of the kirk-session that he was baptized on the 7th of December.

† Her paternal ancestors had been long settled in that great commercial city, where they acquired considerable property, and were advanced to the highest stations in the magistracy.

was a man of distinguished piety and prudence, and highly respected for the purity of his manners, and the amiableness of his disposition.* His mother was a woman of admirable good sense, and of great gentleness of disposition, and firmness of moral and religious principle. They had two sons and five daughters,† of whom the youngest was born after the death of her father, which happened in the year 1737.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Moore left Stirling, and returned to Glasgow, her birth-place, the residence of her relations, and the place of her paternal inheritance.

In the education of her children, which now devolved upon this excellent woman, she was enabled, by the strength of her understanding, to conduct her own affairs with becoming propriety, and, by a living example, to infuse into the minds of others the early love of piety and humanity.

Her eldest son very early discovered a remarkable inclination to letters, and the most promising indications of the lively wit, vigour of understand-

The populous suburb of Anderston was founded by a relative, as early as 1725.

* In the agitation of the great question, the right of patronage, he was an advocate for the moderate exercise of the law. On the translation of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine from Portmoak to Stirling, he predicted the memorable schism that ensued, by his colleague declining the jurisdiction of the established church, and founding the secession-church, which, under different denominations, now comprehends a large portion of the population of Scotland.

† Jean, baptized 9th October 1728; John, 7th December 1729; Anne, 17th February 1731; Charles, 14th May 1732; Marion, 26th December 1733; Mary, 16th March 1735; Charles Barbara, 20th May 1737.

ing, quickness of penetration, and vivacity of imagination, which characterized his future life.

The beautiful and sublime scenery of the Carse of Stirling, in which he drew his first breath, and spent the first years of his life, and the striking monuments of regal and monastic magnificence, and the interesting scenes of heroic actions, which presented themselves on all sides to his eyes, were calculated to make a strong impression on his imagination, and to create in his mind those ardent feelings of honourable pride and affection which he ever retained for his native country.*

After the usual course of instruction in the rudiments of classical learning at the grammar-school of Glasgow, he was matriculated at the university, and attended the several classes of languages and philosophy, with sufficient diligence and success.

By the advice of his relations, and his own predilection for the medical profession, he was put apprentice to Mr. John Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, and a citizen of great and well-merited popularity, who had the credit of having the

* The Carse, or vale of Stirling, extends from east to west, in a perfect level of about thirty miles in length and about five in breadth. The Grampian mountains, which, in some parts, present a most sublime and picturesque appearance, bound the prospect to the north and north-west. That to the north-east is bounded by the Ochil hills, which skirt the Carse. An irregular range of swelling hills terminates the view from the west to the south-west, where the prospect is unbounded. Through this vale, highly cultivated, and interspersed with villas, hamlets, and ruins, the Forth winds its serpentine course. The view from Stirling castle, the favourite residence of the Scottish kings, commands the windings of the Forth, the abbey of Cambuskenneth, the village of Bannockburn, and, in a favourable day, though distant thirty-five miles, Edinburgh castle.

celebrated author of "Roderick Random" apprenticed to him a few years before.*

During his apprenticeship, he attended the lectures of the professors of anatomy and medicine in the university, with success proportionable to his opportunities of improvement. The study of physic did not, however, engross his whole attention. He found leisure to cultivate the study of morality, philosophy, history, belles lettres, and poetry. He had every assistance necessary for the cultivation of general literature and the sciences. He lived with associates of his own age, the companions of his academical studies, whose example and conversation prompted him to the acquisition of knowledge, and the exercise of his genius.

In the year 1747, at the age of nineteen, having finished his apprenticeship, and obtained a sufficient knowledge of the usual practice, he was recommended by his relations, for a situation in the army, to the patronage of the late Duke of Argyle, then a commoner, a lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of foot, and representative in parliament for the Glasgow district of boroughs.

At that period the Duke of Cumberland commanded the allied army in Flanders; and students

* Dr. Smollett is supposed, in spite of the most incompatible circumstances, to have drawn the character of Mr. Gordon under the name of *Potion*, in his "Roderick Random." In the character of *Bramble*, in his "Expedition of Humphry Clinker," he declares his real opinion of this worthy man in the following terms.—"I was introduced to Dr. Gordon, a patriot of a truly noble spirit, who is the father of the linen manufactory in that place, and was the great promoter of the city work-house, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense." He died in 1772.

from all parts of Britain repaired to the continent, with a view of deriving instruction and improvement from the practice of the hospitals. The Duke of Argyle's regiment being ordered for embarkation, he accompanied him aboard, and passed over to the continent under his protection.

On his arrival at Maestricht, he attended, in the capacity of a mate, the military hospitals there, then full of wounded soldiers, after the unfortunate battle of Laffeldt.

His services, on this occasion, obtained the approbation of Mr. Middleton, director-general of the military hospitals, who recommended him, soon after, to the Earl of Albemarle, colonel of the Coldstream regiment of foot guards, and a general in the army; and he was detached to the assistance of the surgeon of that regiment, then quartered at Flushing, under the command of General Braddock, in which there was an extraordinary sickness. He accompanied this regiment from Flushing to Breda, where he spent the winter of 1748, in garrison, and, on the conclusion of peace, accompanied General Braddock to England.

After remaining, some time, in London, and attending the lectures on anatomy of his countryman, Dr. Hunter, he determined to avail himself of the opportunities of improvement to be found in attending the hospitals and lectures of the French metropolis, which, at that period, had deservedly the reputation of being the best school of medicine and surgery in Europe.

He set out, accordingly, for Paris, in company with his countryman, Sir William Fordyce, who had served with him in Flanders as surgeon's mate

of the third regiment of foot-guards, and who afterwards practised as a physician, with distinguished reputation.

Soon after his arrival, he paid his respects to the Earl of Albemarle, the British ambassador at the court of Versailles, and was immediately recognised, and protected by his Excellency, who had a high opinion of his merit, and appointed him surgeon to his household.

This situation, which afforded him an opportunity of being with the ambassador, and participating in the society to be found at his table, was highly desirable for a young man; but, as his attachment to his profession was at that time unbounded, he chose to live in lodgings, in a distant part of the capital, more congenial to his habits and pursuits, and visited Lord Albemarle's family only when his assistance was required.

His acquaintance with Sir William Fordyce was quickly improved into great intimacy. They attended the same hospitals, studied together the same branches of science, under the same professors, with equal ardour and success, and frequently met to compare the notes they collected from the lectures, and to communicate their respective observations.

When Dr. Smollett visited Paris in the summer of 1750, he found an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with his ingenious countryman, to whom he had been introduced in England, and had the satisfaction, which he took delight to remember, many a distant year, of accompanying him in some excursions to St. Cloud, Versailles, and other places in the environs of the capital of France.

After a residence of two years in Paris, during

which he attended the hospitals with diligence, and cultivated with the same attention every branch of the medical art taught in that capital, he was invited by Mr. Gordon, who was not insensible to the assiduity and improvement of his pupil, to return to Glasgow, and become a partner in his business; a custom very common in the great towns in Scotland, where the extensiveness of the practice embraces the several branches of physic, surgery, pharmacy, and midwifery.

By the advice of his relations, which corresponded with a natural attachment to the place where he had passed his youth, and had his earliest and most endearing connections, he accepted the invitation of his preceptor and friend, and soon after left Paris, and returned to London, where he remained a few months, for the purpose of attending another course of Dr. Hunter's lectures, and taking a course of lectures on midwifery with his countryman, Dr. Smellie, who first made the practice of the obstetrical art common among the men in our island.

On his return to Glasgow, qualified by study, and accomplished by practice, he entered into partnership with Mr. Gordon, which continued, with perfect cordiality, for two years; when his partner obtained a *diploma* from the university, and practised as a prescribing physician; a subdivision of employment peculiar to the populous cities and more considerable provincial towns in North Britain.

On this occasion, he found it convenient, in continuing to act as a surgeon, and, enjoying almost immediately and extensively great confidence in

his practice, to assume a partner; and he chose Mr. Hamilton, professor of anatomy, as his associate.

From this period, for many years, the narrative of his life is little more than a recital of his professional occupations, in constant recurrence, in an extensive practice among the people of Glasgow, and the surrounding country, to a great distance. But, in every period of his life, he delighted in social intercourse; and a considerable portion of his time was now devoted to the enjoyments of amiable and polite society. His great power of sprightly wit, and playful vein of irony made his conversation be courted by a numerous and respectable circle of acquaintance. In a city enriched by commerce, and enlightened by its university, he found companions among men of science, taste, and polished manners, whose conversation afforded him a pleasing relaxation from professional labour.

When the reputation of his practice was firmly established, he married the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Simson, professor of divinity in the university; a union founded on mutual esteem, and long and intimate acquaintance. She possessed good sense, a cultivated mind, elegant taste, and great sweetness of temper, and gentleness of manners.*

At a period long subsequent to his marriage,

* "We had the good fortune to be received into the house of Mr. Moore, an eminent surgeon. He is a merry facetious companion, sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour, and his wife an agreeable woman, well-bred, kind, and obliging. Kindness, which I take to be the essence of good nature and humanity, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Scotch ladies in their own country."

Expedition of Humphry Clinker.

when he had attained his fortieth year, advancing in the full career of professional prosperity, and the enjoyment of public esteem and consideration, an incident occurred, in the course of his practice, that changed his whole scheme of life, gave a wider range to the faculty of investigating the characters of mankind, and opened new prospects and pursuits to a mind naturally active and inquisitive.

In 1769, he was called by the Duchess of Hamilton, with his friend, Dr. Cullen, who then practised as a physician in Glasgow, to attend her son, George James Duke of Hamilton, afflicted with a consumptive disorder that baffled all the efforts of medicine. After a lingering illness, this amiable young nobleman died, in the fifteenth year of his age; and the melancholy task devolved on Mr. Moore of recording the extraordinary endowments of his patient, and the grief of his mother, on his tomb-stone in the family burying-place at Hamilton.

" All the reflected dignity that shines
Through the long annals of two princely lines;
And all that liberal nature could impart,
To charm the eye, or captivate the heart;
With every genuine mark that could presage
Intrinsic greatness in maturer age:
A bosom glowing with fair Honour's flame,
A love of Science, and a thirst for Fame,
Adorn'd the youthful tenant of this tomb,
Torn from his country's hope in early bloom.
Whoe'er thou art, who view'st this plaintive stone,
If e'er thy soul exulted o'er a son;
If public fame, avowing his desert,
Echo'd the praises of the partial heart;
Though all may mourn, 'tis thou alone canst know
The piercing anguish of a parent's woe."

The anxious care with which he attended this young nobleman, of great promise, through the whole progress of his disease, led to a more intimate connection with his family; and when his mother determined, soon after, that his brother, Douglas Duke of Hamilton, of a delicate constitution, should travel with a gentleman, who, to a knowledge of medicine, added an acquaintance with the continent, he was engaged as his travelling companion.

In the spring of the following year, previous to his going abroad with the Duke of Hamilton, as his physician, he obtained a *diploma* of doctor of medicine from the university of Glasgow,—a distinction which he had long merited, but had declined, while it imposed a limitation on the range of his extensive practice.

When the time arrived which completed the course of the Duke of Hamilton's education at home, the plan of his residence abroad was arranged by his guardians; and, in 1772, the traveller and his companion, with a suitable attendance, proceeded to the continent, and spent five years in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, residing chiefly, in their travels through these countries, in Paris, Geneva, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Rome, Naples, and Venice, and making excursions, occasionally, in the neighbourhood of those places.

The traveller was fortunate in the choice of a physician, whose acuteness and sagacity qualified him to assist his observations on the countries which they visited; and his physician was fortunate in accompanying a traveller, whose high rank, liberal curiosity, and engaging manners, procured him ad-

mission into the highest circles, and the best society in the capitals where they resided.*

In the course of various journeys through the most interesting countries of Europe, Dr. Moore noted, with classical reverence, the stupendous monuments of ancient art; surveyed, with discriminating precision, the peculiar features of local scenery, and found ample scope for the investigation of national character, in conversing with men, and observing their manners, passions, prejudices, employments, and political and religious institutions. Of the various occurrences, incidental conversations, characteristic anecdotes, descriptive sketches, and political reflections, he kept a regular journal, drawn up in a style that shews the force and vivacity of his mind, and the skill to give connection and animation to miscellaneous observations.

In 1778, he accompanied the Duke of Hamilton,

* Douglas Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the representative of the illustrious families of Douglas and Hamilton, was the youngest son of James Duke of Hamilton, by Elizabeth, second daughter of John Gunning, Esqr of Castle-Coote, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, distinguished by her beauty and personal accomplishments. He was born in 1756, and succeeded his brother, George James, in 1769. In 1778, he married Elizabeth, sister to Sir Peter Burrell, afterwards Lord Gwydir, the Countess of Beverley, and the Duchess of Northumberland. Their union was less happy than the personal excellencies and amiable virtues of the Duchess gave reason to expect. She obtained a divorce from him in 1794, and was, soon after, married to the Marquis of Exeter. He died in 1800. His mother was married, in 1759, to Colonel Campbell, eldest son of General Campbell, of Mamore, heir-apparent of Archibald Duke of Argyle, at whose death, in 1761, he succeeded to the title, and was succeeded by his son in 1770, when the Duchess of Hamilton became Duchess of Argyle.

on his return to England; and the connection between the traveller and the physician, that had subsisted during a residence of five years in foreign countries, uninterrupted by any casual disagreement or misunderstanding, terminated, with professions of everlasting gratitude and attachment, on the part of his Grace, and demonstrations of condescending favour and kindness, on the part of his noble family.

He now removed his family from Glasgow to London, and fixed his residence in Clifford-street, where he became a candidate, among others, for employment, as a physician, in the metropolis, and was consulted by his particular friends, without practising the customary arts of recommendation, to which he had an irreconcilable aversion.

In 1779, he commenced his literary career, and gave to the world the first portion of the journal of his travels on the continent, under the appropriate title of *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, in 2 vols. 8vo, which was received with general approbation, both abroad and at home, and completely established his reputation as an instructive and entertaining journalist of travels.

The epistolary plan of the journal designates, in the series of the letters, without dates, the route of the travellers from Paris to Geneva, Vevay, Bern, Basil, Strasbourg, Manheim, Frankfort, Cassel, Brunswick, Hanover, Potsdam, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Presburg, return to Vienna. Of this series of letters, a large portion is allotted to Paris, Geneva, and Vienna.

In 1781, he published a continuation of the

journal, in two additional volumes, entitled, *A View of Society and Manners in Italy*, which fulfilled the expectations of the public, and increased the reputation he had acquired by the preceding volumes.

The epistolary plan is followed in the continuation of the journal; and the letters trace the progress of the travellers from Vienna to Venice, Padua, the Po, Ferrara, Bologna, Ancona, Loretto, Spoletto, Rome, Naples, return to Rome, Florence, Milan, Chamberry, return to Paris. Of this series of letters, a disproportionate share is allotted to the history of Venice.

In 1785, he published his *Medical Sketches, in Two Parts*, 8vo, dedicated to his friend, William Lock, Esq., of Norbury-Park, the only performance in the line of his profession which proceeded from his pen; except an *Essay on Pulmonary Consumption*, printed as a letter from Naples (LXII) in his *View of Society and Manners in Italy*.

The sketches which form the *first part* of the work furnish an explanation of the processes continually carried on in the animal economy, essential to life. The *second part* consists of observations and rules relative to the nature and treatment of fevers, originally written for a near relation, who had the health of a detachment of the foot guards, ordered to America, intrusted to his care, at a very early period of life.* The work is

* Among the instances of a remarkable species of consumption mentioned in the *second part*, the case of George James Duke of Hamilton is recollected with tender sensibility. "One, in particular, from various circumstances, made an indelible impression

deliberately written in familiar language, divested of technical verbosity, and forms a valuable addition to the stock of popular medical treatises in the possession of the public.

Having obtained a high degree of reputation for his lively and faithful representation of foreign characters, as a journalist of travels, he was tempted to exercise his distinguished power of delineating from real life, and his talent for humour, in the representation of domestic characters, as a novelist, and, in 1786, published his *Zeluco; Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*, in 2 vols. 8vo, which met with extraordinary success, and obtained for him a distinguished place among the legitimate writers of modern romance.

The story of *Zeluco* possesses all the requisites of this kind of writing, knowledge of human nature, invention, and the representation of real life. It is written with a laudable design, to correct the errors of education. The history of the life and adventures of the only son of a noble and wealthy family in Sicily, shews the fatal effects of uncontrolled passions, and maternal indulgence. With every advantage of person, birth, and fortune, and

impression on my memory, the case of a youth of fifteen years of age, distinguished by more brilliant personal advantages and nobler endowments of mind than I ever saw united at that period of life. These particulars are foreign, no doubt, to the purpose of a work of this kind, and will, perhaps, be criticised as improper—let them. At the distance of sixteen years, I have never yet, without some such impropriety, been able to mention this young man;

> "By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
> And always honour'd."

united in marriage to a beautiful and accomplished woman, he is represented as miserable through the whole of his life, owing to the selfishness and depravity of his heart. To relieve the mind, in tracing the windings of vice, and contemplating the disgusting features of villany, the story is varied by scenes of humour and pleasantry, and embellished with picturesque sketches, and interesting traits of character. The principal personage of the story, utterly devoid of principle, perfidious, and profligate, is unrivalled by any character that has been invented by the writers of prosaic or poetical fiction, except Dr. Smollett's Ferdinand Count Fathom, his legitimate predecessor, and Lord Byron's Childe Harold, of whom he is the professed prototype.*

His long residence abroad, and his accession to the enlightened society of London, had not diminished his affection for his native country, and his relations, and the early friends of his choice; and, in the summer of this year, he undertook a journey into Scotland, and passed some time at Glasgow, where he received the respect and attention of his fellow-citizens, and the gratulations of the companions of his youth, with peculiar satisfaction.†

* "Had I proceeded with this poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco."

Preface to Childe Harold.

† His eldest son, a captain in the army, afterwards so much distinguished by his military services, had been recently elected representative in parliament for the Lanark district of boroughs, on the interest of the Duke of Hamilton.

On the occasion of his visit to Hamilton-house, at this time, he wrote a poetical epistle, descriptive of the scenery of the river Clyde, of which the following lines are remarkably picturesque.

" High Chatelherault,* whose grateful brow commands
A lengthened sweep of variegated lands,
From Tinto, down whose vast majestic side
Flows the first streamlet of commercial Clyde,
To haughty Lomond of stupendous make,
Proud of his islands and his beauteous lake.
* * * * * *
Capricious Clyde, how various in his course;
At Cora† rushing with a frantic force,
He hurries headlong o'er the lofty rock,
The wounded waters shrieking from the shock:
Then swiftly gliding by impending groves,
Rich with Pomona's gifts‡—at length he roves
By princely Hamilton's high-cultur'd plains,
To greet the Lady of those fair domains;‖
Whose judging eye each native charm has graced
With all the polished elegance of taste.
Mild as her aspect, as her soul serene,
Pure as her life, which never knew a stain;
Through these smooth fields, unruffled, calm, and slow,
Clyde's limpid streams, dispensing blessings, flow,
(Blessings by every grateful tongue confest),
With Heaven's bright image shining in his breast."

The year following is remarkable for the commencement of his correspondence with the cele-

* The towers and pavilions of Chatelherault stand on high ground about a mile distant from and in front of Hamilton-house.

† Cora Lynn. The Clyde at this place falls, in distinct precipices, from a height of fifty yards; but in land-floods the projection is so violent that the swelled river throws itself, in a connected sheet, over the whole at once; and the water is so broken by the fall upon a rocky bottom, that it rises in fume, like the smoke of a furnace, almost as high as the place from whence it falls.

‡ The numerous orchards on the banks of the Clyde.

‖ The Duchess of Hamilton was then residing at Hamilton-house.

brated Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman, as it was the means of procuring for the public an interesting account of the early life of that extraordinary man, from his own pen. Admiring the strength and originality of his genius, he interested himself, among other men distinguished in the republic of letters, in promoting the subscription for a new edition of his poems, undertaken, for his benefit, at Edinburgh.

In a letter from the poet to his patroness, Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, Dr. Moore's friend and relation, dated Edinburgh, 15th January 1787, he acknowledges the services of her friend, in terms of high respect for his character.

" I wished to have written to Dr. Moore before I wrote to you; but though every day since I received yours of December 30, the idea, the wish to write him, has constantly pressed on my thoughts, yet I could not for my soul set about it. I knew his fame and character, and I am one of " the sons " of little men." To write him a mere matter-of-fact affair, like a merchant's order, would be disgracing the little character I have; and to write to the author of *The View of Society and Manners* a letter of sentiment, I declare every artery runs cold at the thought. I shall try, however, to write to him to-morrow or next day. His kind interposition in my behalf I have already experienced, as a gentleman waited on me the other day, on the part of Lord Eglinton, with ten guineas by way of subscription, for two copies of my next edition."

The correspondence between them commenced with the following letter from the poet to the traveller.

" Mrs. Dunlop has been so kind as to send me extracts of letters she has had from you, where you do the rustic bard the honour of noticing him and his works. Those who have felt the anxieties and solicitudes of authorship, can only know what pleasure it gives to be noticed in such a manner by judges of the first character. Your criticisms, Sir, I receive with reverence; only I am sorry they mostly came too late; a peccant passage or two, that I would certainly have altered, were gone to the press.

" The hope to be admired for ages is, in by far the greater part of those even who are authors of repute, an unsubstantial dream. For my part, my first ambition was, and still my strongest wish is, to please my compeers, the rustic inmates of the hamlet, while ever-changing language and manners shall allow me to be relished and understood. I am very willing to admit that I have some poetic abilities; and as few, if any, writers, either moral or poetical, are intimately acquainted with the classes of mankind among whom I have chiefly mingled, I may have seen men and manners in a different phasis from what is common, which may assist originality of thought. Still I know very well the novelty of my character has by far the greatest share in the learned and polite notice I have lately had; and in a language where Pope and Churchill have raised the laugh, and Shenstone and Gray drawn the tear; where Thomson and Beattie have painted the landscape, and Lyttleton and Collins described the heart, I am not vain enough to hope for distinguished poetic fame." *

* Burns's Works, Vol. II, p. 51.

The homage paid by the "rustic bard" to the philosophic traveller received a prompt return, in the following letter, dated Clifford Street, January 23, 1787, with a particular reference to the poet's estimate of his own character.

"I have just received your letter, by which I find I have reason to complain of my friend, Mrs. Dunlop, for transmitting to you extracts from my letters to her, by much too freely and too carelessly written for your perusal. I must forgive her, however, in regard to her good intention, as you will forgive me, I hope, for the freedom I use with certain expressions, in consideration of my admiration of the poems in general. If I may judge of the author's disposition from his works, with all the other good qualities of a poet, he has not the *irritable* temper ascribed to that race of men by one of their own number, whom you have the happiness to resemble in ease and *curious felicity* of expression. Indeed, the poetical beauties, however original and brilliant, and lavishly scattered, are not all I admire in your works; the love of your native country, that feeling sensibility to all the objects of humanity, and the independent spirit which breathes through the whole, give me a most favourable impression of the poet, and have made me often regret that I did not see the poems, the certain effect of which would have been my seeing the author last summer, when I was longer in Scotland than I have been for many years."

The poet's reply to his "revered" correspondent, dated Edinburgh, 15th February, is expressed in the language of glowing gratitude.

"Pardon my seeming neglect in delaying so long

to acknowledge the honour you have done me in your kind notice of me, January 23. Not many months ago, I knew no other employment than following the plough, nor could boast any thing higher than a distant acquaintance with a country clergyman. Mere greatness never embarrasses me: I have nothing to ask from the great, and I do not fear their judgment; but genius, polished by learning, and at its proper point of elevation in the eye of the world, this of late I frequently meet with, and tremble at its approach. I scorn the affectation of seeming modesty to cover self-conceit. That I have some merit I do not deny; but I see with frequent wringings of heart, that the novelty of my character, and the honest national prejudice of my countrymen, have borne me to a height altogether untenable to my ability."

The traveller almost immediately returned an answer, 28th February, announcing an appropriate present to the poet of a copy of his *View of Society and Manners.*

"Your letter of the 15th gave me a great deal of pleasure. I am glad to perceive that you disdain the nauseous affectation of decrying your own merits as a poet; an affectation which is displayed with most ostentation by those who have the greatest share of self-conceit, and which only adds undeceiving falsehood to disgusting vanity. For you to deny the merit of your poems would be arraigning the fixed opinion of the public.

"As the new edition of my *View of Society* is not yet ready, I have sent you the former edition, which I beg you will accept as a small mark of my esteem.

" I am happy to hear that your subscription is so ample, and shall rejoice at every piece of good fortune that befals you; for you are a very great favourite in my family, and this is a higher compliment than perhaps you are aware of. It includes almost all the professions, and, of course, is a proof that your writings are adapted to various tastes and situations. My youngest son, who is at Winchester school, writes to me, that he is translating some stanzas of your *Hallowe'en* into Latin verse for the benefit of his comrades. This union of taste partly proceeds, no doubt, from the cement of Scottish partiality with which they are all somewhat tinctured. Even *your translator*, who left Scotland too early in life for recollection, is not without it." *

On the occasion of receiving a present of a copy of his book from the author, the poet, instead of " beating the coverts of imagination for metaphors of gratitude," contents himself with returning his thanks, and expressing his concurrence in the opinion that was entertained of the *View of Society and Manners* by the world, on its first appearance.

" I thank you, Sir, for the honour you have done me, and to my latest hour will warmly remember it. To be highly pleased with your book is what I have in common with the world, but to regard these volumes as a mark of the author's

* Of the favourable opinion of the poet entertained by the members of Dr. Moore's family, there is a remarkable instance in Dr. Currie's dedication of his works to Captain Graham Moore, of the Royal Navy.—" When you were stationed on our coast, about twelve years ago, you first recommended to my notice the poems of the Ayrshire Ploughman."

friendly esteem, is a still more supreme gratification." *

On the appearance of the new edition of his poems, Dr. Moore took occasion to address a letter to the poet, of criticism and advice.

" Some of the poems you have added in this last edition are beautiful, particularly *The Winter Night,* the *Address to Edinburgh, Green grows the Rashes,* and the two songs immediately following, the latter of which was exquisite. By the way, I imagine you have a peculiar talent for such compositions, which you ought to indulge.† No kind of poetry demands more delicacy or higher polishing. Horace is more admired on account of his *Odes* than all his other writings. But nothing new is added equal to your *Vision* and *Cottar's Saturday Night.* In these are united fine imagery, natural and pathetic description, with sublimity of language and thought. It is evident that you already possess a great variety of expression, and a great command of the English language: You ought, therefore, to deal more sparingly for the future in the provincial dialect:—Why should you, by using *that,* limit the number of your admirers to those who understand the Scottish, when you can extend it to all persons of taste who understand the English language? In my opinion, you should plan some larger work than any you have as yet attempted. I mean, reflect upon some proper subject, and arrange the plan in your mind, without

* Burns's Works, Vol. II, p. 78.

† The songs which compose the fourth volume of his works will bear ample testimony to the accuracy of Dr. Moore's judgment.

beginning to execute any part of it till you have studied most of the best English poets, and read a little more of history. The Greek and Roman stories you can read in some abridgment, and soon become master of the most brilliant facts which must highly delight a poetical mind. You *should* also, and very soon *may*, become master of the heathen mythology, to which there are everlasting allusions in all the poets, and which in itself is highly fanciful. What will require to be studied with more attention, is modern history; that is, the history of France and Great Britain from the beginning of Henry VII's reign. I know very well you have a mind capable of attaining knowledge by a shorter process than is commonly used, and I am certain you are capable of making a better use of it, when attained, than is generally done.

"I understand you intend to take a farm, and make the useful and respectable business of husbandry your chief occupation: This, I hope, will not prevent your making addresses to the Nine Ladies who have shewn you such favour, one of whom visited you in the *auld clay biggin*. Virgil, before you, proved to the world that there is nothing in the business of husbandry inimical to poetry; and I sincerely hope that you may afford an example of a good poet being a successful farmer."*

On his return to Ayrshire, enabled by the profits arising from the sale of his poems to devote the remainder of his life to agriculture, he shewed Dr. Moore his particular respect, by addressing a letter

* Burns's Works, Vol. II, p. 89.

to him, dated Mauchline, August 2, 1787, giving a history of his life up to the period of his writing.

"I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country: You have done me the honour to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf; and I think a faithful account of what character of man I am, and how I came by that character, may, perhaps, amuse you in an idle moment."*

The narrative is incorporated into the ample and elegant biography of the unfortunate poet, and gives the incidents of his early life, and unfolds the peculiarities of his character, with all the careless vigour and open sincerity of his mind.

From 1786 to 1793, Dr. Moore was quiescent as an author. In the intervening period, three large editions of his *Zeluco* passed the press, and the circulation of his *View of Society and Manners* was extended by a French translation, and an Irish edition.

At this period, the French revolution powerfully excited the sympathies of the people of this country. A natural and benevolent joy pervaded all ranks at the overthrow of the old despotism of France, so contrary to the free constitution of Britain. Dr. Moore, from his early years, had been so favourably impressed with the affability, ease, and gaiety of the French, that he could not but regret the oppression of their government, and the inequality of their laws. In common with all men of liberal ideas, venerating liberty in general, presuming that French liberty would render its votaries happy, imputing the aggressions of France to the

* Burns's Works, Vol. I, p. 35.

corrupt ambition of a court, and, anticipating tranquillity from her renovated state, he rejoiced at a change that foreboded peace to Britain and to Europe.*

While he anticipated, with generous pleasure, a new and happy order of things in France, the course of events conducted him, in a short space, to witness, with horror and detestation, acts of extreme violence and injustice, and enormous crimes perpetrated by the subverters of despotism, in the name of liberty.

The connections which he chiefly cultivated, his principles of freedom, and his intimate acquaintance with French manners, procured him an invitation to accompany the Earl of Lauderdale in an excursion into France, for the improvement of his health, and for surveying the theatre of the revolution, estimating the characters of its founders, from personal knowledge, and witnessing the proceedings of the National Convention, upon which the fate of France and the tranquillity of Europe seemed to depend.

The preparations for the journey, at this critical period, with a companion, distinguished by the acuteness and depth of his understanding, and the purity and firmness of his constitutional principles, were made with alacrity; and the travellers set out

* One statesman, of the highest talents, was found, who dissented from the patriotic and philanthropic sentiments of his countrymen on this great event, and predicted, with powerful sagacity and eloquence, the consequences which ensued from the erection of a gigantic power in the middle of Europe, that threatened the peace of the world.—See Burke's Reflections, &c.

from London, in the beginning of August 1792, and arrived at Calais on the 4th, after a passage of only a few hours.

As they approached the French capital, they learned that frequent popular tumults excited alarming apprehensions there; and that a petition for the forfeiture of the king had been presented to the National Convention.

At Paris, the travellers were gratified by the polite and respectful attention of the most distinguished legislators and men of letters, and found every facility and accommodation in admission to the Convention, the Jacobin Society, and the Literary and Scientific Institutions.

To counterbalance the urbanity of individuals, they witnessed, soon after their arrival, the sanguinary insurrection of the 10th of August, and, not long after, the horrible massacres of the 2d and 3d of September; events which led to the overthrow of the monarchy, and the death of the unfortunate king.

After these horrors, the travellers thought it expedient to leave Paris, and returned, by the way of Chantilly and Amiens, to Calais, where they waited till the retreat of the Prussians and the Duke of Brunswick was unequivocally decided. On the 10th of October they returned to Paris, where they remained till the 5th of December, when they returned, by the way of Cambray, Douay, and Lisle, to England.

Dr. Moore, according to his custom, kept a regular account of the occurrences in the journey, and a faithful journal of the most remarkable events that happened, during his residence in Paris, which

the public expected with avidity to receive speedily from the press.

Soon after his arrival in England, he began to arrange the materials for publication, and, in order to satisfy the eagerness of public curiosity, early in 1793, published the first part of the Journal, comprising the observations from the arrival in France to the return to Calais, under the following title.—*A Journal during a residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December* 1792, *to which is added, an Account of the more remarkable Events that happened at Paris from that time to the Death of the late King of France*, Vol. I, 8vo, introduced by the following advertisement.—

"This work has been so much retarded by unexpected incidents, that the first volume only could be published at present. The second will appear soon."

This promise was fulfilled by the appearance of Vol. II, in 1794, comprising the observations from the return to Paris to the arrival in England, omitting the remainder of the observations from the 7th to the 14th of December, and substituting more interesting particulars, subsequently obtained, relative to the king's process, and the treatment of the royal family in the Temple.

The *Journal*, on its first appearance, was advantageously distinguished among the writings generated by the French revolution, by the urbanity and candour of the narrative, the spirit and fidelity of the portraits of individual character, and the ease and vivacity of the style. It exhibits a series of transactions the most flagitious, and of events the most awful, of which history affords any record,

terminating in one dreadful catastrophe, interspersed with reflections, equally acute and solid, and enlivened by sketches of individual and national character, sometimes heightened by pathetic touches, and delicate strokes of humour. As might be expected, from his philosophic moderation and enlightened philanthropy, he is not inclined with any intemperate warmth on the side of the aristocracy of France; but he does ample justice to the mildness, the unambitious, unoffending character of the king, and is the able and temperate advocate of the queen. Of the origin and design of the insurrection of the 10th of August, so much controverted, he speaks very doubtfully, at the time the event was recent, but seems inclined to believe that it was not the consequence of any regular or digested plan, on either side, but rather a fermentation set on foot by mischievous individuals, who were prepared to take advantages of the catastrophe, whatever it might be. The details of the carnage in the prisons of Paris on the 2d and 3d of September, and the trials and executions of the different victims of democratic tyranny, excite pity and indignation more strikingly from the manner in which they are conveyed.

While the crimes and calamities produced by the French revolution were represented by a multitude of writers as a warning to Britain, he projected a retrospective enumeration of some of the circumstances which tended to hasten, and are reckoned among the remote causes of the revolution, in a regular digested narrative, which might be useful to his age and country, and published in 1795, *A View of the Causes and Progress of the*

French Revolution, in 2 vols. 8vo, dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, in a strain of exquisite delicacy.

As the surest means of avoiding evil of any kind is by discovering the causes which lead to it, this review of the history of France from the reign of Henry IV to the execution of Louis XVI, was regarded as a very seasonable publication, and, on many accounts, deserving of applause.

At a period when prejudices operated with unusual acrimony, when two sets of men reciprocally imputed to each other political opinions, which neither entertained, merely from viewing a particular object in different lights, he was accused by both parties of partiality in his account of the French revolution; an imputation of which he took occasion to acquit himself in addressing his work to the Duke of Devonshire, by the following declaration of his principles.

"It is very difficult to write on the subject of the French revolution, without being accused of partiality. I endeavoured to avoid this imputation in my Journal; but a very near connection of yours told me that when she was abroad, those who are called *Democrates*, and had read the book, declared that, with other faults, it had an intolerable leaning towards aristocracy. Those, on the other hand, who are denominated *Aristocrates*, were of opinion that its greatest fault was a strong bias to democracy. In the writer's mind, however, there is no more inclination to either, than is to be found in the constitution of Great Britain, as it was established by the efforts of your Grace's ancestor, in conjunction with those of other patriots, at the revolution in the

year 1688. The present work has been executed in the same disposition, and will be exposed to the same censure."

It was not, indeed, probable, that so cool, dispassionate, and sensible an observer as Dr. Moore, should be a bigot to either party; and those who are not such themselves will be satisfied with the candour and impartiality of his representation of the French revolution, in its earlier stages and subsequent changes, through scenes which have interested the curiosity, and agitated the feelings, of all Europe.

The scope and tendency of the work may be collected from the concluding paragragh, which conveys the reflection of a liberal and enlightened mind on an awful and instructive political convulsion.

"The French revolution exhibits at once the mischiefs that attend the abuse of power, and those that attend the abuse of liberty; affording a warning to sovereigns, not only against direct acts of cruelty, but also against that lavishness of the public money, which necessarily leads to the oppression of the people, and rouses general discontent and indignation. It affords likewise a warning to the subjects of every free government against all licentious disregard of law, all attack on the rights of any class of their fellow-citizens, or the ascertained prerogatives of the sovereign, as every unprovoked attack of that nature tends to render all men's rights insecure,—leads to the horrors of anarchy, and generally terminates in the destruction of that liberty they wish to preserve."

Although Dr. Moore had invariably represented the crimes and atrocities produced by the revolu-

tion in France as infixing a stain on the national character that no future prosperity can efface, yet he was accused of partiality towards the French, in his comparison of the barbarities committed in our civil wars with those committed in France, in "A Letter to Dr. Moore on his Defence of British Humanity against the Calumny of a Member of the French Convention," 8vo, 1794. Against this anonymous accusation, the only attack he experienced from the press, he attempted no defence, by enumerating all the bad actions that our history can produce, which, being rarely attended with any circumstance of cruelty, are obliterated by the instances enumerated by the Letter-writer, of murder or massacre, by popular fury, with circumstances of inhumanity that leave all comparison behind.

While the inexhaustible subject of the French revolution employed many masterly pens in discussing it, both generally and particularly,* Dr. Moore left the historical deduction of its causes and consequences for the examination of the great book of life, and the illustration of the maxims of morality, by the portraiture of domestic characters, and published, in 1796, EDWARD: *Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England,* in 2 vols. 8vo, a work, in no ordinary degree, interesting and instructive.

In his first work of this kind is depicted the character of an accomplished villain, which, nevertheless, is not to be contemplated without some compunctious visitings of pity. In the history of *Ed-*

* The "Reflections" of Mr. Burke, and the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" of Sir James Mackintosh, were distinguished, on opposite sides, by the attractions of superior ability and eloquence.

ward is delineated a contrast to *Zeluco*, the most forcible that can be imagined. While the hero of the former work practises every vice that debases man, the principal personage of this novel is a perfect model of a virtuous youth.

Edward is a foundling, originally brought up in a workhouse. At a village where he was sent for the recovery of his health, under the care of a nurse, he is found by Mrs. Barnet, an excellent and amiable character, whose commiseration he excites. Her benevolence induces her to recommend him to the attention of her husband, a character of great singularity. He is taken into their family, and educated at their expense. His good qualities become progressively more prominent and impressive, so that the views of his education are enlarged, and he is qualified, by the liberality of his patrons, and his own merits and accomplishments, to act a conspicuous part on the theatre of fashionable life. By a natural series of events he is brought to the discovery of his connections, who prove to be individuals of high birth and fortune. He is finally married to the woman of his affections, a beautiful and accomplished heiress, of whom his widowed mother is the guardian, and who, in his humbler fortune, had given him the preference to suitors highly recommended by rank, fortune, and merit. The subordinate personages of the story, who assist in its developement, are so numerous, and so diversified by their peculiarities, that it may be considered rather as an exhibition of various views of human nature, in various characters, than a particular history of *Edward*, who is often scarcely visible. It is evidently designed to exhibit mankind in their different tempers and sin-

gularities, and the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, Mr. Temple, Mr. Wormwood, Lord Torpid, Lady Lofty, Sir Carnaby Shadow, Sir Mathew Mawkish, and Colonel Snug, evince deep and just observation on men and manners. The same excellency of understanding, vivid and distinct perception of beauty and deformity, prompt and natural wit, and pleasant elliptical vein of humour which characterize *Zeluco*, are everywhere recognisible; and ample opportunities are found, in the progress of *Edward's* advancement, of representing, with discrimination and delicacy, and obviously with moral views, the circumstances, fashions, and manners of the superior circles of society. The work is exceedingly well written throughout, and the moral tendency is unexceptionably good; yet there is, perhaps, no injustice in considering *Edward* as inferior, in spirit, energy, and invention, to the romance of *Zeluco*.

In 1797, he undertook the office of a biographer, and furnished his booksellers,* at their solicitation, with an account of the life of Dr. Smollett, to accompany a collective edition of his miscellaneous writings, printed under the title of *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M. D., with Memoirs of his Life, to which is prefixed a View of the Commencement and Progress of Romance, by John Moore, M. D.*, in 8 vols. 8vo.†

* Messrs. T. Cadell, junior, and W. Davies, successors to Mr. T. Cadell, the publisher, with Mr. A. Strahan, of the *Views of Society, Medical Sketches, Zeluco, and Edward.* The *Journal, View of the Causes of the French Revolution,* and *Mordaunt,* were printed for Messrs. G. G. and J. Robinson.

† This collection, somewhat differently arranged, was form-

It was fortunate for Dr. Smollett, that the office of memorialist of his life was undertaken by one who knew him well, and who had such qualifications for the perfect execution of the task which was imposed upon him, as, perhaps, no other man possessed in an equal degree. As his predecessor, I am under no apprehension of being charged with undue partiality towards him by those who know my disposition. I estimate as I ought the value of his approbation of my endeavours to award Dr. Smollett the justice which his contemporaries denied him; and, from higher motives than vanity, I am happy to perceive the remarks of so judicious a critic as Dr. Moore, so frequently concur with, and strengthen my own. One remark may be ventured upon here. Though Dr. Moore had the advantage of writing from personal knowledge, yet he has few new facts to embellish his narrative, and has been less successful than might be expected in bringing us acquainted with the conversation, and conduct of Dr. Smollett, on common and familiar occasions. But as the undertaking was unpremeditated, and not of his own choosing, he may be supposed to have employed the materials which were at hand, rather than such as might have been provided by diligence and premeditation. In this situation, the task that was left him, of giving an elegant and instructive memoir of Dr. Smollett, has been executed, in many respects, with much felicity of performance. What use he has made of my narrative is obvious, as well

ed on the plan of the collection of Smollett's "Miscellaneous Works, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings," by the writer of this narrative, printed by Mundell and Son, Edinburgh, in 6 vols. 8vo, 1796.

as what is entirely his own. As a memorialist, he has not always evinced sufficient diligence in supplying the deficiencies of his predecessor; but, as a critic, though his opinions may be sometimes suspected to be erroneous, he displays his taste and judgment.

The preliminary sketch of those variations of manners in Europe which gave rise to that particular species of writing for which Dr. Smollett was so much distinguished, comprehends some very early customs and institutions. This dissertation is ably executed, and may be regarded as a judicious abstract of the opinions of Bishop Percy, Mr. Warton, and Bishop Hurd,* on the commencement and progress of romance;† but it has few pretensions to novelty of thought or extent of research, and might with equal propriety be prefixed to the works of any other novelist, as to those of Dr. Smollett.‡

After a short interval of relaxation from literary exertion, he renewed his commerce with the press, and published in 1800, MORDAUNT: *Sketches of*

* See "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," "History of English Poetry," and "Letters on Chivalry and Romance."

† Dr. Moore has overlooked a work with a similar title, not unworthy of attention,—"The Progress of Romance through Times, Countries, and Manners, &c. in a Course of Evening Conversations, by Clara Reeve, Author of the English Baron," in 2 vols. 8vo, 1785. It has also been overlooked by Mr. Dunlop, the able and indefatigable historian of "Fiction," in reviewing the labours of his predecessors.

‡ The preliminary dissertation has been transferred from this edition of the works of Dr. Smollett, which has not been reprinted, to the collection of his works, as an appropriate introduction to his novels, with his character of Smollett, to follow the characters of Richardson and Fielding.

Life, Characters, and Manners, in various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality, in 3 vols. 8vo; a kind of novel, in the form of letters, rich in the knowledge of life, and embellished with interesting traits of character.

The work is not distinguished by an artful contexture of story, a fulness of dramatic incident, or an epistolary correspondence, characteristically supported, relating to a common action. Of that species of dramatic narrative which requires peculiar versatility of powers, which was dignified and pathetic under the management of Richardson, and correctly humorous in the hands of Smollett, there is no advantageous example; yet the tissue of letters from different persons furnishes abundant materials of instruction and entertainment.

Mordaunt, an accomplished young gentleman, gives an account of his travels on the continent, in a series of letters, dated from Vevay, to his friend, Colonel Sommers, in England. These letters, which occupy the first part of the work, contain the sketches of life, character, and manners in different parts of Europe. There is scarcely any novelty in the various reflections which occur, but they possess intrinsic merit, and are marked with a "learned spirit of human dealing." There is almost in every incident that is introduced an appearance of the strongest probability, and the respective manners of the various countries are faithfully delineated. The story of the French lady of quality is related with affecting simplicity, and displays, in very lively colours, the vicissitudes and atrocities of the French revolution. The remainder of the work contains letters between the Countess of Deanport,

an artful and profligate woman, and Mr. Grindill, an unprincipled adventurer; Miss Clifford, the heroine of the story, and Lady Diana Franklin, the amiable Mentor of Miss Clifford; *Mordaunt*, after his arrival in England, and Colonel Sommers. The portraits of the correspondents are drawn, in their letters to each other, with force and discrimination. In the character of Miss Clifford, who, after many obstacles, is united to *Mordaunt*, there is a noble but chaste freedom of outline, which might have been more highly finished. The specimen of conjugal affection and domestic happiness in Colonel and Mrs. Sommers is highly gratifying to the virtuous mind; but in the character of *Mordaunt* there is a dash of libertinism which abates the admiration of ideal excellence. In delineating the subordinate characters, Lord Deanport and Mr. Darnley supply the contrast of a conceited nobleman and a sensible commoner; and of Travers, the friend of *Mordaunt*, the transient introduction is to be regretted. Although this novel contains many lively and correct sketches of national manners, and many well-drawn portraits of fashionable characters, which shew a masterly acquaintance with the science of the world, yet it displays not, in any considerable degree, the spirit, the ingenuity, or the contrivance which distinguish the novel of *Zeluco*.

This was the last publication Dr. Moore gave to the world. A life honourably and usefully spent in the liberal pursuits of his profession, the occupations of elegant literature, and the practice of the social and relative duties, was rapidly drawing to its termination.

Before this period, the general vigour of his con-

stitution, beyond his years, was declining progressively; but he continued to exert the powers of his mind in conversation and in writing, with unabated vigour and vivacity.

The state of his health, from this time, declined almost daily; and, as the unavoidable inconveniencies of protracted life subdued his strength, he manifested a pious submission to the common lot of man, founded on the Christian hope of immortality, and found every alleviation of bodily decay which a husband and a father can participate, in the affectionate assiduities, and tender solicitudes of his family.

Anticipating the advantages of a change of air, and the quiet of retirement in the country, he removed to Richmond, where his strength sunk gradually, and he expired, with perfect composure, on the 21st of January 1802, in the 73d year of his age.

By his wife, who survived the loss she pre-eminently lamented many years, and died at Cadogan Terrace, near London, March 25, 1820, in her 86th year, he had a daughter, unmarried, and five sons, John, James, Graham, Francis, and Charles, heirs of his virtues and talents, who, in different professions,* have contributed to the advancement of the honour, and the welfare of their country.

Of his eldest son, the brilliant achievements in almost every quarter of the globe, belong to general history, and remain testimonials of his talents, and of his heroism. Early in life, he entered into the army, and attained, by subordinate gradations, the

* "My family," he observes, in his correspondence with Burns, "includes almost all the professions." See p xxi.

colonelcy of the 52d regiment of foot, and the rank of lieutenant-general, in 1805. He resided on the continent, for some time, with the duke of Hamilton and his father,* and, in 1786, represented the Lanark district of boroughs, in parliament. In consideration of his distinguished services in Corsica,† the West Indies, Holland, and Egypt, he received the honour of knighthood, and the order of the Bath. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in Spain, and fell, in the moment of victory, at Corunna, 16th January 1809, universally lamented by the country which he sincerely loved, and which he faithfully served.‡

* The portraits of Dr. Moore and his son appear on the same canvass with the duke, in the large picture at Hamilton-house, painted by Gavin Hamilton, at Rome. All the spirit of Dr. Moore's portrait is preserved in an excellent drawing and engraving by Mr. Lizars.

† In the character of *Mordaunt*, who is present at the siege of Calvi, Dr. Moore takes occasion to mention the gallantry of his son, who conducted the assault, with an evident allusion to the capriciousness of Sir Gilbert Elliot, the viceroy.

" It has been the fate of this officer, though a young man, to conduct two assaults, and to prove successful in both. Highly esteemed by his brother-officers, beloved by the soldiers, and enjoying the confidence of the general, he had the misfortune not to please the viceroy; and in consequence of a representation from whom, to the surprise of every body, and of none more than the commander of the troops, he was recalled from his situation in Corsica. This seemed the more extraordinary, because, independent of the cool intrepidity, zeal for the service, and the professional talents he had so eminently displayed, he is of a modest unassuming character, humane, of scrupulous integrity, incapable of adulation, and more solicitous to deserve than to receive praise."

‡ Among the memorials of his fame may be reckoned the monument erected to his memory by the inhabitants of Glasgow, the place of his birth.

His second son is a member of the corporation of surgeons in London, and sustains his father's literary name by various esteemed publications, in the line of his profession, written, generally, in a tone of respect towards those who differ with him in opinion, and, in many passages, in a strain of urbanity and humour similar to that which pervades the writings of his father.* As the faithful executor of the fame of his heroic brother, he published, in 1809, "A Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain, commanded by his Excellency Sir John Moore, K. B., authenticated by Official Papers and Original Letters," 4to; a tribute of affection and justice to the excellencies and virtues of the commander-in-chief, which reflects equal credit on his understanding and his heart.

His third son entered early into the navy as a midshipman, was appointed a lieutenant in 1790, and a post-captain in 1794. On board of the Melampus of 36 guns, he engaged with and took the Ambuscade of 40, October 12, 1798, one of the French squadron destined to invade Ireland. In 1812, he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral; in 1815, created a knight of the Bath; in 1818, appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and in 1820, chief naval commander on the Mediterranean station.

His fourth son, educated for a diplomatic office, acted as private secretary to the Duke of Leeds,

* "Essay on the Materia Medica, in which the Theories of the late Dr. Cullen are considered, together with some opinions of Mr. Hunter," 8vo, 1792.

"History of the Practice of Vaccination," 8vo.

"History of the Small Pox," 8vo.

when he filled an high official situation, and has been successively in the secretary of state and war-office departments.

His fifth son, destined for the profession of the law, was entered a member of Lincoln's Inn, and has been called to the bar.

His excellent mother lived not to witness the firm establishment of his well-merited celebrity, and the distinguished consideration of his family, but died many years before him. His only brother died young. He survived both his favourite sisters, the one married to George Mackintosh, Esq. of Dunchattan, a respectable merchant in Glasgow, and the other to the Rev. Dr. William Porteous, one of the ministers of that city, formerly minister of Whitburn, a gentleman distinguished for the firmness of his attachment to the principles of the Presbyterian policy, the energy of his eloquence, and the activity of his benevolence.

Since his death, no posthumous publication, bearing the indubitable impression of his sound sagacity and good sense, has issued from the press,* though it is supposed some valuable medical and literary essays, prepared for publication, are in the possession of his family, which it would be desirable to see. The public attention has not been recalled to his writings by new editions, either collectively or individually, in the intervening period, except by the republication of his *Zeluco* in the collection of the

* A publication under an imposing title, "The Post-Captain, or the Wooden Walls well manned, comprehending a View of Naval Society and Manners," 8vo, 1806, has been ascribed to Dr. Moore; but all evidence, internal and external, is against the supposition of its being the production of his chaste and elegant pen.

"British Novelists," in 50 vols. 12mo, 1810, edited by Mrs. Barbauld. A selection from his writings, undertaken upon the popular plan of publishing the "Beauties" of eminent writers, entitled, "Mooriana," &c. was printed in 2 vols. 12mo, 1802, compiled by the Rev. F. Prevost and J. Blagdon, Esq. who profess to "have had principally in view the amusement of that class of readers, who by a limited fortune are prevented from purchasing bulky and expensive publications."* Whatever may have been the design of the compilers, the popularity of the author is but little indebted to this partial recommendation. The copiousness of the compilation is no compensation for its injudiciousness. The extracts are not arranged under proper heads, and there is a total omission of the necessary designation of the particular works from which they are selected. This mode of publishing selections from works of credit, unless immediately intended for the use of schools, does but multiply books to no good end,† and fortunately, in the fluctuation of public taste, has been, for some time, gradually, and deservedly, losing the encouragement of the people.

His character, as a man and as an author, will be better understood from the general view which has been given of his life and writings, than from any formal laboured comment; yet it may not be

* "Taken collectively, the works of Dr. Moore contain about ten thousand pages, of a large 8vo edition, the most instructive and entertaining part of which we have endeavoured to compress in 600." Preface, p. 7.

† Kearsley's "Beauties of Johnson" furnishes a laudable example of selection, applied to a body of maxims and observations, of general use. The foreign "Books in *Ana*," are useful compilements of a different class.

irrelevant to collect into one view his most prominent peculiarities and distinguishing qualifications.

His person and manners announced vigour of body and intrinsic worth. His form was manly and graceful.* His features were regular and prepossessing. His eye expressed, at once, penetration and benignity. His air and manner commanded respect, while it inspired affection. His behaviour and address bore the genuine stamp of true politeness; dignified, with ease and grace, and affable, without vanity or affectation. His conversation was various and versatile, combining knowledge of the world, quickness of discernment, facility of thought, enlivened by native wit, delicacy of taste, vivacity of imagination, and a playful vein of irony, without levity or sarcasm. In the profession of a physician, which combines, in an eminent degree, the useful and the amiable qualities, the solid talents which dignify, and the sweet courtesies which decorate character, he possessed a distinguished popularity, maintained, during a long period, in a great commercial city, not by sinister arts, but by the well-earned fruit of an excellent education, engrafted on an excellent understanding. His successful and extensive practice was the natural and necessary result of a shrewd and sagacious intellect, assiduously cultivated by the habit of reading and reflection, and especially by a disposition to keep pace with the progress of medical science,

* His portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of which there is a mezzotinto engraving, is esteemed a faithful likeness. There is also an engraving of a drawing, sketched by W. Lock, Esq., of a posterior date.

without the pride of rejecting improvement, under the invidious name of innovation. Joining to the inquisitiveness of the philosopher the humanity of the physician, he found ample opportunity, in the course of his profession, of forming a just estimate of human life, of appretiating the weakness and the worth of human nature, for the use of his moral contrasts. With his professional accomplishments he united the elegant attainments which adorn the character of the man of letters, an intimate acquaintance with classical and polite literature, and the various branches of modern learning. His admiration of poetry excited him occasionally to compose verses, as the vehicles of sentiment and imagery, commonly without effort, or perseverance. In his political sentiments he was a consistent Whig, the enemy of arbitrary power, the friend of civil and religious liberty, the supporter of those popular principles which form the spirit of the British constitution, and the upholder of the just prerogatives of the crown. These were the associating principles of his youthful friendships, and they consolidated the attachments of his maturer years. In the social relations, he fulfilled the duties of friendship with cordiality and steadiness; he was hospitable, without ostentation; a cheerful and entertaining companion; respected for his wit, ingenuity, and knowledge; esteemed for his liberality, integrity, moderation, and modesty; and beloved for his benevolence, simplicity, and singular goodness of heart. In the domestic relations he was amiable and exemplary, fulfilling the offices of amity, and the reciprocities of kindness by the most engaging amenity, the most delicate

sensibility. To an amiable woman, he was a husband, at once, polite and tender, affectionate, and respectful. In the bosom of a family, whose welfare he had always in view, and who rewarded his parental solicitude by their merit and affection, he enjoyed all the happiness in which a husband and a father can participate,—the grace and goodness of domestic life, its uniform cheerfulness, its inestimable equanimity.

As an author, Dr. Moore has distinguished himself as a *Journalist of Travels*, a *Medical Essayist*, and a *Novelist*, and must be acknowledged to have added considerably to the public stock of useful and elegant literature.

Of his two *Journals* of travels in *France* and *Italy*, little is to be added to the view which has already been given in the chronicle of his writings. They contain, not mere descriptions of places, or tedious historical dissertations on the various governments, the common topics of modern travellers, but acute and enlightened observations on the arts, sciences, literature, commerce, and antiquities of the various countries, faithful pictures of distinguished men, and discriminating sketches of national character, interspersed with amusing and lively anecdotes, related in an easy, flowing style, with a happy vein of irony and pleasantry.

The third *Journal* of his travels in *France*, comprises a variety of observations on the manners, opinions, and transactions of the French, at the eventful period in which, upon the ruins of the monarchical system, the new republic arose, amidst flames, and massacres, and shocks of conflicting parties. The character of the French, as delineated in 1779, and the picture of the same people drawn in

1792, form a contrast the most striking imaginable.* The representations of the vicissitudes of folly, wickedness, and cruelty, terminating in the catastrophe of the unfortunate Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, stamp the journal of public transactions with a large portion of interest. The king is represented to have been really satisfied with the constitution, and determined to be faithful to it, provided it was allowed to be faithful to him, though he is acknowledged to have entered into some measures very capable of misinterpretation.

* He accounts for the alteration in an advertisement prefixed to the ninth edition of his *View of Society in France*, &c. 1800.

"The late revolution in France has been considered as a proof that an erroneous idea of the sentiments of the French nation on the subject of government, is conveyed in this work. It ought to be remembered, that in an interval of ten years, nations of a more steady character than the French, have changed their political sentiments and conduct.

"A traveller who passed through England in the year 1649, would give a very different account of the general bias of political opinions, from what would be given by another who lived in the same country at the year of the restoration, and yet both accounts might be just.

"What a very opposite turn did the national sentiment take towards the end of the reign of Charles II, when Russell and Sidney suffered; and afterwards, when the seeds of liberty which those patriots had sown, came to maturity, and produced the revolution.

"Opinions, as well as manners, are continually varying; all that an observer can do, is to catch them *living as they rise*, and describe them as they are; not as they will be when they alter and die.

"Those who are acquainted with what the prevalent manners and opinions of the French were when these letters and the *Journal* first appeared, will, perhaps, do the author the justice to say, that the view he has given is pretty accurate."

The annals of the unfortunate do not record any thing more dreadfully affecting than the misfortunes and sufferings of the queen, inflicted by complicated cowardice, baseness, and cruelty. The names of Robespierre and Marat, the two heroes of massacre, will be pronounced with execration by succeeding generations, as they rise. Among the characteristic portraits, the mild features of Roland cannot be overlooked. So highly was he esteemed by his countrymen, that he never entered the convention without a general whisper of approbation. Among the victims of tyranny, the fate of Vergniaud, the Cicero of the convention, is deplorable. There is nothing more surprising, in the stages of the revolution, than the rapidity with which one set of actors, having driven off their predecessors, have themselves been laid aside by the increasing influence of newer favourites, who, in their turn, gave way to others. Almost all the individuals who are represented as having influence and authority, from their talents, popularity, or station, have fallen a sacrifice to the caprice and passions of their countrymen. A just eulogium is introduced on "constitutions so admirably poised, that they require no dangerous renovation, and which contain within their fabric the safe means of repair when they are needed." The description of the insurrection of the 10th of August, excited by false surmises of plots and proscriptions, is deeply interesting. The representation of the following scene is so exceedingly lively and picturesque, that it is impossible to avoid transcribing it.

"I have this day been witness to many interest-

ing and even affecting scenes in the streets. During the cannonade and noise of the musketry, the grief and anxiety of all for the friends and relations they knew to be then engaged, produced a most expressive silence in some, while the air was rent by the exclamations of others, particularly the women and children, who trembled for the lives of fathers, husbands, and brothers, who had left their families at the first call to arms, and had not been seen since. When the action was over, and the national guards returning, many of the women rushed into the ranks to embrace and felicitate their husbands and brothers on their safety. I saw one father of a numerous family met at his own door by his wife and children. After embracing each other as they crowded around him, he entered the shop, carrying one of his children in each of his arms; his daughter following with his grenadier's cap in her hands, and his two little boys dragging his musket."

The comprehensive historical deduction of the *Causes* and *Progress* of the revolution, reminds us, in many parts, directly and unavoidably, of the observations in the *Journal*; but the information which it comprises, concerning many interesting circumstances, is more ample, and digested with more regularity, than is compatible with the ease and sprightliness of a journal of daily occurrences.

His reputation as a writer in the department of medicine rests on his *Sketches* of physiology and febrile diseases, the enlargement of which he meditated, but never completed, though he had ample provision of materials for the completion. The subjects, nevertheless, are highly interesting to hu-

manity, and illustrated with practical observations and apposite anecdotes, of general utility, the result of his reading, experience, and reflection, in a style of popular simplicity, vivacity, and clearness.*

As a writer of that species of romance which is known by the more common name of *Novel*, he is characterized by profound knowledge of the world, admirable good sense, intimate acquaintance with human nature, a lively imagination, a rich vein of original humour, and an incomparable power of representing life and manners with discrimination, force, and delicacy. His novels are not of the sentimental, or the marvellous kind. They are very different from the silly productions of frivolous vanity, romantic sentiment, and sickly affectation. They excite no curiosity by the wonderful machinery of ghosts and wizards. They are not distinguished by singularity and inconsistency in their characters, by deep evolutions of events, rapid conversions of fortune, or by scenes of complicated distress and unexpected deliverance. The story is merely to be considered as the canvass on which the acute and good-natured observer of the manners of his own age, delineates, with a moral design, a variety of pictures of domestic life, in the highest degree instructive and entertaining. With the machinery of ordinary incident, we find the latent sources of human actions, and the incongruities of conduct arising from them, developed, and men and women of every station, especially those of the

* This popular medical treatise has not been collected with his works, from an apprehension that it might be thought improperly associated, as a strictly professional performance, with his other writings.

higher ranks, acting their several parts, in a great variety of scenes, with all the infinite modifications of vanity, the innumerable despicable artifices of selfishness, the vast variety of the shades of ridicule, and those whimsical affectations and childish caprices which distinguish the superior circles of society.

In the character and sufferings of *Zeluco*, he delineates, with a masterly touch and strong colouring, the progressive depravity of the darling son of an indulgent mother, undisciplined by education, the horrible features of villany, and the inward misery inseparable from vice, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances. The important moral of the story is, that the concurrence of every fortunate circumstance cannot produce happiness, or even tranquillity, independent of conscious integrity. In displaying the external magnificence and internal misery of his hero, many subordinate characters are introduced, accurately described, and nicely discriminated, and many maxims of morality illustrated by observations, sometimes new, and always ingenious, solid, and striking. The work may be considered as a series of moral observations, connected by one entertaining and instructive story, in which the dryness of reasoning is enlivened by the charms of narration, and the weakness of precept enforced by the power of example. It is distinguished by a recommendation of a more peculiar kind, the exquisite facility of dramatic dialogue, and a very considerable share of true and original humour. In the multitude of characters described and contrasted in the work, the virtues of Bertram, and the uninterrupt-

ed tranquillity of his mind, notwithstanding the poverty of his circumstances, and the severity of his fortune, form a striking contrast to the vices, the prosperity, and the misery of *Zeluco*. Buchanan, a Scotch presbyterian and whig, is set in opposition to Targe, a Scotch jacobite and tory, and the extravagancies of both parties are finely painted, and strongly ridiculed. The picture of Transfer, a wealthy citizen of London, will apply to many an original. The characters of the Countess Brunella, Signora Sporza, and Rosalia, are drawn with spirit. Father Mulo and the French surgeon who attended *Zeluco*, are remarkable characters. His excellence in describing national character is often displayed by a single stroke. His refutation of the defence of that disgrace of human nature, negro-slavery, is forcible and triumphant. The dying prayer of Hanno, a faithful and compassionate African slave, for the limited duration of the future punishment of his cruel oppressor, is pathetic, in no ordinary degree. The dangerous and unjustifiable attachment of Laura to Carlostein is manifested with perfect delicacy, and their union accomplished, with consummate prudence. Humanity is shocked, and the imagination disgusted, at the horrible features of the hero, a model of depravity; yet the representation of the self-accusation of his villany, and the awful punishment distributed to him in the catastrophe, is calculated to illustrate the truth of the great maxim, which religion teaches, and experience proves,—that deviation from virtue is deviation from happiness. According to this representation, the more detestable the hero of a romance is made, the better will the work serve the purposes of morality; but the

advantage may be reasonably doubted; for the representation of a series of crimes may give a mind, unseasoned by experience, an insight into vice, which the punishment to which it is liable may not prevent being put in practice.

"In narratives where historical veracity has no place," our great English moralist observes, "I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical nor above probability, for what we cannot feel we shall never imitate, but the highest and purest that humanity can reach, which exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by conquering some calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is necessary to be shewn, should always disgust; nor should the graces of gayety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practice, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems; for while it is supported by either parts, or spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thousands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is, therefore, to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy."*

* Rambler, No. 4.

In the story of *Edward*, the opinion of this excellent writer concerning the morality of fictitious narratives is exemplified in the representation of a more perfect character, in the principal personage, than is commonly to be met with in ordinary life, with the happiest effect. His great knowledge of life and character, the result of keen observation and just thought, enables him to make his work a great exhibition of the varieties of human nature, and of genuine English growth. The outline of the story has already been given. The introduction of the principal personage differs little from the contrivance of common novels. But he has rendered truly interesting, on account of her good sense and unbounded benevolence of heart, a lady, who had neither beauty nor accomplishments to recommend her, and excited our most lively interest in favour of his hero, who, in many trying situations, displays, invariably, an amiable and manly mind. The subordinate characters are faithful representatives of those we meet with in daily society, but they are less striking from the familiarity with which we recognise their parallels in common life. Sir George Royston, Mr. Carnaby Shadow, Myrtle, and Shuffle, are encountered every day in the fashionable circles. Mr. Barnet, a perfectly original character, is an exception to the above remark. He is represented as an opulent country gentleman, whose first passion and propensity is that of epicurean indulgence, but who by the gentle artifices of his good and amiable wife, is made to exhibit traits of latent good feeling, and to perform acts truly benevolent and meritorious. Mr. Wormwood also is distinguished by some features

of natural peculiarity. The ladies are pourtrayed with much ease and elegance; but they cannot be said to excite particular interest from any novelty of situation in which they are placed, or from any natural or acquired endowments by which they are distinguished. The liveliness of narration, at least, gives the effect of novelty to the winding up of the story, by the trite contrivance of recognising a lost child from a mark on the shoulder, a locket, and a miniature picture.

The story of *Mordaunt* is complicated with sketches of national character and manners, and descriptions of foreign customs and local scenery, not strictly relevant to the story, which give it more the appearance of a journal of travels than a dramatic narrative. It receives little additional interest or force from the epistolary form, which is seldom characteristically supported; but it is enriched by a large portion of popular information, and embellished by a variety of correct and lively portraits of domestic and familiar life. The characters indigenous to our own soil, are drawn with a vigorous and skilful hand, and the descriptions of the prevalent manners, fashions, and parties, are often rendered more lively and entertaining by being mixed with anecdote, and thrown into the dramatic form of dialogue. The author's familiarity with the manners of foreign countries, and his habits of intimacy with the superior classes of society, are everywhere distinctly recognisable. The portrait of his hero, drawn from life, is presented at full length, an accomplished man of fashion, the generosity of his principles and the brilliancy of his manners shaded by the hues of libertinism. In

this intermixture of the amiable and vicious qualities, there seems to be no small danger that by a too natural association of ideas, the one part of the character may be confounded with the other, and the whole be considered as a proper object of imitation. With the exception of the principal personage, modelled on the mixed character of the heroes of modern romances, the pictures of persons differing widely in principles, understanding, rank, and education, illustrate the motives of prudence, and recommend the observance of moral duty.

On a general view of his productions in the department of fiction, it will appear, that he has humorously delineated and ridiculed the common weaknesses and follies of the world, the affected apathy of the fashionable, the repulsive vanity of titled fools, and the cold insensibility of grandeur; steadily maintained the principles of public liberty; warmly vindicated the cause of suffering humanity; and invariably inculcated this maxim,—that uprightness, integrity, and somewhat of an independent spirit, lead with more certainty to prosperity, even in this life, than hypocrisy, fraud, and servility.

In an estimate of the various writings of Dr. Moore, some consideration is due to the style, which is characterized by more vigour than elegance, more vivacity than purity, more correctness than grace. It is sometimes marked with idiomatic phrases, but is generally clear, lively, and agreeable, well adapted to familiar description and simple narration, and is particularly calculated to express irony and shrewd simplicity, in dramatic dialogue, and story-telling.

The elegant and judicious author of the "Morality of Fiction," in his classical arrangement of

the writers of fictitious narratives, has estimated the qualifications of Dr. Moore with candour, impartiality, and precision.

"Dr. Moore has given an admirable picture of the manners of young men of fashion, and of the various follies to which they are liable. The portraits of this writer appear to me juster, more free from exaggeration and caricature, than those of any other that has yet been mentioned.* This may probably be ascribed to his great knowledge of the world, and to that good sense, which, rather than any brilliancy of parts, seems to have formed the predominant feature of his character.

"*Zeluco* is a singular, and somewhat whimsical performance. Fiction affords an opportunity of representing, not better only, but also worse characters than are to be found in real life; and the representation may not be altogether without its use. The picture is strongly drawn; yet *Zeluco* does not appear to me to be the best of Dr. Moore's productions; nor that which affords most scope for the display of his peculiar excellencies. This place I would assign to *Edward*, a work abounding with knowledge of the world, and lively delineation of character. That of its hero, too, is such as entitles it to hold a respectable rank among the third order of fiction.†

"*Mordaunt* is exceptionable in the character of its hero, which is that of a dissolute man of fashion, entirely devoid of principle, and with almost no

* Richardson, Fielding, Smollett.

† The class of novels, which, according to the author's arrangement, exhibits examples of conduct superior to those which are to be met with in ordinary life.

good qualities except wit and good nature. Yet by means of these, united with a large fortune, and a handsome person, he becomes the complete fine gentleman, the envy of one sex and the admiration of the other. This is evidently holding out a very dangerous and seductive example. As a picture of manners, this novel is inferior to *Edward;* yet some parts, particularly towards the conclusion, possess great merit in this respect."*

The venerable Mrs. Barbauld, distinguished by the application of excellent talents to the noblest ends, in exciting infancy to virtue, and maturer age to the love of freedom, has assigned Dr. Moore a distinguished place among the English writers of prosaic fiction, and appreciated his productions with liberal, discriminating taste and judgment.

" The novel of *Zeluco* is one of the most entertaining we possess, from the real knowledge of the world which it displays, and the humour and spirit of the dialogue. It also excites no small degree of interest. The scene is laid in Italy, and the familiarity of the author with foreign manners, enabled him to diversify his productions with descriptions and characters beyond the range of our own domestic society. This work is formed on the singular plan of presenting a hero of the story, if hero he may be called, who is a finished model of depravity. *Zeluco* is painted as radically vicious, without the intermixture of any one good quality; but if the perfectly virtuous character is to be considered, for so we are sometimes told, as out of nature, " a faultles monster, whom the world ne'er

* Morality of Fiction, &c. by Hugh Murray, Esq. author of the " Swiss Emigrants," " Corasmin," &c. 12mo, p. 111.

saw," it is to be hoped a perfectly vicious character is at least as extraordinary a production. There is no degree of atrocity to which human nature may not arrive from time and circumstances; want and misery harden the heart as well as the features; but it is scarcely conceivable that a youth coming into life with every advantage of fortune, and person, and abilities, should never feel his heart expand, amongst his youthful companions, into some kindly feeling, bearing at least the semblance of benevolence. The whole character has a darker tinge of villany than is usually found in this country; it is drawn with great strength, and proceeds in a regular progress of depravity, from his squeezing the sparrow to death when a child, to the incident of the deadly grasp which he gives his own child; a circumstance of horror, new, and truly original. It reaches, like the character of Satan, the sublime of guilt. The attachment between the wife and the lover is managed with great delicacy; yet if she preserves her virtue, it may be said to be *heureusement;* and amiable and excellent as they both are, it may admit of a doubt how far it is favourable to good morals to interest the reader in a passion for a married woman, however unhappily she may be yoked. The character of Signora Sporza is drawn with spirit; it is quite a foreign one. The conversation pieces abound in humour, and show that intimate knowledge of real life and characters, which mere sentimental novels are generally deficient in. The quarrel between the two Scotchmen about the character of their queen, Mary, is infinitely amusing; and while it touches the national character and national partial-

ities, with the hand of a friend, it at the same time exhibits them in a light truly comic. Father Mulo is amusing; and there is a good deal of light humour in the story of Rosalia, or rather in the manner of telling it. Much knowledge of the world and good sense are exhibited in the dialogues between the hot-headed young protestant divine and the colonel whose wife he insists upon converting; the death-bed of the latter is affecting, and exhibits views of piety, if not vivid, at least calm and rational. It must by no means be forgotten, that to the honour of the author, there is a great deal of forcible reasoning against the slave-trade; and there is no stroke in Sterne of a finer pathos than the answer of the dying Hanno, when he was told that his cruel master would broil in hell to all eternity,—"I hope he will not suffer so long." The young may melt into tears at *Julia Mandeville* and the *Man of Feeling;* the romantic will love to shudder at *Udolpho;* but those of mature age, who know what human nature is, will take up again and again Dr. Moore's *Zeluco.*

"*Edward,* the author's next publication of the kind, is much inferior to *Zeluco;* the best character in it is that of Barnet, the epicure, who is indifferent to every thing but a good table, and marries his wife for her skill in preparing a dish of stewed carp. It has also many amusing conversation pieces. Dr. Moore tells a story well, but it must be allowed he makes the most of it. He has not spared his own profession; but has some lively strictures on the incapacity and *charlatanerie* of pretenders in it. He drew with a free pen; and from his acquaintance with life, and facility in dia-

logue, it seems probable that he would have succeeded in comedy if he had turned his thoughts that way.

"*Mordaunt*, written a little before his death, is a very languid production; both his novels subsequent to *Zeluco* are not only inferior in entertainment to his first work, but what was less to be expected, inferior in morality." *

* British Novelists, vol. i.

END OF THE LIFE OF DR. MOORE.

A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY:

WITH

ANECDOTES RELATING TO SOME EMINENT CHARACTERS.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic est.
Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From a diffidence of his own abilities, and from other motives not so well founded, the Author of the following Letters thought it expedient, in the first Edition, to throw a slight veil over the real situation in which they were written: he imagined also, that by this means some reflections, particularly those on gaming, might be introduced more naturally, and with a stronger effect. But having been assured by those of whose friendship and judgment he is equally convinced, that the assumed character and feigned situation in the two first letters gave an air of fiction to the real incidents in the rest of the work, he has now restored those two letters to their original form.

TO HIS GRACE

DOUGLAS,

DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON, MARQUIS OF DOUGLAS, &c.

MY LORD DUKE,

ALTHOUGH established practice might, on this occasion, justify my holding a language to your Grace which I never before used, yet you have nothing of that kind to fear; it is as inconsistent with my disposition to offer adulation, as it is contrary to yours to desire it.—Nor does this address proceed from a vain belief that the lustre of your name will dispose the public to wink at the blemishes of my performance. The highest titles do not screen even those to whom they belong from contempt, when their personal characters are contemptible; far less can they shelter the dulness or folly of others.

I am prompted to offer this View of Society and Manners to your Grace, by sentiments of the most sincere esteem and attachment: and, exclusive of all considerations of that nature, it is presented with peculiar propriety to you, as no other person has had equal opportunities of knowing how far the objects it comprehends are just, and faithfully drawn from nature.

Some perhaps may imagine, that I should have display-

ed more prudence in offering this work to a less competent judge; but I am encouraged in my desire of prefixing your name to those imperfect sketches, by the fond persuasion, that nobody can be more inclined to afford them the indulgence of which I am sensible they stand in so much need.

I have the honour to be, with the most respectful and cordial regard, your Grace's most obedient, and obliged servant,

THE AUTHOR.

A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

LETTER I.

Paris.

I was greatly disappointed by your not coming to town, as you intended, having been for some time impatient to inform you of what passed between your young friend ——— and me; I relied till the moment of our departure on having an opportunity of doing this personally. Since our arrival at Paris my time has been taken up with certain indispensable arrangements for the duke of Hamilton, and I now seize the first occasion of communicating the whole to you, in the only manner at present in my power.

You will remember the uneasiness you once expressed to me on account of that gentleman's propensity to gaming, and of the inconveniences to which he had been put by some recent losses; you will also remember the resolutions which, in consequence of your request, he formed against play; but you have yet to learn, that he resumed the dice before the month was ended in which he had determined never to touch them more, and concluded one unfortunate night, by throwing away a sum far exceeding any of his former losses.

Ashamed of his weakness, he carefully concealed his misfortune from you, and thereby has been subjected to

some distresses of a more mortifying nature than any he had formerly felt.

What shocked him most, was a circumstance which will not greatly astonish you—the indifference which many, who call themselves his friends, shewed at his situation, and the coldness with which they excused themselves from making any attempts to relieve him from his difficulties. Several to whom he had advanced considerable sums in the days of his good fortune, declared a perfect inability of repaying an party of their debt; they told some sad tale of an unforeseen accident, which had put that entirely out of their power for the present; yet one of those unfortunate gentlemen, the same evening that he refused to repay our friend, lost double the sum, every farthing of which he actually paid in ready money.

Mr. ———'s expectations from those resources having in a great measure failed, he applied to Mr. P——— in the city, who supplied him with money at legal interest, sufficient to clear all his debts, for which he has granted him a mortgage on his estate.—While our young friend informed me of all this, he declared, that the remorse he felt on the recollection of his folly was infinitely greater than any pleasure he had ever experienced from winning, or could enjoy from the utmost success. He expressed, at the same time, a strong sense of obligation to you and to me, for our endeavours to wean him from the habit of gaming, regretted that they had not been sooner successful, but was happy to find, that he still had enough left to enable him to live in a decent manner, agreeable to a plan of economy which he has laid down, and to which he is resolved to adhere till the mortgage is relieved. 'I have now (added he, in a solemn manner) formed an ultimate resolution against gaming for the rest of my life; if I ever deviate from this, you have a right to consider me as devoid of manly firmness and truth, unworthy of your friendship, and the weakest of mortals.'

Notwithstanding the young gentleman's failure on a former occasion, yet the just reflections he made on his past conduct, and the determined manner in which he spoke, give me great hopes that he will keep his present resolution.—To him I seemed fully persuaded of this, and ventured to say, that I could scarcely regret his last run of bad luck, which had operated so blessed an effect; for he who has the vigour to disentangle himself from the snares of deep play, at the expense of half his fortune, and with his character entire, may on the whole be esteemed a fortunate man. I therefore insisted strongly on the wisdom of his plan, which I contrasted with the usual determination of those who have been unlucky at play. Without fortitude to retrench their expenses, or bear their first misfortunes, they can only bring themselves the length of resolving to renounce gaming *as soon as they shall regain what they have lost;* and imagining they have still a claim to the money which is now in the pockets of others, because it was once in their own, they throw away their whole fortune in search of an inconsiderable part, and finish by being completely ruined, because they could not support a small inconvenience. I pointed out, how infinitely more honourable it was to depend for repairing his fortune on his own good sense and perseverance, than on the revolutions of chance; which, even if they should be favourable, could only re-establish him at the expense of others, most probably of those who had no hand in occasioning his losses. His inseparable companion —— —— entered while I was in the middle of my harangue. Our friend, who had previously acquainted him with his determination of renouncing gaming, endeavoured to prevail on that gentleman to adopt the same measure, but in vain. —— —— laughed at his proposal, said, 'he was too easily terrified;' that 'one tolerable run of good fortune would retrieve his affairs; that my fears about ruin were mere bugbears; that the word *ruin*, like cannon charged with powder, had an alarming sound, but was attended with no danger; that if the

worst should happen, I could but be ruined; which was only being in the same situation with some of the most fashionable people in the nation.'

He then enumerated many instances of those who lived as well as the wealthiest men in England, and yet every body pronounced them ruined. 'There is Charles Fox,' added he, 'a man completely ruined; yet beloved by his friends, and admired by his country as much as ever.'

To this fine reasoning I replied, 'that the loss of fortune could not ruin Mr. Fox; that if nobody had been influenced by that gentleman's example, except those who possessed his genius, his turn for play would never have hurt one man in the kingdom; but that those who owed their importance solely to their fortune, ought not to risk it so wantonly as he might do, whose fortune had always been of little importance, when compared with his abilities: and since they could not imitate Mr. Fox, in the things for which he was so justly applauded, they ought not to follow his example in those for which he was as justly condemned; for the same fire which burns a piece of wood to ashes, can only melt a guinea, which still retains its intrinsic value, *though his majesty's countenance no longer shines on it.*'

—— —— did not seem to relish my argument, and soon after left us: but our young friend seemed comfirmed in his resolutions, and gave me fresh assurances, the day on which I left London, that he never would vary.

Knowing the interest you take in his welfare, and the high esteem he has for you, I have thought it right to give you this piece of information, which I know will afford you pleasure. His greatest difficulty in adhering to the new adopted plan will be at first: in his present state of mind, the soothings and support of friendship may be of the greatest service.

When your affairs permit you to go to London, I dare say you will take the earliest opportunity of throwing yourself in his way: You will find no difficulty in per-

suading him to accompainy you to the country. Removed for some months from his present companions and usual lounging-places, the influence of his old habits will gradually diminish; and, confirmed by your conversation, small chance will remain of his being sucked into the old system, and again whirled round in the vortex of dissipation and gaming.

LETTER II.

Paris.

Your setting out for London immediately on the receipt of my letter, is what might have been expected.—Nothing renders a man so active as an eager desire of doing good; and I might have foreseen that you would catch at the opportunity with which I furnished you to indulge a ruling passion.

It gives me great satisfaction to know, that our young friend and you are upon such a confidential footing; and I heartily hope that nothing will interrupt a connection which must be a source of pleasing reflection to you, and in every way advantageous to him.—I had no doubt that he would readily agree to accompany you to the country; but I was not so certain that he might not have found it necessary to accept of your other very friendly proposal.—His refusal is a proof, that he has reconciled his mind to his circumstances; and, with those sentiments, I am convinced that he will be able to live within his remaining yearly income with more satisfaction than he enjoyed when he spent five times that sum.——

You insist so much on my writing to you regularly, from the different places where I may reside during my absence from England, that I begin to believe you are in earnest, and shall certainly obey your commands.

I know you do not expect from me a minute account of churches and palaces. However agreeable these may be to the spectator, they generally afford but a slender entertainment when served up in description.

There are countries, some of which I may again visit before my return to England, whose appearance always strikes the eye with delight; but it is difficult to convey a precise idea of their beauties in words. The pencil is a more powerful vehicle than the pen for that purpose; for the landscape is apt to vanish from the mind before the description can be read.

The manners, customs, and characters of the people may probably furnish the chief materials in the correspondence you exact, with such reflections as may arise from the subject. In these I apprize you beforehand, I shall take what latitude I please: And though the complexion of my letters may most probably receive some tint or shade of colouring from the country where they may be wrote; yet if I take it into my head to insist on the little tricks of an attorney, when you expect to hear of the politics of a prime minister; or, if I tell you a tale about an old woman, when you are impatient for anecdotes of a great general, you must not fret or fall into a passion; for if you do not permit me to write on what subjects I please, and treat them in my own way, the correspondence you require would become a sad slavery to me, and of consequence no amusement to you. Whereas, if you leave me free and unrestrained, it will at least form some occupation to myself, may wean me from the habit of lounging, and will afford an excuse, in my own mind, for my leaving those parties of pleasure where people are apt to continue, forcing smiles, and yawning spontaneously for two or three hours after all relish is fled.

Yet in this dismal condition many remain night after night, because the hour of sleep is not yet arrived;—and what else can they do?

Have you never found yourself in this listless situation? Without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain in a kind of passive, gaping oyster-state, till the tide of the company moves you to your carriage. And when you recover your reflection in your bedchamber, you find you have passed the two last hours

in a kind of humming buzzing stupor, without satisfaction, or ideas of any kind.

I thank you for your offer of Dupont. Knowing your regard for him, and his dexterity and intelligence in the science of valet-de-chambreship, I see the full force of the sacrifice you are willing to make. If I could be so selfish on another occasion as to accept your offer, the good-will I bear to your old friend John would prevent me at present. Dupont, to be sure, is worth twenty of John for that employment; but I can never forget his long attachment, and I am now so habituated to him, that one generally esteemed a more perfect servant would not suit me so well. I think myself benefited even by his deficiencies, which have obliged me to do many things for myself that other people perform by the hands of their servants. Many of our acquaintances seem absolutely incapable of motion, till they have been wound up by their valets. They have no more use of their hands for any office about their own persons, than if they were paralytic. At night they must wait for their servants, before they can undress themselves, and go to bed: In the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, the master must remain helpless and sprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back upon the kitchen-table of an alderman. I remain, &c.

LETTER III.

Paris.

I WENT a few nights since to the Italian comedy; while I enjoyed the exquisite *naïveté* of my old friend Carlin, the marquis de F——, whom you have seen at London, entered the box:—He flew to me with all the vivacity of a Frenchman, and with every mark of pleasure and regard. He had ten thousand questions to ask about his friends in England all in one breath, and without waiting for an answer. Mon cher ami this, ma chere amie t'other: la belle such a one, la charmante such another.

Perceiving we disturbed the company, and having no hopes that the marquis would be more quiet for some time, I proposed leaving the comedy. He assented immediately:—Vous avez raison : il n'y a personne ici ; c'est un désert—(by the way, the house was very much crowded)—Je suis venu comme vous voyez en polisson ;—tout le monde est au Colisée—Allons.—We stepped into his vis-à-vis: he ordered the coachman to drive vîte comme tous les diables. The horses went as fast as they could, and the marquis's tongue still faster than they.

When we arrived, I proposed going up to the gallery, where we might see the company below, and converse without interruption. Bon, says he, nous nous nicherons dans un coin pour critiquer tout le monde, comme deux diables boiteux.

A lady of a fine shape and majestic air drew my attention: I asked the marquis if he did not think her remarkably handsome?—Là, là, said he coldly.—Nous sommes heureusement placés pour elle. C'est un tableau fait pour être vu de loin.—I then took notice of the excessive whiteness of her skin.——C'est apparemment le goût de son amant d'aujourd'hui, said he; et quand un autre se présenteroit qui préféreroit la couleur de puce, à l'aide d'une peu d'eau chaude, elle seroit aussi son affaire.

I next remarked two ladies dressed a little beyond the extravagance of the mode. Their features betrayed the approach of fifty, in spite of all the art which had evidently been used to conceal that hated age.

At sight of them the marquis started up. Ah! parblieu, said he, ces deux morceaux d'antiquité sont de mes parentes.—Excusez moi pour deux minutes: il faut que je m'approche d'elles, pour les féliciter de leurs appas. Old ladies, continued he, who have the rage to be thought young, are of all animals the most vindictive when neglected, and I have particular reasons for wishing to remain in their good graces. He then left me; and having walked round the circle with the ladies, returned and

took his seat. I have got myself well out of the scrape, said he; I told them I was engaged with a Milord, whom I should have the honour of presenting at their house, and I fixed a young officer with them, whose best hopes of promotion depend upon their influence at court, and who dares as soon quit his colours in battle, as forsake these two pieces of old tapestry, till they choose to retire.

A young man very magnificently dressed entered the room: he announced his importance by his airs, his bustle, the loud and decisive tone of his voice. The marquis told me, it was Mons. le duc de ——; that it was indispensably necessary that I should be presented to him; there was no living at Paris without that advantage; adding,—Il est un peu fat, infiniment bête d'ailleurs le meilleur enfant du monde.

A fine lady next appeared, who seemed to command the admiration of the whole assembly. She floated round the circle of the Colisée, surrounded by a cluster of petits maitres, whose eyes were fixed on her, and who seemed moved by her motion, like satellites under the influence of their planet. She, on her part, was perfectly serene, and unembarrassed by the attention and the eyes of the spectators. She smiled to one, nodded to another, shrugged to a third, struck a fourth with her fan, burst into a fit of laughter to a fifth, and whispered in the ear of a sixth. All these, and a thousand tricks more, she ran through with the ease of an actress and the rapidity of a juggler. She seemed fully persuaded that she was the only person present worthy of attention; that it belonged to her to develope her charms, display her graces and airs, and that it was the part of the rest of the company to remain attentive and admiring spectators.

Cette drolesse là, said the marquis, est jolie, et pour cette raison on croit qu'elle a de l'esprit: on a même tâché de répéter ses bons mots; mais ils ne sont faits que pour sa bouche. Elle est beaucoup plus vaine que sensible, grand soutien pour sa vertu! au reste, elle est dame de qualité, à la faveur de quoi elle possede un goût de

hardiesse si heureux, qu'elle jouit du bénéfice de l'effronterie sans être effrontée.

I was surprised to find all this satire directed against so beautiful a woman, and suspected that the edge of F——'s remarks was sharpened by some recent pique. I was going to rally him on that supposition, when he suddenly started up, saying, Voilà Mons. de ——, le meilleur de mes amis.—Il est aimable; on ne peut pas plus—Il a de l'esprit comme un démon.—Il faut que vous le connoissiez. Allons:—Descendons. So saying, he hurried me down stairs, presented me to Mons. de —— as un philosophe Anglois, who understood race-horses better than the great Newton himself, and who had no aversion to the game of whist. Mons. de —— received me with open arms, and we were intimate friends in ten minutes. He carried the marquis and me to sup at his house, where he found a numerous company.

The conversation was cheerful and animated. There were some very ingenious men present, with an admirable mixture of agreeable women, who remained to the last, and joined in the conversation even when it turned on subjects of literature; upon which occasions English ladies generally imagine it becomes them to remain silent. But here they took their share without scruple or hesitation. Those who understood any thing of the subject delivered their sentiments with great precision, and more grace than the men; those who knew nothing of the matter rallied their own ignorance in such a sprightly manner, as convinced every body, that knowledge is not necessary to render a woman extremely agreeable in society.

After passing a most delightful evening, I returned to my lodgings, my head undisturbed with wine, and my spirits unjaded by play.

LETTER IV.

Paris.

We have been a month at Paris; a longer time than was intended at our arrival: yet our departure appears to me at a greater distance now than it did then.

F—— has been my most constant companion; he is universally liked, lives in the very best company, and whoever is introduced by him, is sure of a favourable reception. I found little or no difficulty in excusing myself from play. The marquis undertook to make this matter easy; and nothing can be a greater proof of his influence in some of the most fashionable circles, than his being able to introduce a man without a title, and who never games.

He is also intimately acquainted with some of the most eminent men of letters, to whom he has made me known. Many of those, whose works you admire, are received at the houses of the first nobility on the most liberal footing.

You can scarcely believe the influence which this body of men have in the gay and dissipated city of Paris. Their opinions not only determine the merit of works of taste and science, but they have considerable weight on the manners and sentiments of people of rank, of the public in general, and consequently are not without effect on the measures of government.

The same thing takes place in some degree in most countries of Europe; but, if I am not mistaken, more at Paris than any where else; because men of letters are here at once united to each other by the various academies, and diffused among private societies, by the manners and general taste of the nation.

As the sentiments and conversation of men of letters influence, to a certain degree, the opinions and the conduct of the fashionable world; the manners of these last have a more obvious effect upon the air, the behaviour, and the conversation of the former, which in general is polite

and easy; equally purified from the awkward timidity contracted in retirement, and the disgusting arrogance inspired by university honours, or church dignities. At Paris, the pedants of Moliere are to be seen on the stage only.

In this country, at present, there are many men distinguished by their learning, who at the same time are cheerful and easy in mixed company, unpresuming in argument, and in every respect as well bred as those who have no other pretension.

Politeness and good manners, indeed, may be traced, though in different proportions, through every rank, from the greatest of the nobility to the lowest mechanic. This forms a more remarkable and distinguishing feature in the French national character, than the vivacity, impetuosity, and fickleness, for which the ancient as well as the modern inhabitants of this country have been noted.—It certainly is a very singular phenomenon, that politeness, which in every other country is confined to people of a certain rank in life, should here pervade every situation and profession. The man in power is courteous to his dependant, the prosperous to the unfortunate, the very beggar who solicits charity, does it 'en homme comme il faut;' and if his request be not granted, he is sure, at least, that it will be refused with an appearance of humanity, and not with harshness or insult.

A stranger, quite new and unversed in their language, whose accent is uncouth and ridiculous in the ears of the French, and who can scarcely open his mouth without making a blunder in grammar or idiom, is heard with the most serious attention, and never laughed at, even when he utters the oddest solecism or equivocal expression.

I am afraid, said I, yesterday, to a French gentleman, the phrase which I used just now is not French. Monsieur, replied he, cette expression effectivement n'est pas Françoise, mais elle mérite bien de l'être.

The most daring deviation from fashion, in the important article of dress, cannot make them forget the laws of good-

breeding. When a person appears at the public walks, in clothes made against every law of the mode, upon which the French are supposed to lay such stress, they do not gaze or sneer at him; they allow him first to pass, as it were, unobserved, and do not till then turn round to indulge the curiosity which his uncommon figure may have excited. I have remarked this instance of delicacy often in the streets in the lowest of the vulgar, or rather of the common people; for there are really very few of the natives of Paris, who can be called vulgar.

There are exceptions to these, as to all general remarks on the manners and character of any nation.

I have heard instances of the military treating postillions and innkeepers with injustice; and the seigneur or intendant oppressing the peasant. Examples of the abuse of power, and insolence of office, are to be met with every where. If they are tolerated, the fault lies in the government.

I have not been speaking of the French government. Their national character is one thing; the nature of their government is a very different matter. But I am convinced there is no country in Europe where royal favour, high birth, and the military profession, could be allowed such privileges as they have in France, and where there would be so few instances of their producing rough and brutal behaviour to inferiors.

LETTER V.

Paris.

A CANDID Englishman, of whatever rank in life he may be, must see with indignation, that every thing in this kingdom is arranged for the accommodation of the rich and the powerful; and that little or no regard is paid to the comfort of citizens of an inferior station. This appears in a thousand instances, and strikes the eye immediately on entering Paris.

I think I have seen it somewhere remarked, that the

regular and effectual manner in which the city of London is lighted at night, and the raised pavements on the sides of every street for the security and conveniency of foot-passengers, seem to indicate, that the body of the people, as well as the rich and great, are counted of some importance in the eye of government. Whereas Paris is poorly and partially lighted; and except on the Pont Neuf and Pont Royal, and the keys between them, is not provided with foot-ways for the accommodation and safety of those who cannot afford carriages. They must therefore grope their way as they best can, and skulk behind pillars, or run into shops, to avoid being crushed by the coaches, which are driven as near the wall as the coachman pleases; dispersing the people on foot at their approach, like chaff before the wind.

It must be acknowledged, that monarchy (for the French do not love to hear it called despotism, and it is needless to quarrel with them about a word) is raised in this country so very high, that it quite loses sight of the bulk of the nation, and pays attention only to a few, who, being in exalted stations, come within the court's sphere of vision.

Le peuple, in France, is a term of reproach. Un homme du peuple, implies a want of both education and manners. Un homme comme il faut, on the other hand, does not imply a man of sense or principle, but simply a man of birth or fashion; for a man may be homme comme il faut, and yet be devoid of every quality which adorns human nature. There is no question that government leaves the middle and inferior ranks of life in some degree unprotected, and exposed to the injustice and insolence of the great; who are considered in this country, as somewhat above the law, though greatly below the monarch.

But the polished mildness of French manners, the gay and sociable turn of the nation, the affable and easy conduct of masters to their servants, supply the deficiences, and correct the errors, of the government, and render the condition of the common people in France, but particular-

ly at Paris, better than in several other countries of Europe; and much more tolerable than it would be, if the national character resembled that of those countries.

* * * * * * *

I was interrupted by Lord M. who arrived last night. He agreed to dine with us. F——— called soon after: he was disengaged also, and promised to be of the party.

You know how laborious a thing it is to keep alive a dialogue with my Lord M. The conversation either degenerates into a soliloquy on your part, or expires altogether. I was therefore exceedingly happy with the thoughts of the marquis's company. He was uncommonly lively; addressed much of his conversation to his lordship; tried him upon every subject, wine, women, horses, politics, and religion. He then sung Chansons à boire, and endeavoured in vain to get my lord to join in the chorus. Nothing would do.—He admired his clothes, praised his dog, and said a thousand obliging things of the English nation. To no purpose; his lordship kept up his silence and reserve to the last, and then drove away to the opera.

Ma foi, said the marquis, as soon as he went out of the room, il a de grands talens pour le silence, ce Milord là.

LETTER VI.

Paris.

In a former letter, I mentioned good breeding as a striking part of the French national character. Loyalty, or an uncommon fondness for, and attachment to, the persons of their princes, is another.

An Englishman, though he views the virtues of his king with a jealous eye during his reign, yet he will do them all justice in the reign of his successor.

A German, while he is silent with respect to the foibles of his prince, admires all his talents, much more than he would the same qualities in any other person.

A Turk, or Persian, contemplates his emperor with fear

and reverence, as a superior being, to whose pleasure it is his duty to submit, as to the laws of nature, and the will of Providence.

But a Frenchman, while he knows that his king is of the same nature, and liable to all the weaknesses of other men; while he enumerates his follies, and laughs as he laments them, is nevertheless attached to him by a sentiment of equal respect and tenderness; a kind of affectionate prejudice, independent of his real character.

*Roi** is a word which conveys to the minds of Frenchmen the ideas of benevolence, gratitude, and love; as well as those of power, grandeur, and happiness.

They flock to Versailles every Sunday, behold him with unsated curiosity, and gaze on him with as much satisfaction the twentieth time as the first.

They consider him as their friend, though he does not know their persons; as their protector, though their greatest danger is from an exempt or lettre de cachet; and as their benefactor, while they are oppressed with taxes.

They magnify into importance his most indifferent actions; they palliate and excuse all his weaknesses; and they impute his errors or crimes, to his ministers or other evil counsellors, who (as they fondly assert) have, for some base purpose, imposed upon his judgment, and perverted the undeviating rectitude of his intentions.

They repeat, with fond applause, every saying of his which seems to indicate the smallest approach to wit, or even bears the mark of ordinary sagacity.

The most inconsiderable circumstance which relates to the monarch is of importance: whether he eat much or little at dinner; the coat he wears, the horse on which he rides, all afford matter of conversation in the various societies at Paris, and are the most agreeable subjects of epistolary correspondence with their friends in the provinces.

* We translate le roi, by 'the king,' which is by no means equivalent. Le roi does himself, and makes others do, what he pleases. The king cannot do what he pleases, but does what others please.

If he happens to be a little indisposed, all Paris, all France, is alarmed, as if a real calamity was threatened: and to seem interested, and to converse upon any other subject till this has been discussed, would be considered as a proof of unpardonable indifference.

At a review, the troops performed their manœuvres unheeded by such of the spectators as are within sight of the king. They are all engrossed in contemplation of the prince.—Avez-vous vu le roi?——Tenez—ah!—voilà le roi—Le roi rit.—Apparemment il est content.—Je suis charmé,—ah, il toussé!—A-t-il toussé?——Oui, parbleu! et bien fort.—Je suis au désespoir.

At mass, it is the king, not the priest, who is the object of attention. The host is elevated; but the people's eyes remain fixed upon the face of their beloved monarch.

Even the most applauded pieces of the theatre, which in Paris create more emotion than the ceremonies of religion, can with difficulty divide their attention. A smile from the king makes them forget the sorrow of Andromaché, and the wrongs of the Cid.

This excessive attachment is not confined to the person of the monarch, but extends to every branch of the royal family; all of whom, it is imagined in this country, have an hereditary right to every gratification and enjoyment that human nature is capable of receiving. And if any cause, moral or physical, impede or obstruct this, they meet with universal sympathy. The most trivial disappointment or chagrin which befals them, is considered as more serious and affecting, than the most dreadful calamity, which can happen to a private family. It is lamented as if the natural order of things were counteracted, and the amiable prince, or princess, deprived, by a cruel phenomenon, of that supreme degree of happiness, to which their rank in life gives them an undeniable title.

All this regard seems real, and not affected from any motive of interest; at least it must be so with respect to the bulk of the people, who can have no hopes of ever be-

ing known to their princes, far less of ever receiving any personal favour from them.

The philosophical idea, that kings have been appointed for public conveniency; that they are accountable to their subjects for mal-administration, or for continued acts of injustice and oppression; is a doctrine very opposite to the general prejudices of this nation. If any of their kings were to behave in such an imprudent and outrageous manner as to occasion a revolt, and if the insurgents actually got the better, I question if they would think of new-modelling the government, and limiting the power of the crown, as was done in Britain at the revolution, so as to prevent the like abuses for the future. They never would think of going further, I imagine, than placing another prince of the Bourbon family on the throne, with the same power that his predecessor had, and then quietly lay down their arms, satisfied with his royal word or declaration to govern with more equity.

The French seem so delighted and dazzled with the lustre of monarchy, that they cannot bear the thoughts of any qualifying mixture, which might abate its violence, and render its ardour more benign. They choose to give the splendid machine full play, though it often scorches and threatens to consume themselves and their effects.

They consider the power of the king, from which their servitude proceeds, as if it were their own power. You will hardly believe it; but I am sure of the fact: They are proud of it; they are proud that there is no check or limitation to his authority.

They tell you with exultation, that the king has an army of near two hundred thousand men in the time of peace. A Frenchman is as vain of the palaces, fine gardens, number of horses, and all the paraphernalia belonging to the court of the monarch, as an Englishman can be of his own house, gardens, and equipage.

When they are told of the diffusion of wealth in England, the immense fortunes made by many individuals, the affluence of those of middle rank, the security and easy si-

tuation of the common people; instead of being mortified by the comparison which might naturally occur to their imaginations, they comfort themselves with the reflection, that the court of France is more brilliant than the court of Great Britain, and that the duke of Orleans and the prince of Condé have greater revenues than any of the English nobility.

When they hear of the freedom of debate in parliament, of the liberties taken in writing or speaking of the conduct of the king, or measures of government, and the forms to be observed, before those who venture on the most daring abuse of either can be brought to punishment, they seem filled with indignation, and say with an air of triumph, C'est bien autrement chez nous: Si le roi de France avoit affaire à ces messieurs là, il leur apprendroit à vivre. And then they would proceed to inform you, that, parbleu! their minister would give himself no trouble about forms or proofs; that suspicion was sufficient for him, and without more ado he would shut up such impertinent people in the Bastile for many years. And then raising their voices, as if what they said were a proof of the courage or magnanimity of the minister—Ou peut-être il feroit condamner ces drôles là aux galères pour la vie.

LETTER VII.

Paris.

It would be almost superfluous to observe, that there are a great many people in France, who think in a very different manner from that which I have mentioned in my last, and who have just and liberal ideas of the design and nature of government, and proper and manly sentiments of the natural rights of mankind. The writings of Montesquieu are greatly admired: This alone is sufficient to prove it. Many later authors, and the conversation of the philosophical and reasoning people, display the same spirit.

What is mentioned in my last letter, however, comprehends the general turn or manner of thinking of the French nation, and evinces how very opposite their sentiments upon the subject of civil government are, to those of our countrymen.

I have heard an Englishman enumerate the advantages of the British constitution to a circle of French bourgeois, and explain to them in what manner the people of their rank of life were protected from the insolence of the courtiers and nobility; that the poorest shopkeeper, and lowest tradesman in England, could have immediate redress for any injury done him by the greatest nobleman in the kingdom.

Well, what impression do you think this declamation had upon the French auditory? You will naturally imagine they would admire such a constitution, and wish for the same in France:—Not at all. They sympathized with the great: They seemed to feel for *their* want of importance. One observed, C'est peu de chose d'être noble chez vous: and another, shaking his head, added, Ce n'est pas naturel tout cela.

When mention was made that the king of Great Britain could not impose a tax by his own authority; that the consent of parliament, particularly of the house of commons, was necessary, to which assembly people of their rank of life were admitted; they said with some degree of satisfaction, Cependent, c est assez beau cela. But when the English patriot, expecting their complete approbation, continued informing them, that the king himself had not the power to encroach upon the liberty of the meanest of his subjects; that if he or the minister did, damages were recoverable at a court of law, a loud and prolonged DIABLE issued from every mouth. They forgot their own situation, and the security of the people, and turned to their natural bias of sympathy with the king, who they all seemed to think must be the most oppressed and injured of mankind.

One of them at last, addressing himself to the English

politican, said, Tout ce que je puis vous dire, monsieur, c'est que votre pauvre roi est bien à plaindre.

This solicitude of theirs for the happiness and glory of royalty extends in some degree to all crowned heads whatever: But with regard to their own monarch, it seems the reigning and darling passion of their souls, which they carry with them to the grave.

A French soldier, who lay covered with wounds on the field of Dettingen, demanded, a little before he expired, of an English officer, how the battle was likely to terminate; and being answered, that the British troops had obtained a great victory; Mon pauvre roi, said the dying man, que fera-t-il?

For my part, my friend, although I heartily wish his majesty all public and domestic happiness, yet if the smallest solicitude about either should disturb my dying moments, it will be the strongest proof that my own affairs, spiritual and temporal, your concerns, as well as those of my other private friends, are in most a comfortable situation.

Adieu.

P. S. I have not seen the marquis for several days. He had informed me, at our very first meeting, that he was paying his court to a young lady of family, at his mother's desire, who was impatient to see him married. He said, he could refuse his mother nothing, parcequ'elle étoit le meilleur enfant du monde: Besides, he said, the young lady was very pretty and agreeable, and he was over head and ears in love with her. He has told me since, that every thing was arranged, and he expected to be in a short time the happiest man in the world, and would have the honour of presenting me to his bride very soon. I shall let you know my opinion of the lady when I see her—but let her be what she will, I am sorry that F—— thinks of marrying so early in life: for a Frenchman of five-and-twenty, is not quite so sedate an animal as an Englishman of fifteen.

LETTER VIII.

Paris.

THERE is an absolute penury of public news. I have nothing particular to inform you of concerning myself; but you hold me to my engagement: So here I am seated to write to you, and shall resume the subject of my last letter, in hopes, however, that my pen may gather materials as it moves.

In whatever light this prejudice in favour of monarchy may appear to the eye of philosophy; and though of all passions the love of a king, merely because he is a king, is perhaps the silliest; yet it surely ought to be considered as meritorious by those who are the objects of it.

No people existing, or who did ever exist, have had so just a claim to the gratitude and affections of their sovereign, as the French. They rejoice in his joy, are grieved at his grief, proud of his power, vain of his accomplishments, indulgent to his failings. They cheerfully yield their own conveniences to his superfluities, and are at all times willing to sacrifice their lives for his glory.

A king, one would imagine, must be a perfect monster of selfishness and insensibility, who did not love such subjects, and who did not bestow some time and attention to promote their happiness: Yet the French nation has not had a monarch worthy of all this regard since the days of Henry IV, and of all their kings they used him the worst.

Of the three brothers who immediately preceded him, the first was a sickly creature, as feeble in mind as in body; the second, a monster of superstition and cruelty; and the third, after a dawn of some brightness, allowed his meridian to be obscured by the grossest clouds of effeminacy and voluptuousness. Their Italian mother, who governed all the three, seems to have been perfectly unrestrained by any feelings of humanity or of conscience,

and solely guided by motives of interest, and the most perfidious policy.

The princes who have succeeded, as well as those who reigned before the fourth Henry, serve as foils which display his bright qualities with double lustre.

Notwithstanding all the inducements which the French kings have to promote the happiness of their subjects, it may be many centuries before they are blessed with one who shall have that passion in such a high degree.

A character in which the great and amiable virtues are so finely blended, is very rarely produced in any nation. How small then must be the chance that this prize shall fall to the individual who is destined for the throne? Henry received an education very different from that which is generally bestowed on kings. His character was formed in the hardy school of adversity; his mind was strengthened by continual exertions of courage and prudence. He was taught humanity by suffering under the rod of tyranny, and experiencing the pangs of the unfortunate. Having frequently stood in need of friends, he knew the value of their attachment, and his heart became capable of friendship.

Difficulties and dangers often strike out particles of genius which otherwise might remain latent and useless, and contribute to the formation of a vigorous character, by animating those sparks of virtue which a life of indolence would have completely extinguished.

Those people who, from their earliest infancy, have found every thing provided for them, who have not much ambition, and consequently are seldom excited to any great exertion of their faculties, generally feel these faculties dwindle and grow weak, for the same reason that a man's arms would become gradually feeble, and at length perfectly useless, if he were to wear them in a scarf for any considerable time.

That the faculties of the understanding, like the sinews of the body, are relaxed by sloth and strengthened by exercise, nobody will doubt. I imagine the same analogy

holds in some degree between the body and the qualities of the heart Benevolence, pity, gratitude, are, I suspect, exceedingly apt to stagnate into a calm, sluggish insensibility in that breast which has not been agitated from real misfortunes.

People do not fully enter into distresses which they never have felt, and which they think they run but a small risk of feeling. Accordingly it has been remarked, that those who have been favoured through life with the smiles of fortune, and whose time has been spent in the amusements of courts and luxurious indulgences, very often acquire an astonishing insensibility to the misfortunes of others. The character the most perfectly cold of all I ever knew, devoid of friendship, gratitude, and in some instances dead to natural affection, belongs to a woman of elevated rank whose life hitherto has been a continued series of fortunate events.

Yet while all their cares are contracted, and all their feelings absorded, within the compass of their own skin, such people seem often convinced, that they themselves are of the most humane dispositions and the most extensive benevolence, upon no better foundation, than because they have felt themselves affected by the artful distresses of a romance, and because they could shed a few barren tears at a tragedy.

If to these symptoms of sensibility, they can add, that of having occasionally given a guinea when the contribution has been set a-going, or have parted with a little superfluous money to free themselves from importunity, they have then carried benevolence to the utmost length of *their* idea of that virtue.

They have no notion of any thing beyond this; nor would they make one active exertion, postpone a single party of pleasure, or in any shape interrupt the tranquillity of their own indolence, to perform the most essential service (I will not say to a friend, such people can have none) to any of the human race.

There are many exceptions, but in general those per-

sons who are exposed to *the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune*, who have experienced the base indifference of mankind, and have in some degree *felt what wretches feel*, are endued with the truest sympathy, and enter, with the most lively sensibility, into the situation of the unfortunate.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,*

said Dido, who had been obliged to fly from her country, to Æneas, who had been witness to the destruction of his.

Dido and Æneas!—How in the name of wandering have we got into their company? I could no more have guessed at this, than at the subject of one of Montaigne's Essays from the title. We set out, I believe, with something about France;—but you cannot expect that I should attempt to take up a thread which is left so far behind.

Adieu.

LETTER IX.

Paris.

I MENTIONED in a former letter, that my friend F—— was on the point of being married. He called at my lodgings a little while ago. His air was so very gay, that I imagined he had some agreeable news to communicate. Me voilà au désespoir, mon cher ami, said he, with a loud laugh.—You are the merriest man I ever saw in that situation, said I.—He then informed me, that the old marquis de P. his mistress's father, had waited on his mother, and, after ten thousand apologies and circumlocutions, had given her to understand, that certain things had intervened, which rendered it impossible that he should ever have the honour of being father-in-law to her son; and requested her to inform him, how infinitely uneasy he and

* Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes, so like my own. DRYD.

all his family were, at an incident which deprived them of the pleasure they had proposed to themselves from that connection. His mother, he said, had endeavoured to discover the incident which has produced this sudden alteration ;—but to no purpose.—The old gentleman contented himself with assuring her, that the particulars would be equally disagreeable and superfluous,—and then took his leave, in the most polite and affectionate terms that the French language could furnish him with.

F—— told me all this with an air so easy and contented, that I did not well know what to make of it. My dear marquis, said I, it is fortunate that I have been mistaken ; for you must know, I had taken it into my head that you were fond of the lady.—You were in the right, my friend, said he, je l'aimois infiniment.——Comment, infiniment ! said I, and yet be so merry when you are just going to lose her !——Mais vous autres Anglois, said he, vous avez des idées si bizarres !——aimer infiniment, cela veut dire aimer comme on aime,—tout le monde s'aime ainsi quand il ne se hait pas.—Mais je vous conterai toute l'histoire.

My mother, added he, who is the best creature in the world, and whom I love with all my soul, told me this marriage would make her quite happy.——All my uncles and aunts, and cousins, for ten generations, told me the same. I was informed, over and above, that the lady, her father, and all her relations, wished this alliance with the most obliging earnestness. The girl herself is tolerably pretty. They will persuade me to marry sometime or other, thought I ; why not now, as well as at another time ? Why should I refuse to do a thing which will please so many people, without being in the smallest degree displeasing to myself ?—To be sure, said I, that would have been ill-natured. It was lucky, however, that you happened to be perfectly disengaged, and did not prefer any other woman.

You are mistaken, my friend, said he ; I preferred many to the lady in question, and one in particular, whose

name I will not mention, but whom I love—whom I do love.——Comme on aime, said I, interrupting him.——Non, parbleu! added he, with warmth, comme on n'aime pas.——Good heaven! then, cried I, how could you think of marrying another?—Cela n'empêche rien! said the marquis, coolly——for I could not marry the other. She had the start of me, and had undergone the ceremony already; and therefore she had no objection to my obliging my mother and relations in this particular, for she is the best-natured woman in the world.

So she appears to be, said I.——O, pour cela oui, mon cher, added he, elle est la bonté même. However, I am very well pleased, upon the whole, that the affair has gone off without any fault of mine; and though it is possible that it may be brought on at some future period, I shall still be a gainer, pareeque un mariage reculé est toujours autant de gagné sur le repentir. So saying, he wheeled on his heel, humming,

Non, tu ne le mettra pas, Colin, &c.

There's the picture of a French lover for you.——I set down the whole scene, as soon as F—— left me, and so I leave you to make your own reflections.

Adieu.

LETTER X.

Paris.

You have often heard the French accused of insincerity, and of being warm in professions, but devoid of real friendship.

Our countrymen, in particular, are led into this opinion, from the manners in general being more obsequious here than in England. What Frenchmen consider as common good manners, many Englishmen would call flattery, perhaps fawning.

Their language abounds in complimental phrases, which they distribute with wonderful profusion and volubility: but they intend no more by them, than an Englishman

means when he subscribes himself your most obedient humble servant, at the conclusion of a letter.

A Frenchman not only means nothing beyond common civility, by the plentiful shower of compliments which he pours on every stranger; but also, he takes it for granted, that the stranger knows that nothing more is meant.

These expressions are fully understood by his own countrymen: he imagines all the world are as well informed; and he has not the smallest intention to deceive. But if any man takes these expressions in a literal sense, and believes that people are in reality inspired with friendship, or have fallen in love with him at first sight, he will be very much disappointed; especially if he expects strong proofs of either.

Yet he has no right to accuse the French of insincerity, or breach of friendship.——Friendship is entirely out of the question. They never intend to convey any other idea, than that they were willing to receive him on the footing of an acquaintance;——and it was the business of his language-master to have informed him of the real import of their expressions.

If the same words indeed were literally translated into English, and used by one Englishman to another, the person to whom they were addressed, would have good reason to imagine that the other had a particular regard for him, or meant to deceive him; because the established modes of civility and politeness in England do not require such language.

The not making a proper allowance for different modes and usages which accident has established, is one great cause of the unfavourable and harsh sentiments, which the people of the different countries of the world too often harbour against each other.

You may say, perhaps, that this superfluity of compliments which the French make use of, is a proof of the matter in question; that the French have less sincerity than their neighbours. By the same rule we must conclude, that the common people of every nation, who use

few complimental phrases in their discourse, have a greater regard to truth, and stronger sentiments of friendship, than those in the middle and higher ranks. But this is what I imagine it would be difficult to prove.

These complimental phrases, which have crept into all modern languages, may, perhaps, be superfluous; or, if you please, absurd: but they are so fully established, that people of the greatest integrity must use them, both in England and in France; with this difference, that a smaller proportion will do in the language of the one country, than in that of the other; but they are indications of friendship in neither.

Friendship is a plant of slow growth, in every climate. Happy the man who can rear a few, even where he has the most settled residence. Travellers, passing through foreign countries, seldom take time to cultivate them; if they be presented with some flowers, although of a flimsy texture and quicker growth, they ought to accept of them with thankfulness, and not quarrel with the natives, for choosing to retain the other more valuable plant for their own use.

Of all travellers, the young English nobility and gentry have the least right to find fault with their entertainment while on their tours abroad; for such of them as show a desire of forming a connection with the inhabitants, by even a moderate degree of attention, are received upon easier terms than the travellers from any other country. But a very considerable number of our countrymen have not the smallest desire of that nature: they seem rather to avoid their society, and accept with reluctance every offer of hospitality. This happens partly from a prejudice against foreigners of every kind; partly from timidity or natural reserve; and in a great measure from indolence, and an absolute detestation of ceremony and restraint. Besides, they hate to be obliged to speak a language of which they seldom acquire a perfect command.

They frequently, therefore, form societies or clubs of their own, where all ceremony is dismissed, and the great-

vitations to dinner ever since. He generally finds some of our countrymen who dine and pass the evening with him at the Parc Royal.

After the review this day, we continued together; and being both disengaged, I proposed, by way of variety, to dine at the public ordinary of the Hôtel de Bourbon. He did not like this much at first.—I shall be teased, says he, with their confounded ceremony:—But on my observing, that we could not expect much ceremony or politeness at a public ordinary, he agreed to go.

Our entertainment turned out different, however, from my expectations and his wishes: A marked attention was paid us the moment we entered; every body seemed inclined to accommodate us with the best places. They helped us first, and all the company seemed ready to sacrifice every little conveniency and distinction to the strangers; For next to that of a lady, the most respected character at Paris is that of a stranger.

After dinner, B—— and I walked into the gardens of the Palais Royal.

There was nothing real in all the fuss those people made about us, says he.

I can't help thinking it *something*, said I, to be treated with civility and apparent kindness in a foreign country—by strangers who know nothing about us, but that we are Englishmen, and often their enemies.

But their politeness consists in trifles, said he.—In what consists any body's politeness? rejoined I.—The utmost a Frenchman will do for you, added he, is to endeavour to amuse you, and make your time pass agreeably while you remain in his country.—And I think that no trifle, answered I.—There are so many sources of uneasiness and vexation in this life, that I cannot help having a good will, and even gratitude, to all those who enable me to forget them:—For such people alleviate my pain, and contribute to my happiness.

But these Frenchmen, rejoined he, do not care a farthing for you in their hearts.—And why should I care a far-

thing for that? said I.—We have nothing to do with their hearts.—You do not expect a friend in every agreeable acquaintance.

But they are an interested set of people; and even those among them who pretend to be your friends,—do it only for some selfish end.

This is only an assertion, said I, but no proof.—If you stood in need of pecuniary assistance, they would not advance you a louis to save you from a jail, continued he.

I hope never to be perfectly convinced of that, said I;—but if we were to cultivate friendship from the idea of assistance of that nature, it would be doing exactly what you accuse them of: besides, continued I, the power and opportunity of obliging our acquaintances and friends by great, and, what are called, essential services, seldom occur; but those attentions and courtesies, which smooth the commerce between man and man, and sweeten social life, are in every body's power, and there are daily and hourly occasions of displaying them,—particularly to strangers.——Curse their courtesies, said he,—they are the greatest *bore* in nature.—I hate the French.—They are the enemies of England, and a false, deceitful, perfidious—But as we did not come over, interrupted I, to fight them at present, we shall suspend hostilities till a more convenient season: and in the meantime, if you have no objection, let us go to the play.

He agreed to this proposal, and here our conversation ended.

You know B—— is as worthy a fellow as lives; and, under a rough address, conceals the best disposition in the world. His manner, I imagine, was originally assumed from a notion, which he has in common with many people, that great politeness, and apparent gentleness of behaviour, are generally accompanied with falsehood and real coldness;—even inhumanity of character,—as if human nature, like marble, took a polish proportionable to its hardness.

This idea is certainly formed without an accurate ex-

amination, and from a superficial view of mankind. As a boorish address is no proof of honesty, so is politeness no indication of the reverse;—and if they are once reduced to an equality in this particular, it is evident that the latter is preferable in every other respect.

But to return to the French; I am clearly of opinion, that a stranger may fairly avail himself of every convenience arising from their obliging manners, although he should be convinced that all their assiduity and attention are unconnected with any regard to him, and flow entirely from vanity and self-love. He may perceive that his Parisian friend, while he loads him with civilities, is making a display of his own proficiency in the science of politeness, and endeavouring to thrust himself forward in the good opinion of the company, by yielding the preference on a thousand trifling occasions.—Though he plainly sees, that all his stooping is with a view to conquer, why should he repine at a victory which is accompanied with so many conveniences to himself? why quarrel with the motive while he feels the benefit of the effect?

If writers or preachers of morality could, by the force of eloquence, eradicate selfishness from the hearts of men, and make them in reality love their neighbours as themselves, it would be a change devoutly to be wished. But until that blessed event, let us not find fault with those forms and attentions which create a kind of artificial friendship and benevolence, which for many of the purposes of society produce the same effects as the true.

People who love to amuse themselves with play, and have not ready money, are obliged to use counters. You and I, my friend, as long as we cut and shuffle together, shall never have occasion for such a succedaneum;—I am fully persuaded we are provided, on both sides, with a sufficient quantity of pure gold.

LETTER XII.

Paris.

WHEN B—— and I went to the playhouse, as was mentioned in my last, we found a prodigious crowd of people before the door: We could not get a place till after a considerable struggle. The play was the Siege of Calais, founded on a popular story, which must needs be interesting and flattering to the French nation.

You cannot conceive what pressing and crowding there is every night to see this favourite piece, which has had the same success at Versailles as at Paris.

There are some few critics, however, who assert that it is entirely devoid of merit, and owes its run to the popular nature of the subject, more than to any intrinsic beauty in the verses, which some declare are not even good French.

When it was last acted before the king, it is said, his majesty, observing that the duc d'Ayen did not join in applauding, but that he rather shewed some marks of disgust, turned to the duke and said, Vous n'applaudissez pas? Vous n'êtes pas bon François, monsieur le duc:—To this the duke replied,—à Dieu ne plaise que je ne fusse pas meilleur que les vers de la pièce.

Obedient to the court in every other particular, the French disregard the decisions pronounced at Versailles in matters of taste. It very often happens that a dramatic piece, which has been acted before the royal family and the court, with the highest applause, is afterwards damned with every circumstance of ignominy at Paris. In all works of genius the Parisians lead the judgment of the courtiers, and dictate to their monarch.

In other countries of Europe, it has happened, that some prince of superior talents has, by the brightness of his own genius, enlightened the minds of his subjects, and dispelled the clouds of barbarism from his dominions.

Since the commencement of this century a great em-

pire has been improved from a state of gross ignorance, refined by the arts of peace, and instructed in the arts of war, by the vast genius and industry of one of its princes, who laid the foundation of its present power and grandeur.

Another inconsiderable state, with fewer resources, has, at a later period, been created a powerful monarchy, by the astonishing efforts, perseverance, and magnanimity of its present king; whose love of knowledge and the arts has drawn some of the greatest geniuses in Europe to his capital; whence science and taste must gradually flow through his whole dominions, where they were formerly but little cherished.

In these instances, and others which might be enumerated, the princes have been superior in genius to any of their subjects. The throne has been the source whence knowledge and refinement have flowed to the extremities of the nation.

But this has never been the case in France, where it is not the king who polishes the people;—but the people who refine the manners, humanize the heart, and, if it be not perfectly opaque, enlighten the understanding of the king.

Telemaque, and many other works, have been composed with this intention. In many addresses and remonstrances to the throne, excellent precepts and hints are insinuated in an indirect and delicate manner.

By the emphatic applause they bestow on particular passages of the pieces represented at the theatre, they convey to the monarch the sentiments of the nation respecting the measures of his government.

By ascribing qualities to him which he does not possess, they endeavour to excite within his breast a desire to attain them: they try to cajole him into virtue. Considered in this point of view, the design of the equestrian statue which the city of Paris has erected in honour of Lewis XV may have been suggested from a more generous motive than flattery, to which it is generally imputed.

This was begun by Bouchardon; who died when the work was well advanced, and has since been committed to Pigal to be finished.

The horse is placed on a very high pedestal. At the angles are four figures, standing in the manner of Caryatides, who represent the four virtues, Fortitude, Justice, Prudence, and the love of Peace. All the ornaments are of bronze.

The two small sides of the pedestal are ornamented with gilded laurels and inscriptions. On the front, towards the Tuilleries, is the following.—

LUDOVICO XV,
OPTIMO PRINCIPI
QUOD
AD SCALDUM, MOSAM, RHENUM,
VICTOR
PACEM ARMIS
PACE
SUORUM ET EUROPÆ
FELICITATEM
QUÆSIVIT.

The large sides of the pedestal are adorned with trophies and bas reliefs. One represents Lewis giving peace to Europe; the other represents him in a triumphal chariot, crowned by Victory, and conducted by Renown to a people who submit.

When we recollect that the inscription and emblems allude to the conclusion of the war before the last, and what kind of inscriptions are usually put under the statues of kings, we shall not find any thing outrageously flattering in the above; the moral of which is, that the love of peace is one of the greatest virtues a king can possess——The best moral that can be insinuated into the breast of a monarch.

In this work the horse is infinitely more admired, by sculptors and satirists, than the king. But the greatest oversight is, that the whole group, though all the figures

are larger than life, have a diminutive appearance in the centre of the vast area in which they are placed.

The wits of Paris could not allow such an opportunity of indulging their vein to escape unimproved. Many epigrams are handed about.—Here are two.—

Bouchardon est un animal,
Et son ouvrage fait pitié;
Il place les vices à cheval,
Et met les vertus à pied.

Voilà notre Roi comme il est à Versailles, sans foi, sans loi, et sans entrailles.

Both are too severe; giving the idea of wicked dispositions, and cruelty of temper, which do not belong to Lewis XV; whose real character, in three words, is that of a good-natured, easy-tempered man, sunk in sloth and sensuality.

I have seen another inscription for the statue handed about; it is in Latin, and very short.

STATUA STATUÆ.*

You may imagine that the authors of these would meet with a dreadful punishment, if they were discovered. No danger of that kind is sufficient to restrain the inhabitants of this city from writing and spreading such pasquinades, which are greatly relished by the whole nation.

Indeed, I imagine there is more of the spirit of revenge, than of good policy, in attempting to repel such humours; which, if they did not get vent in this manner, might break out in a more dangerous shape.

Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

Paris.

I DINED yesterday with an equal number of both sexes, at the chevalier B——'s. He is F——'s very intimate friend, and has a charming house within a few leagues of Paris, which the marquis makes full as much use of as the owner.

* The Statue of a Statue.

The chevalier has a considerable revenue, which he spends with equal magnificence and economy. He has been married many years to his present lady, a most agreeable woman, with whom he possesses every thing which can make their union happy, except children. They endeavour to forget this disagreeable circumstance, by a constant succession of company; and, which is very singular here, the society entertained by the husband and wife are the same.

F——, though much younger than either, is a great favourite of both; and they are always pleased when he invites a small company of his friends to dine at their house.

The present party was proposed by Madame de M——, a rich young widow, much admired here; of whom I shall give you a glimpse, en passant——for do not imagine I undertake to describe the most undescribable of all human beings,——a fine French lady.

Madame de M—— has some wit, more beauty, and vivacity in the greatest measure:—if there were a fourth degree of comparison, I should place her vanity there. She laughs a great deal, and she is in the right; for her teeth are remarkably fine. She talks very much, and in a loud and decisive tone of voice.—This is not so judicious, because her sentiments are not so brilliant as her teeth, and her voice is rather harsh.—She is received with attention and respect every where;—that she owes to her rank.—She is liked and followed by the men; this she owes to her beauty. She is not disliked by the women, which is probably owing to her foibles.

This lady is thought to be fond of F——: so, to prevent scandal, she desired me to call at her house, and attend her to the chevalier's.

I found her at her toilette, in consultation with a general officer and two abbés, concerning a new head-dress which she had just invented.—It was smart and fanciful; and, after a few corrections, received the sanction of all those critics. They declared it to be a valuable discovery, and foretold

that it would immediately become the general mode of Paris, and do immortal honour to the genius of Madame de M——.

She wheeled from before the glass, with an air of exultation.—Allons, donc, mes enfans——à la gloire,—cried she; and was proceeding to give orders for her equipage, when a servant entered, and informed her, that Madame la Comtesse had accepted her invitation, and would certainly do herself the honour of dining with her.

I despair of giving you an idea of the sudden change which this message occasioned in the features of Madame de M——. Had she heard of the death of her father, or her only child, she could not have been more confounded. —Est-il possible (said she, with an accent of despair) qu'on puisse être si bête!—The servant was called, and examined regarding the import of the answer he had brought from Madame la Comtesse.—It was even so——she was assuredly to come.—Fresh exclamations on the part of Madame de M——. Did you send to invite her for this day? said I.—Undoubtedly I did, replied Madame de M——. That could be delayed no longer.——She came to town last Sunday.—I therefore sent her the politest message in the world, begging to have the honour of her company for this day, at dinner; and behold, the horrid woman (with a rudeness, or ignorance of life without example) sends me word she will come.

It is very shocking, indeed, said I, that she should have misunderstood your kindness so prodigiously.—Is it not? said she. Could any mortal have expected so barbarous a return of civility?——She is connected with some of my relations in the country:—when she came to town, I immediately left my name with her porter.—She called next day on me—I had informed my Swiss, that I was always to be out when she came. I was denied accordingly.—Celà est tout simple, et selon les régles. The woman is twenty years older than I, and we must be insupportable to each other—She ought to have seen, that my invitation was dictated by politeness only:—the same po-

liteness on her part should have prompted her to send a refusal. In this manner we might have visited each other, dined and supped together, and remained on the most agreeable footing imaginable through the whole course of our lives:—but this instance of grossièreté must put an end to all connection.——Well— there is no remedy:—I must suffer purgatory for this one day. Adieu.——Present my compliments to Madame B——. Inform her of this horrid accident.

Having condoled with Madame de M——on her unmerited misfortune, I took my leave and joined F——, to whom I recounted the sad chance which deprived us of that lady's company.

He did not appear quite so unhappy as she had on the occasion; but he swore he was convinced that the countess had accepted the invitation to dinner par pure malice; for, to his knowledge, she was acquainted with their party to the chevailer B——'s, and had certainly seized that opportunity of plaguing Madame de M——, whom she hated. Without that douceur, he imagined, the dinner would be as great a purgatory to the countess, as it could possibly be to Madame de M——. How these affectionate friends contrived to pass their time together I know not, but we had a most agreeable party at the chevalier's—the marquis entertaining the company with the history of Madame de M——'s misfortune, and the loving tête-à-tête which it had occasioned.——This he related with such sprightliness, and described his own grief and disappointment with such a flow of good humour, as in some degree indemnified the company for the lady's absence.

LETTER XIV.

Paris.

THOUGH the gentleness of French manners qualifies in some degree the severity of the government: as I observed in a former letter, still the condition of the common people is by no means comfortable.

When we consider the prodigious rescources of this kingdom; the advantages it enjoys above almost every other country in point of soil, climate, and situation; the industry and ingenuity of the inhabitants, attached by affection to their kings, and submissive to the laws; we naturally expect that the bulk of the nation should be at their ease, and that poverty should be as little known here as in any country of Europe. I do not speak of that ideal or comparative poverty, the child of envy and covetousness, which may be felt by the richest citizens of London or Amsterdam; or of the poverty produced in capitals by gaming, luxury, and dissipation; but of that actual poverty, which arises when the laborious part of a nation cannot acquire a competent share of the necessaries of life by their industry.

The two first flow from the vices and extravagance of individuals.—The other from a bad government.

Much of the first may be found in London, where more riches circulate than in any city of Europe; of the last there is little to be seen in the country of England.

The reverse of this is the case in France, where the poorest inhabitants of the capital are often in a better situation than the laborious peasant. The former, by administering to the luxuries, or by taking advantage of the follies of the great and the wealthy, may procure a tolerable livelihood, and sometimes make a fortune; while the peasant cannot, without much difficulty, earn a scanty and precarious subsistence.

To have an adequate idea of the wealth of England, we must visit the provinces, and see how the nobility, the gentry, and especially the farmers and country people in general live. The magnificence of the former, and the abundance which prevails among the latter classes, must astonish the natives of any other country in Europe.

To retain a favourable notion of the wealth of France, we must remain in the capital, or visit a few trading or manufacturing towns; but must seldom enter the chateau of the seigneur, or the hut of the peasant. In the one,

we shall find nothing but tawdry furniture, and from the other we shall be scared by penury.

A failure of crops, or a careless administration, may occasion distress and scarcity of bread among the common people at a particular time: But when there is a permanent poverty through various reigns, and for a long tract of years, among the peasantry of such a country as France, this seems to me the surest proof of a careless, and consequently an oppressive government. Yet the French very seldom complain of their government, though often of their governors; and never of the king, but always of the minister.

Although the enthusiastic affection which the people of this nation once felt for their present monarch be greatly abated, it is not annihilated. Some of the courtiers indeed, who are supposed to administer to the king's pleasures, are detested. The imprudent ostentatious luxury of the mistress, is publicly execrated; but their censure of the king, even where they think themselves quite safe, never bursts out as it would in some other nations, in violent expressions, such as, Curse his folly,—his weakness, or—his obstinacy. No: Even their censure of him is intermingled with a kind of affectionate regret.—Naturellement il est bon, they say.—And when they observe the deplorable anxiety and disgust in his countenance, which are the concomitants of a constitution jaded by pleasure, and of a mind incapable of application, they cry, Mon Dieu, qu'il est triste!—il est malheureux lui-même;—— comment peut-il penser à nous autres?

I am persuaded, that, in spite of the discontent which really subsists at present in France, the king might recover the esteem and affection of his subjects at once by the simple manœuvre of dismissing his minister, and a few other unpopular characters. A lettre de cachet, ordering them to banishment, or shutting them up in the Bastile, would be considered as a complete *revolution* of government, and the nation would require no other *bill of rights*

than what proceeded from this dreadful instrument of tyranny.

As matters are at present, in my opinion, no body of men in France has, properly speaking, any rights. The princes, the noblesse, and the clergy, have indeed certain privileges which distinguish them in different degrees from their fellow-subjects: but as for rights, they have none: or, which amounts to the same thing, none which can defend them, or which they can defend against the monarch, whenever he in his royal wisdom chooses to invade or annihilate them.

A Frenchman will tell you, that their parliaments have the right of remonstrating to the throne upon certain occasions.—This is a precious privilege indeed! the common council of London are in possession of this glorious right also, and we all know what it avails. It is like the power of which Owen Glendower boasted——'calling spirits from the vasty deep.'—But the misfortune was, that none came in consequence of his call.

The parliaments of Paris can indeed remonstrate; and have done it with such strength of reasoning and energy of expression, that if eloquence were able to prevail over unlimited power, every grievance would have been redressed.

Some of these remonstrances display not only examples of the most sublime and pathetic eloquence, but also breathe a spirit of freedom which would do honour to a British house of commons.

The resistance which the members of the parliament of Paris made to the will of the king does them the greatest honour. Indeed the lawyers in France have displayed more just and manly sentiments of government, and have made a nobler struggle against despotic power, than any set of men in the kingdom. It has therefore often affected me with surprise and indignation, to observe the attempts that are made here to turn this body of men into ridicule.

One of this profession is never introduced on the stage but in a ridiculous character. This may give satisfaction to the prince, whose power they have endeavoured to limit, or to thoughtless slavish courtiers; but ought to be viewed with horror by the nation, for whose good the gentlemen of the long-robe have hazarded so much; for in their opposition to the court, much personal danger was to be feared, and no lucrative advantage to be reaped.

Those who oppose the court measures in our island incur, I thank heaven, no personal risk on that account. ——A member of the British parliament may launch his patriotic bark in the most perfect security:—He may glided own the current of invective, spread all his canvass, catch every gale, and sail for an hour or two upon the edge of treason, without any risk of being sucked into its whirlpool. But though he has nothing to fear, it is equally evident that he has nothing to hope from such a voyage. Opposition was formerly considered as a means of getting into power: Mais nous avons changé tout cela. Let any one recollect the numbers who, with very moderate abilities, have crawled on their knees into office, and compare them with the numbers and success of those who, armed with genius and the artillery of eloquence, attempt the places by storm; if, after this, he joins the assailants, he must either act from other motives than those of self-interest, or betray his ignorance in the calculation of chances.

The security, and even the existence, of the parliament of Paris, depending entirely on the pleasure of the king, and having no other weapons, offensive or defensive, but justice, argument, and reason, their fate might have been foreseen—the usual fate of those who have no other artillery to oppose to power:—The members were disgraced, and the parliament abolished. The measure was considered as violent; the exiles were regarded as martyrs; the people were astonished and grieved. At length, recovering from their surprise, they dissipated their sorrow,

objection, they shall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, and see what can be done for these lovers.—I never agreed to a proposal with more pleasure in my life.

The soldier began to make difficulties about entering into the vis-à-vis.—Come, come, friend, said the marquis, I am a colonel, and it is your duty to obey: Get in without much ado, and your mistress shall follow.

Entrons, mon bon ami, said the girl, since these gentlemen insist upon doing us so much honour.

A girl like you would do honour to the finest coach in France. Nothing could please me more than to have it in my power to make you happy, said the marquis.—Laissez moi faire, mon colonel, said the soldier. Je suis heureuse comme une reine, said Fanchon.—Away moved the chaise, and the marquis and I followed.

Voyez vous, combien nous sommes heureux nous autres François à bon marché, said the marquis to me, adding with a smile, le bonheur, à ce qu'on m'a dit, est plus cher en Angleterre. But, answered I, how long will this last with these poor people?—Ah, pour le coup, said he, voilà une reflexion bien Angloise—that, indeed, is what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be sorrowful through life, because we do not know how soon misfortunes may come, and because we are quite certain that death is to come at last.

When we arrived at the inn to which we had ordered the postillion to drive, we found the soldier and Fanchon. After having ordered some victuals and wine—Pray, said I to the soldier, how do you propose to maintain your wife and yourself?—One who has contrived to live for five years on soldiers pay, replied he, can have little difficulty for the rest of his life.——I can play tolerably well on the fiddle, added he, and perhaps there is not a village in all France of the size, where there are so many marriages as in that in which we are going to settle——I shall never want employment.——And I, said Fanchon, can weave

hair nets and silk purses, and mend stockings. Besides, my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands, and although he is brother-in-law to the bailiff, and *volontiers brutal*, yet I will make him pay it every sous.—And I, said the soldier, have fifteen livres in my poket; besides two louis that I lent to a poor farmer to enable him to pay the taxes, and which he will repay me when he is able.

You see, sir, said Fanchon to me, that we are not objects of compassion.——May we not be happy, my good friend, (turning to her lover with a look of exquisite tenderness), if it be not our own fault?——If you are not, ma douce amie! said the soldier with great warmth, je serai bien à plaindre.——I never felt a more charming sensation.—The tear trembled in the marquis's eye.——Ma foi, said he to me, c'est une comédie larmoyante——Then, turning to Fanchon, Come hither, my dear, said he, till such time as you can get payment of the two hundred livres, and my friend here recovers his two louis, accept of this from me, putting a purse of louis into her hand—I hope you will continue to love your husband, and to be loved by him.—Let me know from time to time how your affairs go on, and how I can serve you. This will inform you of my name, and where I live. But if ever you do me the pleasure of calling at my house at Paris,—be sure to bring your husband with you; for I would not wish to esteem you less or love you more than I do this moment. Let me see you sometimes; but always bring your husband along with you.——I shall never be afraid to trust her with you, said the soldier;—She shall see you as often as she pleases, without my going with her.

It was by too much venturing (as your serjeant told me) that you lost your leg, my best friend, said Fanchon, with a smile to her lover. Monsieur le colonel n'est que trop aimable. I shall follow his advice literally, and when I have the honour of waiting on him, you shall always attend me.

Heaven bless you both, my good friends, said the marquis; may he never know what happiness is who attempts

to interrupt your felicity!——It shall be my business to find out some employment for you, my fellow-soldier, more profitable than playing on the fiddle. In the meantime, stay here till a coach comes, which shall bring you both this night to Paris; my servant shall provide lodgings for you, and the best surgeon for wooden legs that can be found. When you are properly equipped, let me see you before you go home. Adieu, my honest fellow; be kind to Fanchon: She seems to deserve your love. Adieu, Fanchon; I shall be happy to hear that you are as fond of Dubois two years hence as you are at present. So saying, he shook Dubois by the hand, saluted Fanchon, pushed me into the carriage before him, and away we drove.

As we returned to town, he broke out several times into warm praises of Fanchon's beauty, which inspired me with some suspicion that he might have further views upon her.

I was sufficiently acquainted with his free manner of life, and I had a little before seen him on the point of being married to one woman, after he had arranged every thing, as he called it, with another.

To satisfy myself in this particular, I questioned him in a jocular style on this subject.

No, my friend, said he, Fanchon shall never be attempted by me.——Though I think her exceedingly pretty, and of that kind of beauty too that is most to my taste; yet I am more charmed with her constancy to honest Dubois, than with any other thing about her: If she loses that, she will lose her greatest beauty in my eyes. Had she been shackled to a morose, exhausted, jealous fellow, and desired a redress of grievances, the case would have been different; but her heart is fixed upon her old lover, Dubois, who seems to be a worthy man, and I dare say will make her happy. If I were inclined to try her, very probably it would be in vain.—The constancy which has stood firm against absence, and a cannon-ball, would not be overturned by the airs, the tinsel, and the jargon of a

petit-maître.——It gives me pleasure to believe it would not, and I am determined never to make the trial.

F—— never appeared so perfectly amiable.

B—— called and supped with me the same evening. I was too full of the adventure of Fanchon and Dubois not to mention it to him, with all the particulars of the marquis's behaviour.——This F—— of yours, said he, is an honest fellow. Do—contrive to let us dine with him to-morrow.——By the bye, continued he after a little pause, are not those F——s originally from England?—I think I have heard of such a name in Yorkshire. Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Paris.

I AM uneasy when I hear people assert, that mankind always act from motives of self-interest. It creates a suspicion that those who maintain this system, judge of others by their own feelings. This conclusion, however, may be as erroneous as the general assertion; for I have heard it maintained (perhaps from affectation) by very disinterested people, who, when pushed, could not support their argument without perverting the received meaning of language. Those who perform generous or apparently disinterested actions, say they, are prompted by selfish motives——by the pleasure which they themselves feel. ——There are people who have this feeling so strong, that they cannot pass a miserable object without endeavouring to assist him—Such people really relieve themselves when they relieve the wretched.

All this is very true: but is it not a strange assertion, that people are not benevolent, because they cannot be otherwise?

Two men are standing near a fruit-shop in St. James's Street. There are some pine-apples within the window, and a poor woman, with an infant crying at her empty breast, without. One of the gentlemen walks in, pays a

guinea for a pine-apple, which he calmly devours; while the woman implores him for a penny, to buy her a morsel of bread—and implores in vain: not that this fine gentleman values a penny; but to put his hand in his pocket would give him some trouble;——the distress of the woman gives him none. The other man happens to have a guinea in his pocket also; he gives it to the woman, walks home, and dines on beef-steaks, with his wife and children.

Without doing injustice to the taste of the former, we may believe that the latter received the greater gratification for his guinea.——You will never convince me, however, that his motive in bestowing it was as selfish as the other's.

Some few days after the adventure I mentioned in my last letter, I met F—— and B—— at the opera. They had become acquainted with each other at my lodgings two days before, according to B——'s desire.—It gave me pleasure to see them on so good a footing.

F—— invited us to go home and sit an hour with him before we went to bed:—to which we assented.

The marquis then told us, we should have the pleasure of seeing Fanchon in her best gown, and Dubois with his new leg—for he had ordered his valet to invite them, with two or three of his companions, to a little supper.

While the marquis was speaking, his coach drove up to the door of the opera—where a well-known lady was at that moment waiting for her carriage.

B—— seemed to recollect himself of a sudden, saying, he must be excused from going with us, having an affair of some importance to transact at home.

The marquis smiled——shook B—— by the hand—saying, c'est apparemment quelque affaire qui regarde la constitution; vivent les Anglois pour l'amour patriotique!

When we arrived at the marquis's, the servants and their guests were assembled in the little garden behind the hotel, and dancing, by moonlight, to Dubois's music.

He and Fanchon were invited to a glass of wine in the

marquis's parlour.—The poor fellow's heart swelled at the sight of his benefactor.——He attempted to express his gratitude; but his voice failed, and he could not articulate a word.

Vous n'avez pas à faire à des ingrats, monsieur le colonel, said Fanchon. My husband, continued she, is more affected with your goodness, than he was by the loss of his leg, or the cruelty of my relations.——She then, in a serious manner, with the voice of gratitude, and in the language of nature, expressed her own and her husband's obligations to the marquis; and, amongst others, she alluded to twenty louis which her husband had received *de sa part* that very afternoon.——You intend to make a saint of a sinner, my dear, said the marquis, and to succeed the better, you invent false miracles. I know nothing of the twenty louis you mention.——But I know a great deal; for here they are in my pocket, says Dubois.—The marquis still insisted they had not come from him. The soldier then declared, that he had called about one o'clock to pay his duty to Monsieur de F——; but not finding him at home, he was returning to his lodgings, when, in the street, he observed a gentleman looking at him with attention, who soon accosted him, demanding if his name was not Dubois? If he had not lost his leg at Corsica? and several other questions: which being answered in the affirmative, he slipped twenty louis into his hand, telling him that it would help to furnish his house.——Dubois in astonishment had exclaimed—Mon Dieu! voilà encore Monsieur de F——. Upon which the stranger had replied:—Yes, he sends you that by me: and immediately he turned into another street, and Dubois saw no more of him.

We were all equally surprised at the singularity of this little adventure. On inquiring more particularly about the appearance of the stranger, I was convinced he could be no other than B——.

I remembered he had been affected with the story of

Dubois when I told it him. You know B—— is not one of those, who allow any emotions of that nature to pass unimproved, or to evaporate in sentiment. He generally puts them to some practical use.—So having met Dubois accidentally in the street, he had made him this small present, in the manner above related; and on his understanding that Dubois and Fanchon were at F——'s, he had declined going, to avoid any explanation on the subject.

Had our friend B—— been a man of system, or much reflection, in his charity, he would have considered, that as the soldier had already been taken good care of, and was under the protection of a generous man, there was no call for his interfering in the business; and he would probably have kept his twenty guineas for some more pressing occasion.

There are men in the world, (and very useful and most respectable men no doubt they are), who examine the pro's and the con's before they decide upon the most indifferent occasion; who are directed in all their actions by propriety, and by the generally received notions of duty. They weigh, in the nicest scales, every claim that an acquaintance, a relation, or a friend may have on them; and they endeavour to pay them on demand, as they would a bill of exchange. They calculate their income, and proportion every expense; and hearing it asserted every week from the pulpit, that there is exceeding good interest to be paid one time or other, for the money that is given to the poor, they risk a little every year upon that venture. Their passions and their affairs are always in excellent order; they walk through life undisturbed by the misfortunes of others. And when they come to the end of their journey, they are decently interred in a churchyard.

There is another set of men, who never calculate; for they are generally guided by the heart, which never was taught arithmetic, and knows nothing of accounts.

Their heads have scarcely a vote in the choice of their acquaintances; and without the consent of the heart, most certainly none in their friendships. They perform acts of benevolence (without recollecting that this is a duty) merely for the pleasure they afford; and perhaps forget them, as they do their own pleasures, when past.

As for little occasional charities, these as are natural to such characters as breathing; and they claim as little merit for the one as for the other, the whole seeming an affair of instinct rather than of reflection.

That the first of these two classes of men is the most useful in society; that their affairs will be conducted with most circumspection; that they will keep out of many scrapes and difficulties that the others may fall into; and that they are (if you insist upon it very violently) the most virtuous of the two, I shall not dispute: Yet for the soul of me I cannot help preferring the other; for almost all the friends I have ever had in my life, are of the second class.

LETTER XVII.

Paris.

Considering the natural gaiety and volatility of the French nation, I have often been surprised at their fondness for tragedy, especially as their tragedies are barren of incident, full of long dialogues, and declamatory speeches;—and modelled according to the strictest code of critical legislation.

The most sprightly and fashionable people of both sexes flock to these entertainments in preference to all others, and listen with unrelaxed gravity and attention. One would imagine that such a serious, correct, and uniform amusement, would be more congenial with the phlegm and saturnine dispositions of the English, than with the gay, volatile temper of the French.

An English audience loves show, busle, and incident,

in their tragedies; and have a mortal aversion to long dialogues and speeches, however fine the sentiments, and however beautiful the language may be.

In this, it would seem that the two nations had changed characters. Perhaps it would be difficult to account for it in a satisfactory manner. I shall not attempt it. A Frenchman would cut the matter short, by saying, that the Paris audience has a more correct and just taste than that of London; that the one could be amused and delighted with poetry and sentiment, while the other could not be kept awake without bustle, guards, processions, trumpets, fighting, and murder.

For my own part, I admire the French Melpomene more in the closet than on the stage. I cannot be reconciled to the French actors of tragedy. Their pompous manner of declaiming seems to me very unnatural. The strut, and superb gestures, and what they call a manière noble, of their boasted Le Kain, appear, in my eyes, a little outrè.

The justness, the dignified simplicity, the energy of Garrick's action, have destroyed my relish for any manner different from his. That exquisite, but concealed art, that magic power, by which he could melt, freeze, terrify the soul, and command the obedient passions as he pleased, we look for in vain, upon our own, or any other stage.

What Horace said of nature may be applied with equal justice to that unrivalled actor.

——Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit. *

One of the most difficult things in acting is the player's concealing himself behind the character he assumes: The instant the spectator gets a peep of him, the whole illusion vanishes, and the pleasure is succeeded by disgust. In Oedipus, Mahomet, and Orosmane, I have always detect-

* Transports to rage: dilates the heart with mirth,
Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.
FRANCIS.

ed Le Kain; but I have seen the English Roscius represent Hamlet, Lear, Richard, without recollecting that there was such a person as David Garrick in the world.

The French tragedians are apt in my opinion *to overstep the modesty of nature.* Nature is not the criterion by which their merit is to be tried.—The audience measures them by a more sublime standard, and if they come not up to that they cannot pass muster.

Natural action, and a natural elocution, they seem to think incompatible with dignity, and imagine that the hero must announce the greatness of his soul by supercilious looks, haughty gestures, and a hollow sounding voice. Such easy familiar dialogue as Hamlet holds with his old school-fellow Horatio, appears to them low, vulgar, and inconsistent with the dignity of tragedy.

But if simplicity of manners be not inconsistent in real life with genius, and the most exalted greatness of mind, I do not see why the actor who represents a hero, should assume gestures which we have no reason to think were ever in use in any age, or among any rank of men.

Simplicity of manners, however, is so far from being inconsistent with magnanimity, that the one for the most part accompanies the other. The French have some reason to lean to this opinion; for two of the greatest men their nation ever produced were remarkable for the simplicity of their manners. Henry IV and Maréchal Turenne were distinguished by that, as well as by their magnanimity and other heroic virtues.

How infinitely superior in real greatness and intrinsic merit, were those men to the strutting ostentatious Lewis, who was always affecting a greatness he never possessed, —till misfortune humbled his mind to the standard of humanity? Then indeed, throwing away his pageantry and bluster, he assumed true dignity, and for the first time obtained the admiration of the judicious. In the correspondence with de Torcy, Lewis's letters, which it is now certain were written and composed by himself, prove this, and display a soundness of judgment and real great-

ness of mind which seldom appeared in the meridian of what they call his glory.

What Lewis was (in the height of his prosperity) to Henry in the essential qualities of a king and hero, such is Le Kain to Garrick as an actor.

The French stage can boast at present of more than one actress who may dispute the laurel of tragedy with Mrs. Yates, or Mrs. Barry.*

In comedy, the French actors excel, and can produce at all times a greater number far above mediocrity, than are to be found on the English stage.

The national character and manners of the French give them perhaps advantages in this line; and besides, they have more numerous resources to supply them with actors of every kind. In all the large trading and manufacturing towns, of which there are a great number in France, there are playhouses established. The same thing takes place in most of the frontier towns, and wherever there is a garrison of two or three regiments.

There are companies of French comedians also at the northern courts, in all the large towns of Germany, and at some of the courts of Italy. All of these are academies which educate actors for the Paris stage.

In genteel comedy particularly, I imagine the French actors excel ours. They have in general more the appearance of people of fashion.

There is not such a difference between the manners and behaviour of the people of the first rank, and those of the middle and lower ranks, in France as in England. Players, therefore, who wish to catch the manners of people of high rank and fashion, do not undertake so great a task in the one country as in the other.

* When these letters were first published, Mrs. Siddons,

> At whose command our passions rise or fall,
> Obedient to the magic of her call,

had not appeared on the London stage. The justness, dignity, and energy of this charming woman's action certainly never was surpassed, if it ever was equalled, on the French, or any other stage.

You very seldom meet with an English servant who could pass for a man of quality or fashion; and accordingly very few people who have been in that situation ever appear on the English stage: But there are many *valets de place* in Paris so very polite, so completely possessed of all the little etiquettes, fashionable phrases, and usual airs of the *beau monde*, that if they were set off by the ornaments of dress and equipage, they would pass in many of the courts of Europe for men of fashion, très polis,—bien aimable,—tout-à-fait comme il faut, et avec infiniment d'esprit; and could be detected only at the court of France, or by such foreigners as have had opportunities of observing, and penetration to distinguish, the genuine ease, and natural politeness, which prevail among the people of rank in this country.

In the character of a lively, petulant, genteel petit-maître of fashion, Mollé excels any actor in London.

The superiority of the French in genteel comedy is still more evident with regard to the actresses. Very few English actresses have appeared equal to the parts of Lady Betty Modish, in the Careless Husband, or of Millamant, in the Way of the World. Gross absurdity, extravagant folly and affectation, are easily imitated; but the elegant coquetry, the lively, playful, agreeable affectation of these two finely-imagined characters, require greater powers. I imagine, however, from the execution I have observed in similar parts, that there are several actresses on the French stage at present who could do them ample justice. Except Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Abington, I know no actress in England who could give an adequate idea of all that Congreve meant in Millamant.

It is remarkable, that the latter also excels in a character the most perfectly opposite to this, that of an ill-taught, awkward, country girl. Perhaps there is no such young lady in France as Congreve's Miss Prue: but if there were many such originals, no actress in that kingdom could give a copy more exquisite than Mrs. Abington's.

In low comedy the French are delightful. I can form

no notion of any thing superior to Preville in many of his parts.

The little French operas which are given at the Comedie Italienne, are executed in a much more agreeable manner than any thing of the same kind at London. Their ballettes also are more beautiful:—There is a gentilesse and legèreté in their manner of representing these little fanciful pieces, which make our singers and dancers appear somewhat awkward and clumsy in the comparison.

As for the Italian pieces, they are now performed only thrice a-week, and the French seem to have lost, in a great measure, their relish for them. Carlin, the celebrated Harlequin, is the only support of these pieces. You are acquainted with the wonderful naïveté and comic powers of this man, which makes us forget the extravagance of the Italian drama, and which can create objects of unbounded mirth, from a chaos of the most incoherent and absurd materials.

An advantageous figure, a graceful manner, a good voice, a strong memory, an accurate judgment, are all required in a player: Sensibility, and the power of expressing the emotions of the heart by the voice and features, are indispensable. It seems therefore unreasonable, not to consider that profession as creditable, in which we expect so many qualities united: while many others are thought respectable, in which we daily see people arrive at eminence without common sense.

This prejudice is still stronger in France than in England. In a company where Mons. Le Kain was, mention happened to be made, that the king of France had just granted a pension to a certain superannuated actor. An officer present, fixing his eyes on Le Kain, expressed his indignation at so much being bestowed on a rascally player, while he himself had got nothing. Eh, monsieur! retorted the actor, comptez-vous pour rien la liberté de me parler ainsi?

LETTER XVIII.

Geneva.

I FOUND myself so much hurried during the last week of my stay at Paris, that it was not in my power to write to you.

Ten thousand little affairs, which might have been arranged much better, and performed with more ease, had they been transacted as they occurred, were all crowded, by the slothful demon of procrastination, into the last bustling week, and executed in an imperfect manner.

I have often admired, without being able perfectly to imitate, those who have the happy talent of intermingling business with amusement.

Pleasure and business contrast and give a relish to each other, like day and night, the constant vicissitudes of which are far more delightful than an uninterrupted half year of either would be.

To pass life in the most agreeable manner, one ought not to be so much a man of pleasure as to postpone any necessary business; nor so much a man of business as to despise elegant amusement. A proper mixture of both forms a more infallible specific against *tedium* and fatigue than a constant regimen of the most pleasant of the two.

As soon as I found the duke of Hamilton disposed to leave Paris, I made the necessary arrangements for our departure, and a few days after we began our journey.

Passing through Dijon, Chalons, Maçon, and a country delightful to behold, but tedious to describe, we arrived on the fourth day at Lyons.

After Paris, Lyons is the most magnificent town in France, enlivened by industry, enriched by commerce, beautified by wealth, and by its situation, in the middle of a fertile country, and at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone. The numbers of inhabitants are estimated at 200,000. The theatre is accounted the

finest in France; and all the luxuries of Paris are to be found at Lyons, though not in equal perfection.

The manners and conversation of merchants and manufacturers have been generally considered as peculiar to themselves. It is very certain, that there is a striking difference in these particulars between the inhabitants of all the manufacturing and commercial towns of Britain, and those of Westminster. I could not remark the same difference between the manners and address of the people of Lyons and the courtiers of Versailles itself.

There appeared to me a wonderful similitude between the two. It is probable, however, that a Frenchman would perceive a difference where I could not. A foreigner does not observe the different accents in which an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman speak English; neither perhaps does he observe any difference between the manners and address of the inhabitants of Bristol, and those of Grosvenor-square, though all these are obvious to a native of England.

After a short stay at Lyons, we proceeded to Geneva, and here we have remained these three weeks, without feeling the smallest inclination to shift the scene. That I should wish to remain here is no way surprising, but it was hardly to be expected that the duke of Hamilton would have been of the same mind.—Fortunately, however, this is the case.—I know no place on the continent to which we could go with any probability of gaining by the change: The opportunities of improvement here are many, the amusements are few in number, and of a moderate kind: The hours glide along very smoothly, and though they are not always quickened by pleasure, they are unretarded by languor, and unruffled by remorse.

As for myself, I have been so very often and so miserably disappointed in my hopes of happiness by change, that I shall not, without some powerful motive, incline to forego my present state of content, for the chance of more exquisite enjoyments in a different place or situation.

I have at length learnt by my own experience (for not one in twenty profits by the experience of others), that one great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. We scorn a thousand sources of satisfaction which we might have had in the interim, and permit our comfort to be disturbed, and our time to pass unenjoyed, from impatience for some imagined pleasure at a distance, which we may perhaps never obtain, or which, when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer pleasure. Young says,—

> The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
> And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

The devil thus cheats men both out of the enjoyment of this life and of that which is to come, making us, in the first place, prefer the pleasures of this life to those of a future state, and then continually prefer future pleasures in this life to those which are present.

The sum of all these apothegms amounts to this.—We shall certainly remain at Geneva till we become more tired of it than at present.

LETTER XIX.

Geneva.

The situation of Geneva is in many respects as happy as the heart of man could desire, or his imagination conceive. The Rhone, rushing out of the noblest lake in Europe, flows through the middle of the city, which is encircled by fertile fields, cultivated by the industry, and adorned by the riches and taste, of the inhabitants.

The long ridge of mountains called Mount Jura on the one side, with the Alps, the Glaciers of Savoy, and the snowy head of Mont Blanc on the other, serve as boundaries to the most charmingly variegated landscape that ever delighted the eye.

With these advantages in point of situation, the citi-

zens of Geneva enjoy freedom untainted by licentiousness, and security unbought by the horrors of war.

The great number of men of letters, who either are natives of the place, or have chosen it for their residence, the decent manners, the easy circumstances, and humane dispositions of the Genevois in general, render this city and its environs a very desirable retreat for people of a philosophic turn of mind, who are contented with moderate and calm enjoyments, have no local attachments or domestic reasons for preferring another country, and who wish in a certain degree to retire from the bustle of the world to a narrower and calmer scene, and there, for the rest of their days—

Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.*

As education here is equally cheap and liberal, the citizens of Geneva of both sexes are remarkably well instructed. I do not imagine that any country in the world can produce an equal number of persons (taken without election from all degrees and professions) with minds so much cultivated as the inhabitants of Geneva possess.

It is not uncommon to find mechanics in the intervals of their labour, amusing themselves with the works of Locke, Montesquieu, Newton, and other productions of the same kind.

When I speak of the cheapness of a liberal education, I mean for the natives and citizens only; for strangers now find every thing dear at Geneva. Wherever Englishmen resort, this is the case. If they do not find things dear, they soon make them so.

The democratical nature of their government inspires every citizen with an idea of his own importance: He perceives that no man in the republic can insult, or even neglect him, with impunity.

It is an excellent circumstance in any government, when the most powerful man in the state has something to fear

* In sweet oblivion, blessful balm,
The busy cares of life becalm. FRANCIS.

from the most feeble: This is the case here: the meanest citizen of Geneva is possessed of certain rights, which render him an object deserving the attention of the greatest. Besides, a consciousness of this makes him respect himself; a sentiment which, within proper bounds, has a tendency to render a man respectable to others.

The general character of human nature forbids us to expect that men will always act from motives of public spirit, without an eye to private interest. The best form of government, therefore, is that in which the interest of individuals is most intimately blended with the public good.—This may be more perfectly accomplished in a small republic than in a great monarchy.—In the first, men of genius and virtue are discovered and called to offices of trust by the impartial admiration of their fellow-citizens—in the other, the highest places are disposed of by the caprice of the prince, or of his mistress, or of those courtiers male or female, who are nearest his person, watch the variations of his humour, and know how to seize the smiling moments, and turn them to their own advantage, or that of their dependents. Montesquieu says, that a sense of honour produces the same effects in a monarchy, that public spirit or patriotism does in a republic: it must be remembered, however, that the first, according to the modern acceptation of the word, is generally confined to the nobility and gentry; whereas public spirit is a more universal principal, and spreads through all the members of the commonwealth.

As far as I can judge, a spirit of independency and freedom, tempered by sentiments of decency and the love of order, influence, in a most remarkable manner, the minds of the subjects of this happy republic.

Before I knew them, I had formed an opinion, that the people of this place were fanatical, gloomy-minded, and unsociable as the puritans in England, and the presbyterians in Scotland were, during the civil wars, and the reigns of Charles II and his brother. In this, however, I find I had conceived a very erroneous notion.

There is not, I may venture to assert, a city in Europe where the minds of the people are less under the influence of superstition or fanatical enthusiasm than at Geneva. Servetus, were he now alive, would not run the smallest risk of persecution. The present clergy have, I am persuaded, as little the inclination as the power of molesting any person for speculative opinions. Should the pope himself chsooe this city for a retreat, it would be his own fault if he did live in as much security as at the Vatican.

The clergy of Geneva in general are men of sense, learning, and moderation, impressing upon the minds of their hearers the tenets of Christianity with all the graces of pulpit eloquence, and illustrating the efficacy of the doctrine by their conduct in life.

The people of every station in this place attend sermons and the public worship with remarkable punctuality. The Sunday is honoured with the most respectful decorum during the hours of divine service; but as soon as that is over, all the usual amusements commence.

The public walks are crowded by all degrees of people in their best dresses.—The different societies, and what they call circles, assemble in the houses and gardens of individuals.—They play ar cards and at bowls, and have parties upon the lake with music.

There is one custom universal here, and, as far as I know, peculiar to this place: The parents form societies for their children, at a very early period of their lives. These societies consist of ten, a dozen, or more children of the same sex, and nearly of the same age and situation in life. They assemble once a week in the houses of the different parents, who entertain the company by turns with tea, coffee, biscuits, and fruit; and then leave the young assembly to the freedom of their own conversation.

This connection is strictly kept up through life, whatever alterations may take place in the situations or circumstances of the individuals. And although they should afterwards form new or preferable intimacies, they never

entirely abandon this society; but, to the latest period of their lives, continue to pass a few evenings every year with the companions of their youth and their earliest friends.

The richer class of the citizens have country houses adjacent to the town, where they pass one-half the year. These houses are all of them neat, and some of them splendid. One piece of magnificence they possess in greater perfection than the most superb villa of the greatest lord in any other part of the world can boast, I mean the prospect which almost all of them command.—The gardens and vineyards of the republic;—the Païs de Vaux:—Geneva with its lake;—innumerable country-seats;—castles, and little towns around the lake:—the valleys of Savoy, and the loftiest mountains of the Alps, all within one sweep of the eye.

Those whose fortunes or employments do not permit them to pass the summer in the country, make frequent parties of pleasure upon the lake, and dine and spend the evening at some of the villages in the environs, where they amuse themselves with music and dancing.

Sometimes they form themselves into circles consisting of forty or fifty persons, and purchase or hire a house and garden near the town, where they assemble every afternoon during the summer, drink coffee, lemonade, and other refreshing liquors; and amuse themselves with cards, conversation, and playing at bowls; a game very different from that which goes by the same name in England: for here, instead of a smooth level green, they often choose the roughest and most unequal piece of ground. The player, instead of rolling the bowl, throws it in such a manner, that it rests in the place where it first touches the ground; and if that be a fortunate situation, the next player pitches his bowl directly on his adversary's, so as to make that spring away, while his own fixes itself in the spot from which the other has been dislodged.—Some of the citizens are astonishingly dexterous at this game, which

is more complicated and interesting than the English manner of playing.

They generally continue these circles till the dusk of the evening, and the sound of the drum from the ramparts call them to the town; and at that time the gates are shut, after which no person can enter or go out, the officer of the guard not having the power to open them, without an order from the syndics, which is not to be obtained but on some great emergency.

LETTER XX.

Geneva.

THE mildness of the climate, the sublime beauties of the country, and the agreeable manners of the inhabitants, are not, in my opinion, the greatest attractions of this place.

Upon the same hill, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, three English families at present reside, whose society would render any country agreeable.

The house of Mr. Neville is a temple of hospitality, good humour, and friendship.

Near to him lives your acquaintance Mr. Upton. He perfectly answers your description, lively, sensible, and obliging; and, I imagine, happier than ever you saw him, having since that time drawn a great prize in the matrimonial lottery.

Their nearest neighbours are the family of Mr. Locke. This gentleman, his lady and children, form one of the most pleasing pictures of domestic felicity I ever beheld. He himself is a man of refined taste, a benevolent mind, and elegant manners.

These three families, who live in the greatest cordiality with the citizens of Geneva, their own countrymen, and one another, render the hill of Cologny the most delightful place perhaps at this moment in the world.

The English gentlemen who reside in the town often

resort hither, and mix with parties of the best company of Geneva.

I am told that our young countrymen never were on so friendly and sociable a footing with the citizens of this republic as at present, owing in a great degree to the conciliatory manners of these three families, and to the great popularity of an English nobleman, who has lived with his lady and son in this state for several years.

I formerly mentioned, that all who live in town, must return from their visits in the country at sun-set, otherwise they are certain of being shut out;—the Genevois being wonderfully jealous of the external, as well as the internal enemies of their independency. This jealousy has been transmitted from one generation to another, ever since the attempt made by the duke of Savoy, in the year 1602, to seize upon the town.

He marched an army, in the middle of a dark night, in the time of peace, to the gates, applied scaling ladders to the ramparts and walls, and having surprised the sentinels, several hundreds of the Savoyard soldiers had actually got into the town, and the rest were following, when they were at length discovered by a woman who gave the alarm.

The Genevois started from their sleep, seized the readiest arms they could find, attacked the assailants with spirit and energy, killed numbers in the street, drove others out of the gate, or tumbled them over the ramparts, and the few who were taken prisoners, they beheaded next morning without further process or ceremony.

The Genevois annually distinguish the day on which this memorable exploit was performed, as a day of public thanksgiving and rejoicing.

It is called le Jour de l'Escalade. There is divine worship in all the churches.—— The clergymen, on this occasion, after sermon, recapitulate all the circumstances of this interesting event; put the audience in mind of the gratitude they owe to divine providence, and to the valour of their ancestors, which saved them in so remarkable a

manner from civil and religious bondage; enumerate the peculiar blessings which they enjoy; and exhort them, in the most pathetic strain, to watch over their liberties, remain steady in their religion, and transmit these, and all their other advantages, unimpaired to their posterity.

The evening of the Jour de l'Escalade is spent in visiting, feasting, dancing, and all kinds of diversions; for the Genevois seldom venture on great festivity, till they have previously performed their religious duties——In this, observing the maxim of the Psalmist, to join trembling with their mirth.

The state keeps in pay a garrison of six hundred mercenaries, who mount guard and do duty every day. But they do not trust the safety of the republic to these alone. All citizens of Geneva are soldiers. They are exercised several hours, daily, for two months, every summer; during which time they wear their uniforms, and at the end of that period are reviewed by the syndics.

As they receive no pay, and as the officers are their fellow-citizens, it cannot be imagined that these troops will perform the manual exercise and military evolutions, with the exactness of soldiers who have no other occupation, and who are under all the rigour of military discipline.

Nevertheless they make a very respectable figure in the eyes even of disinterested spectators; who are, however, but few in number, the greater part consisting of their own parents, wives, and children. So, I dare swear, there are no troops in the world, who, at a review, are beheld with more approbation than those of Geneva.

Even a stranger of a moderate share of sensibility, who recollects the connection between the troops and the beholders, who observes the anxiety, the tenderness, the exultation, and various movements of the heart, which appear in the countenance of the spectators, will find it difficult to remain unconcerned:——But sympathizing with all around him, he will naturally yield to the pleasing emotions, and at length behold the militia of Geneva with the eyes of a citizen of the republic

Geneva, like all free states, is exposed to party rage, and the public harmony is frequently interrupted by political squabbles. Without entering into a detail of the particular disputes which agitate them at present, I shall tell you in general, that one part of the citizens are accused of a design of throwing all the power into the hands of a few families, and of establishing a complete aristocracy. The other opposes every measure which is supposed to have that tendency, and by their adversaries are accused of seditious designs.

It is difficult for strangers who reside here any considerable time, to observe a strict neutrality. The English in particular are exceedingly disposed to take part with one side or other: and as the government has not hitherto attempted to bribe them, they generally attach themselves to the opposition.

Walking one afternoon with a young nobleman, who, to a strong taste for natural philosophy, unites the most passionate zeal for civil liberty, we passed near the garden, in which one of those circles which support the pretensions of the magistracy assemble. I proposed joining them. No, said my lord, with indignation; I will not go for a moment into such a society; I consider these men as the enemies of their country, and that place as a focus for consuming freedom.

Among the citizens themselves, political altercations are carried on with great fire and spirit. A very worthy old gentleman, in whose house I have been often entertained with great hospitality, declaiming warmly against certain measures of the council, asserted, that all those who had promoted them deserved death; and if it depended on him, they should all be hanged without loss of time. His brother, who was in that predicament, interrupted him, and said, with a tone of voice which seemed to beg for mercy, good God! brother! surely you would not push your resentment so far: you would not actually hang them? Oui assurément, replied the patriot, with a deter

mined countenance, et vous, mon très cher frere, vous seriez le premier pendu pour montrer mon impartialité.

LETTER XXI.

Geneva.

ALTHOUGH this republic has long continued in a profound peace, and there is no great probability of its being soon engaged in bloody conflict, yet the citizens of Geneva are not the less fond of the pomp of war.

This appears in what they call their military feasts, which are their most favourite amusements, and which they take every opportunity of enjoying.

I was present lately at a very grand entertainment of this kind, which was given by the king of the arquebusiers upon his accession to the royal dignity.

This envied rank is neither transmitted by hereditary right, nor obtained by election; but gained by skill and real merit.

A war with this state, like the war of Troy, must necessarily consist of a siege. The skilful use of the cannon and arquebuse is therefore thought to be of the greatest importance. During several months every year, a considerable number of the citizens are almost constantly employed in firing at a mark, which is placed at a proper distance.

Any citizen has a right, at a small expense, to make trial of his skill in this way; and after a due number of trials, the most expert marksman is declared king.

There has not been a coronation of this kind these ten years, his late majesty having kept peaceable possession of the throne during that period. But this summer, Mr. Moses Maudrier was found to excel in skill every competitor; and was raised to the throne by the unanimous voice of the judges.

He was attended to his own house from the field of contest by the syndics, amidst the acclamations of the

people. Sometime after this, on the day of his feast, a camp was formed on a plain, without the gates of the city.

Here the whole forces of the republic, both horse and foot, were assembled, and divided into two distinct armies. They were to perform a battle in honour of his majesty, all the combatants having previously studied their parts.

This very ingenious, warlike drama had been composed by one of the reverend ministers, who is said to possess a very extensive military genius.

That the ladies and people of distinction, who were not to be actually engaged, might view the action with the greater ease and safety, a large amphitheatre of seats was prepared for them at a convenient distance from the field of battle.

Every thing being in readiness, the syndics, the council, strangers of distinction, and the relations and favourites of the king, assembled at his majesty's palace, which is a little snug house, situated in a narrow lane in the lower part of the city. From the palace, the procession set out in the following order.—

His majesty walked first, supported by the two eldest syndics.

In the next rank was the duke of Hamilton, with the youngest.

After these, walked Lord Stanhope, the prince Gallitzin.—Mr. Clive, son to Lord Clive; Mr. Grenville, son to the late minister; Mr. St. Leger, and many other English gentlemen who had been invited to the feast.

Next to them came the council of twenty-five; and the procession was closed by the king's particular friends and relations.

In this order they marched through the city, preceded by a band of music, who played, as you may believe, the most martial tunes they could possibly think of.

When this company came to the field where the troops

were drawn up, they were saluted by the officers; and having made a complete circuit of both armies, the king and all his attendants took their seats at the amphitheatre, which had been prepared for that purpose.

The impatience of the troops had been very visible for some time. When the king was seated, their ardour could be no longer restrained. They called loudly to their officers to lead them to glory.——The signal was given.—They advanced to the attack in the most undaunted manner.——Conscious that they fought under the eyes of their king, the syndics, of their wives, children, mothers, and grandmothers, they disdained the thoughts of retreat.——They stood undisturbed by the thickest fire. They smiled at the roaring of the cannon, and, like the horse in Job, they cried among the trumpets, ha, ha!

The ingenious author of the battle had taken care to diversify it with several entertaining incidents.

An ambuscade was placed by one of the armies, behind some trees, to surprise the enemy—— This succeeded to a miracle, although the ambuscade was posted in the sight of both armies, and all the spectators.

A convoy with provisions, advancing towards one of the armies, was attacked by a detachment from the other; and after a smart skirmish, one-half of the waggons were carried away by the assailants.—The other remained with the troops for whom they seemed to have been originally intended.

A wooden bridge was briskly attacked, and as resolutely defended; but at length was trod to pieces by both armies; for, in the fury of the fight, the combatants forgot whether this poor bridge was their friend or their foe. By what means it got into the midst of the battle I never could conceive; for there was neither river, brook, nor ditch in the whole field.

The cavalry on both sides performed wonders.——It was difficult to determine which of the generals distinguished himself most. They were both dressed in clothes

exuberantly covered with lace; for the sumptuary laws were suspended for this day, that the battle might be as magnificent as possible.

As neither of these gallant commanders would consent to the being defeated, the reverend author of the engagement could not make the catastrophe so decisive and affecting as he intended.

While victory, with equipoised wings, hovered over both armies, a messenger arrived from the town-hall with intelligence that dinner was ready. This news quickly spread among the combatants, and had an effect similar to that which the Sabine women produced when they rushed between their ravishers and their relations.—The warriors of Geneva relented at once; and both armies suspended their animosity, in the contemplation of that which they both loved.——They threw down their arms, shook hands, and were friends.

Thus ended the battle.——I don't know how it will affect you; but it has fatigued me so completely, that I have lost all appetite for the feast, which must therefore be delayed till another post.

LETTER XXII.

Geneva.

The same company which had attended the king to the field of battle, marched with him in procession from that to the Maison de Ville, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared.

This was exactly the reverse of a fête-champêtre, being held in the town-house, and in the middle of the streets adjacent; where tables were covered, and dinner provided, for several hundreds of the officers and soldiers.

The king, the syndics, most of the members of the council, and all the strangers, dined in the town-hall. The other rooms, as well as the outer court, were likewise full of company.

There was much greater havoc at dinner than had been

at the battle, and the entertainment in other respects was early as warlike.

A kettle-drum was placed in the middle of the hall, upon which a martial flourish was performed at every toast. This was immediately answered by the drums and trumpets without the hall, and the cannon of the bastion.

Prosperity to the republic is a favourite toast:—When this was announced by the first syndic, all the company stood up with their swords drawn in one hand, and glasses filled with wine in the other.

Having drank the toast, they clashed their swords, a ceremony always performed in every circle or club where there is a public dinner, as often as this particular toast is named.——It is an old custom, and implies that every man is ready to fight in defence of the republic.

After we had been about two hours at table, a new ceremony took place, which I expected as little in the middle of a feast. An hundred grenadiers, with their swords drawn, marched with great solemnity into the middle of the hall, for the tables being placed in the form of a horse-shoe, there was vacant space in the middle sufficient to admit them.

They desired permission to give a toast: This being granted, each of the grenadiers, by a well-timed movement, like a motion in the exercise, pulled from his pocket a large water-glass, which being immediately filled with wine, one of the soldiers, in the name of all, drank a health to King Moses I. His example was followed by his companions and all the company, and was instantly honoured by the sound of the drums, trumpets, and artillery.

When the grenadiers had drank this, and a toast or two more, they wheeled about, and marched out of the hall with the same solemnity with which they had entered, resuming their places at the tables in the street.

Soon after this a man fantastically dressed entered the hall, and distributed among the company some printed

sheets which seemed to have come directly from the press.

This proved to be a song made for the occasion, replete with gaiety, wit, and good sense, pointing out, in a humourous strain, the advantages which the citizens of Geneva possessed, and exhorting them to unanimity, industry, and public spirit.—This ditty was sung by the man who brought it, while many of the company joined in the chorus.

When we descended from the town-hall, we found the soldiers intermingled with their officers, still seated at the tables in the streets, and encircled by their wives and children.

They all arose soon after, and dividing into different companies repaired to the ramparts, the fields, and the gardens, where with music and dancing, they continued in high glee during the rest of the evening.

The whole exhibition of the day, though no very just representation of the manœuvres of war, or the elegance of a court entertainment, formed the most lively picture of jollity, mirth, good-humour, and cordiality, that I had ever seen.

The inhabitants of a whole city,—of a whole state if you please, united in one scene of good fellowship, like a single family, is surely no common sight.

If this sketch conveys one-half of the satisfaction to your mind, which the scene itself afforded mine, you will not think these two long letters tedious.

LETTER XXIII.

Geneva.

THERE are some of the citizens of Geneva themselves who deride the little military establishment of the republic, and declare it to be highly ridiculous in such a feeble state to presume that they could defend themselves. The very

idea of resistance against Savoy or France, they hold as absurd.

They seem to take pleasure in mortifying their countrymen, assuring them, that in case of an attack all their efforts would be fruitless, and their garrison unable to stand a siege of ten days.

These politicians declaim against the needless expense of keeping the fortifications in repair, and they calculate the money lost by so many manufacturers being employed in wielding useless firelocks, instead of the tools of their respective professions.

Were I a member of this republic, I should have no patience with these discouraging malcontents, who endeavour to depress the minds of their countrymen, and embitter a source of real enjoyment.

I am convinced that the garrison, small as it is, aided by the zeal of the inhabitants, and regulated by that share of discipline which their situation admits, would be sufficient to secure them from a coup-de-main, or any immediate insult, and might enable them to defend the town from the attempts of any one of the neighbouring states, till they should receive succour from some of the others.

Independent of these considerations, the ramparts are most agreeable walks, convenient for the inhabitants, and ornamental to the city.

The exercising and reviewing the militia form an innocent and agreeable spectacle to the women and children, contribute to the health and amusement of the troops themselves, and inspire the inhabitants in general with the pleasing ideas of security and of their own importance.

Upon the whole, I am convinced that the fortifications, and the militia of Geneva, produce more happiness, in these various ways taken together, than could be purchased by all the money they cost, expended in any other manner.

This I imagine is more than can be said in favour of

the greater part of the standing armies on the continent of Europe, whose numbers secure the despotism of the prince, whose maintenance is a most severe burden upon the countries which support them, and whose discipline, instead of exciting pleasing emotions, impresses the mind with horror.

The individuals who compose those armies are miserable, by the tyranny exercised on them, and are themselves the cause of misery to their fellow-citizens by the tyranny they exercise.

But it will be said they defend the nation from foreign enemies.—Alas! could a foreign conqueror occasion more wretchedness than such defenders?—When he who calls himself my protector has stripped me of my property, and deprived me of my freedom, I cannot return him very cordial thanks, when he tells me, that he will defend me from every other robber.

The most solid security which this little republic has for its independency, is founded on the mutual jealousy of its neighbours.

There is no danger of its meeting with the misfortune which has so lately befallen Poland.—Geneva is such an atom of a state as not to be divisible.

It serves, however, as a kind of barrier or alarm-post to the Swiss cantons, particularly that of Bern, which certainly would not like to see it in the hands either of the king of France or of Sardinia.

The acquisition is not worth the attention of the first; and it is better for the second, that the republic should remain in its present free and independent situation, than that it should revert to his possession, and be subjected to the same government with his other dominions.

For no sooner would Geneva be in the possession of Sardinia, than the wealthiest of the citizens would abandon it, and carry their families and riches to Switzerland, Holland, or England.

Trade and manufactures would dwindle with the spirit and independence of the inhabitants; and the flourish-

ing, enlightened, happy city of Geneva, like other towns of Piedmont and Savoy, would become the residence of oppression, superstition, and poverty.

In this situation it could add but little to the king's revenue; whereas, at present, the peasants of his dominions resort in great numbers to Geneva every market-day, where they find a ready sale for all the productions of their farms. The land is, on this account, more valuable, and the peasants are more at their ease, though the taxes are very high, than in any other part of Savoy.

This republic, therefore, in its present independent state, is of more use to the king of Sardinia, than if it were his property.

If a wealthy merchant should purchase a piece of ground from a poor lord, build a large house, and form beautiful gardens upon it, keep a number of servants, spend a great part of his revenue in good housekeeping and hospitality, the consumption of his table, and many other articles, being purchased from this lord's tenants, it is evident that they would become rich, and be able to pay a larger rent to their landlord. This lord would certainly act against his own interest if he attempted, by law, chicane, or force, to dispossess the proprietor of the house and gardens.

The free republic of Geneva is to the king of Sardinia, exactly what the supposed rich man would be to the poor lord.

It affords me satisfaction to perceive, that the stability of this little fabric of freedom, raised by my friends the citizens of Geneva, does not depend on the justice and moderation of the neighbouring powers, or any equivocal support; but is founded on the solid, lasting pillars of their mutual interest.

LETTER XXIV.

Geneva.

I RETURNED a few days since from a journey to the Glaciers of Savoy, the Pays de Vallais, and other places among the Alps.

The wonderful accounts I had heard of the Glaciers had excited my curiosity a good deal, while the air of superiority assumed by some who had made this boasted tour, piqued my pride still more.

One could hardly mention any thing curious or singular, without being told by some of those travellers, with an air of cool contempt—Dear sir,—that is pretty well; but take my word for it, it is nothing to the Glaciers of Savoy.

I determined at last not to take their word for it, and I found some gentlemen of the same way of thinking. The party consisted of the duke of Hamilton, Mr. Upton, Mr. Grenville, Mr. Kennedy, and myself.

We left Geneva early in the morning of the 3d of August, and breakfasted at Bonneville, a small town in the duchy of Savoy, situated at the foot of Mole, and on the banks of the river Arve.

The summit of Mole, as we were told, is about 4600 English feet above the lake of Geneva, at the lower passage of the Rhone, which last is about 1200 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. For these particulars I shall take the word of my informer, whatever airs of superiority he may assume on the discovery.

From Bonneville we proceeded to Cluse by a road tolerably good, and highly entertaining on account of the singularity and variety of landscape to be seen from it. The objects change their appearance every moment as you advance, for the path is continually winding, to humour the position of the mountains, and to gain an access between the rocks, which in some places hang over it in a very threatening manner. The mountains overlook

and press so closely upon this little town of Cluse, that when I stood in the principal street, each end of it seemed to be perfectly shut up; and wherever any of the houses had fallen down, the vacancy appeared to the eye at a moderate distance, to be plugged up in the same manner by a green mountain.

On leaving Cluse, however, we found a well-made road running along the banks of the Arve, and flanked on each side by very high hills, whose opposite sides tally so exactly, as to lead one to imagine they have been torn from each other by some violent convulsion of nature.

In other places one side of this defile is a high perpendicular rock, so very smooth that it seems not to have been torn by nature, but chiselled by art, from top to bottom while the whole of the side directly opposite is of the most smiling verdure.

The passage between the mountains gradually opens as you advance, and the scene diversifies with a fine luxuriancy of wild landscape.

Before you enter the town of Sallenche, you must cross the Arve, which at this season is much larger than in winter, being swoln by the dissolving snows of the Alps.

This river has its source at the parish of Argentiere, in the valley of Chamouni, is immediately augmented by torrents from the neighbouring Glaciers, and pours its chill turbid stream into the Rhone, soon after that river issues from the lake of Geneva.

The contrast between those two rivers is very striking; the one being as pure and limpid as the other is foul and muddy. The Rhone seems to scorn the alliance, and keeps as long as possible unmingled with his dirty spouse. Two miles below the place of their junction, a difference and opposition between this ill-sorted couple is still observable; these, however, gradually abate by long habit, till at last, yielding to necessity, and to those unrelenting laws which joined them t gether, they mix in perfect union, and flow in a common stream to the end of their course

We passed the night at Sallenche, and the remaining part of our journey not admitting of chaises, they were sent back to Geneva, with orders to the drivers, to go round by the other side of the lake, and meet us at the village of Martigny, in the Pays de Vallais.

We agreed with a muleteer at Sallenche, who provided mules to carry us over the mountains to Martigny. It is a good day's journey from Sallenche to Chamouni, not on account of the distance, but from the difficulty and perplexity of the road, and the steep ascents and descents with which you are teased alternately the whole way.

Some of the mountains are covered with pine, oak, beech, and walnut trees. These are interspersed with apple, plum, cherry, and other fruit trees, so that we rode a great part of the forenoon in shade.

Besides the refreshing coolness this occasioned, it was most agreeable to me on another account. The road was in some places so exceedingly steep, that I never doubted but some of us were to fall; I therefore reflected with satisfaction, that those trees would probably arrest our course, and hinder as from rolling a great way.

But many pathless craggy mountains remained to be traversed after we had lost the protection of the trees. We then had nothing but the sagacity of our mules to trust to. For my own part, I was very soon convinced that it was much safer on all dubious occasions to depend on theirs than on my own: for as often as I was presented with a choice of difficulties, and the mule and I were of different opinions, if, becoming more obstinate than he, I insisted on his taking my track, I never failed to repent it, and often was obliged to return to the place where the controversy had begun, and follow the path to which he had pointed at first.

It is entertaining to observe the prudence of these animals in making their way down such dangerous rocks. They sometimes put their heads over the edge of the precipice, and examine with anxious circumspection every possible way by which they can descend, and at length

are sure to fix on that which upon the whole is the best. Having observed this in several instances, I laid the bridle on the neck of my mule, and allowed him to take his own way, without presuming to controul him in the smallest degree.

This is doubtless the best method, and what I recommend to all my friends in their journey through life, when they have mules for their companions.

We rested sometime, during the sultry heat of the day, at a very pleasingly situated village called Serve; and ascending thence along the steepest and roughest road we had yet seen, we passed by a mountain, wherein, they told us, there is a rich vein of copper, but that the proprietors have left off working it for many years.

As we passed through one little village, I saw many peasants going into a church.—It was some saint's day. ——The poor people must have half-ruined themselves by purchasing gold leaf.—Every thing was gilded.—The Virgin was dressed in a new gown of gold paper;——the infant in her arms was equally brilliant, all but the periwig on his head, which was milk-white, and had certainly been fresh powdered that very morning.

I could scarcely refrain from smiling at this ridiculous sight, which the people beheld with as much veneration as they could have shown, had the originals been present.

Upon casting up my eyes to the ceiling, I saw something more extraordinary still: this was a portrait of God the Father, sitting on a cloud, and dressed like a pope, with the tiara on his head. Any one must naturally be shocked at this, if he be not at the same instant moved to laughter at the infinite absurdity of the idea.

About six in the evening we arrived at the valley of Chamouni, and found lodgings in a small village called Prieuré. The valley of Chamouni is about six leagues in length, and an English mile in breadth. It is bounded on all sides by very high mountains. Between the intervals of these mountains, on one side of the valley, the

vast bodies of snow and ice, which are called Glaciers, descend from Mont Blanc, which is their source.

On one side of the valley, opposite to the Glaciers, stands Breven, a mountain whose ridge is 5300 English feet higher than the valley. Many travellers, who have more curiosity, and who think less of fatigue than we, take their first view of the Glaciers from the top of Mount Breven. As there is only the narrow valley between that and the Glaciers, all of which it overlooks, and every other object around, except Mont Blanc, the view from it must be very advantageous and magnificent.

We determined to begin with Montanvert, from which we could walk to the Glaciers, reserving Mount Breven for another day's work, if we should find ourselves so inclined. After an hour's refreshment at our quarters, Mr. Kennedy and I took a walk through the valley.

The chapter of priests and canons of Sallenche have the lordship of Chamouni, and draw a revenue from the poor inhabitants; the highest mountains of the Alps, with all their ice and snow, not being sufficient to defend them from rapacity and extortion.

The priest's house is beyond comparison the best in the whole valley. Looking at it, I asked a young man who stood near me, if the priest was rich?

Oui, monsieur, horriblement—replied he,—et aussi il mange presque tout notre blé.

I then asked, if the people of Chamouni wished to get rid of him?

Oui, bien de celui-ci—mais il faut avoir un autre.

I do not see the absolute necessity of that, said I.—— Consider, if you had no priest, you would have more to eat.

The lad stared——then answered with great *naïveté*— Ah, monsieur, dans ce pays-ci les prêtres sont tout aussi nécessaries que le manger.

It it plain, that this clergyman instructs his parishioners very carefully in the principles of religion.——I perceive, that your soul is in very safe hands, said Kennedy, giv-

ing the boy a crown; but here is something to enable you to take care of your body.

In my next I shall endeavour to give you some account of the Glaciers.—At present, I must wish you good night.

LETTER XXV.

Geneva.

We began pretty early in the morning to ascend Montanvert, from the top of which, there is easy access to the Glacier of that name, and to the Valley of Ice.

Our mules carried us from the inn across the valley, and even for a considerable way up the mountain; which at length became so exceedingly steep, that we were obliged to dismount and send them back. Mr. Upton only, who had been here before, and was accustomed to such expeditions, continued without compunction on his mule till he got to the top, riding fearless over rocks, which a goat or a chamois would have passed with caution.

In this last animal, which is to be found on these mountains only, are blended the different qualities of the goat and the deer.——It is said to have more agility than any other quadruped possessed of the same degree of strength.

After ascending four hours, we gained the summit of Montanvert. The day was remarkably fine, the objects around noble and majestic, but in some respects different from what I had expected.

The valley of Chamouni had disappeared.—Mount Breven seemed to have crept wonderfully near; and if I had not just crossed the plain which separates the two mountains, and is a mile in breadth, I should have concluded that their bases were in contact, and that their distance above was solely owing to the diminution in the size of all mountains towards the summit. Judging from the eye alone, I should have thought it possible to have thrown a stone from the place where I stood to Mount Breven.

There is a chain of mountains behind Montanvert, all

covered with snow, which terminate in four distinct rocks, of a great height, having the appearance of narrow pyramids or spires. They are called the Needles; and each has a distinct name.—Mont Blanc, surrounded by Montanvert, Mount Breven, the Needles, and other snowy mountains, appears like a giant among pigmies.

The height which we had now attained, was so far on our way up this mountain. I was therefore equally surprised and mortified to find, after an ascent of three thousand feet, that Mont Blanc seemed as high here as when we were in the valley.

Having ascended Montanvert from Chamouni, on descending a little on the other side, we found ourselves on a plain, whose appearance has been aptly compared to that which a stormy sea would have, if it were suddenly arrested and fixed by a strong frost. This is called the Valley of Ice. It stretches several leagues behind Montanvert, and is reckoned 2300 feet higher than the valley of Chamouni.

From the highest part of Montanvert we had all the following objects under our eye, some of which seemed to obstruct the view of others equally interesting.—The Valley of Ice, the Needles, Mont Blanc, with the snowy mountains below, finely contrasted with Breven, and the green hills on the opposite side of Chamouni, and the sun in full splendour showing all of them to the greatest advantage.—The whole forms a scene equally *sublime* and *beautiful*, far above my power of description, and worthy of the eloquence of that very ingenious gentleman, who has so finely illustrated these subjects, in a particular treatise, and given so many examples of both in his parliamentary speeches.

While we remained in contemplation of this scene, some of the company observed, that from the top of one of the Needles the prospect would be still more magnificent, as the eye could stretch over Breven, beyond Geneva, all the way to Mount Jura, and comprehend the Pays de Vallais, and many other mountains and valleys.

This excited the ambition of the duke of Hamilton. He sprung up, and made towards the Aiguille du Dru, which is the highest of the four Needles. Though he bounded over the ice with the elasticity of a young chamois, it was a considerable time before he could arrive at the foot of the Needle: for people are greatly deceived as to distances in those snowy regions.

Should he get near the top, said Mr. Grenville, looking after him with eagerness, he will swear we have seen nothing.—But I will try to mount as high as he can; I am not fond of seeing people above me. So saying, he sprung after him.

In a short time we saw them both scrambling up the rock:——The duke had gained a considerable height, when he was suddenly stopped by a part of the rock which was perfectly impracticable, (for his impetuosity had prevented him from choosing the easiest way); so Mr. Grenville overtook him.

Here they had time to breathe and cool a little. The one being determined not to be surpassed, the other thought the exploit not worth his while, since the honour must be divided. So like two rival powers, who have exhausted their strength by a fruitless contest, they returned, fatigued and disappointed, to the place from which they had set out.

After a very agreeable repast, on the provisions and wine which our guides had brought from the Prieuré, we passed, by an easy descent, from the green part of Montanvert to the Valley of Ice. A walk upon this frozen sea is attended with inconveniences. In some places, the swellings, which have been compared to waves, are forty or fifty feet high: yet, as they are rough, and the ice intermingled with snow, one may walk over them. In other parts, those waves are of a very moderate size, and in some places the surface is quite level.

What renders a passage over this valley still more difficult and dangerous is, the rents in the ice, which are to be met with, whatever direction you follow. These rents

are from two to six feet wide, and of an amazing depth; reaching from the surface of the valley, through a body of ice many hundred fathom thick. On throwing down a stone, or any other solid substance, we could hear the hollow murmur of its descent for a very long time, sounding like far distant waves breaking upon rocks.

Our guides, emboldened by habit, skipped over these rents without any sign of fear, though they informed us, that they had often seen fresh clefts formed, while they walked on the valley. They added, indeed, for our encouragement, that this was always preceded by a loud continued noise, which gave warning of what was to happen.

It is evident, however, that this warning, though it should always precede the rent, could be of little use to those who had advanced to the middle of the valley; for they neither could know certainly in what direction to run, nor could they have time to get off: and in case the ice should yawn directly under their feet, they must inevitably perish.—But probably few accidents of that kind happen; and this has greater influence, than any reasoning upon the subject.

It is supposed, that the snow and ice at the bottom, melting by the warmth of the earth, leave great vacancies, in the form of vaults. These natural arches support for a long time an amazing weight of ice and snow;—for there is a vast distance from the bottom to the surface of this valley.——But the ice beneath continuing to dissolve, and the snow above to increase, the arches must at last give way, which occasions the noise and rents above mentioned. Water also, which may have fallen from the surface into the clefts, or is lodged by any means in this great mass of snow, will, by its sudden expansion in the act of freezing, occasion new rents at the surface.

We had heard a great deal of the havoc made by avalanches. These are formed of snow driven by the winds against the highest and most protuberant parts of rocks and mountains, where it hardens and adheres sometimes

till a prodigious mass is accumulated. But when these supporters are able to sustain the increasing weight no longer, the avalanche falls at once, hurrying large portions of the loosened rock or mountain along with it;——and rolling from a vast height, with a thundering noise, to the valley, involves in certain destruction all the trees, houses, cattle, and men, which lie in its way. *

The greater part of those who have made a journey to the Glaciers have seen one or more of these avalanches in the very act of falling, and have themselves always escaped by miracle.——Just as most people who have made a single voyage by sea, if it were only between Dover and Calais, have met with a storm, and very narrowly escaped shipwreck.

All that any of our party can boast is, that during the nights we lay at Chamouni, we frequently heard a noise like distant thunder, which we were told was occasioned by the falling of some of these same avalanches at a few miles distance. And during our excursions, we saw trees destroyed, and tracts of soil torn from the sides of the mountains, over which the avalanches were said to have rolled, two or three years before we passed. These were the narrowest escapes we made.——I heartily wish the same good luck to all travellers, whatever account they themselves may choose to give to their friends when they return.

The Valley of Ice is several leagues in length, and not

* Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque solo, silvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens secum, VIRG.

As when, by age, or rains, or tempests torn,
A rock from some high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds, and swains involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from th' aerial steep,
Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound,
In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground. PITT.

above a quarter of a league in breadth. It divides into branches, which run behind the chain of mountains formerly taken notice of. It appears like a frozen amphitheatre, and is bounded by mountains, in whose clefts columns of crystal, as we were informed, are to be found.—The hoary majesty of Mont Blanc * * * * * * * I was in danger of rising into poetry, when recollecting the story of Icarus, I thought it best not to trust to my own waxen wings.—I beg leave rather to borrow the following lines, which will please you better than any flight of mine, and prevent me from a fall.—

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Fill the bright mountains, prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years.

Having walked a considerable time on the valley, and being sufficiently regaled with ice, we at length thought of returning to our cottage at Prieuré. Our guides led us down by a shorter and steeper way than that by which we had ascended; and about two hours after we had begun our descent, we found ourselves at the bottom of the mountain. This rapid manner of descending, most people find more severe upon the muscles of the legs and thighs, than even the ascent. For my own part, I was very near exhausted: and as we were still a couple of miles distant from our lodgings, it was with the greatest satisfaction that I saw our obsequious mules in waiting to carry us to our cottage; where having at last arrived, and being assembled in a small room, excluded from the view of icy valleys, crystal hills, and snowy mountains, with nothing before us but humble objects, as cold meat, coarse bread, and poor wine, we contrived to pass an hour before going to bed, in talking over the exploits of the day, and the wonders we had seen.—Whether there is greater pleasure in this, or

in viewing the scenes themselves, is a question not yet decided by the casuists.

LETTER XXVI.

Geneva.

THERE are five or six different Glaciers, which all terminate upon one side of the valley of Chamouni, within the space of about five leagues.

These are prodigious collections of snow and ice, formed in the intervals or hollows between the mountains that bound the side of the valley near which Mont Blanc stands.

The snow in those hollows being screened from the influence of the sun, the heat of summer can dissolve only a certain portion of it. These magazines of ice and snow are not formed by what falls directly from the heavens into the intervals. They are supplied by the snow which falls during winter on the loftiest parts of Mont Blanc; large beds or strata of which slide down imperceptibly by their own gravity, and finding no resistance at these intervals, they form long irregular roots around all the adjacent mountains.

Five of these enter, by five different embouchures, into the valley of Chamouni, and are called Glaciers, on one of which we had been.

At present their surface is from a thousand, or two thousand feet high, above the valley.

Their breadth depends on the wideness of the interval between the mountains in which they are formed.

Viewed from the valley, they have, in my opinion, a much finer effect than from their summit.

The rays of the sun striking with various force on the different parts, according as they are more or less exposed, occasion an unequal dissolution of the ice; and, with the help of a little imagination, give the appearances of columns, arches, and turrets, which are in some places transparent.

A fabric of ice in this taste, two thousand feet high, and three times as broad, with the sun shining full upon it, you must acknowledge to be a very singular piece of architecture.

Our company ascended only the Glacier of Montanvert, which is not the highest, and were contented with a view of the others from the valley; but more curious travellers will surely think it worth their labour to examine each of them more particularly.

Some people are so fond of Glaciers, that not satisfied with their present size, they insist positively, that they must necessarily grow larger every year; and they argue the matter thus.—

The present existence of the Glaciers is a sufficient proof that there has, at some period or other, been a greater quantity of snow formed during the winter, than the heat of the summer has been able to dissolve. But this disproportion must necessarily increase every year, and, of consequence, the Glaciers must augment: because, any given quantity of snow and ice remaining through the course of one summer, must increase the cold of the atmosphere around it in some degree; which being reinforced by the snows of the succeeding winter, will resist the dissolving power of the sun more the second summer than the first, and still more the third than the second, and so on.

The conclusion of this reasoning is, that the Glaciers must grow larger by an increasing ratio every year, till the end of time. For this reason, the authors of this theory regret, that they themselves have been sent into the world so soon; because, if their birth had been delayed for nine or ten thousand years, they should have seen the Glaciers in much greater glory, Mont Blanc being but a Lilliputian at present, in comparison of what it will be then.

However rational this may appear, objections have nevertheless been suggested, which I am sorry for; because, when a theory is tolerably consistent, well fabricated, and

goodly to behold, nothing can be more vexatious, than to see a plodding officious fellow overthrow the whole structure at once by a dash of his pen, as Harlequin does a house with a touch of his sword, in a pantomime entertainment.

Such cavillers say, that as the Glaciers augment in size, there must be a greater extent of surface for the sun-beams to act upon, and, of consequence, the dissolution will be greater, which must effectually prevent the continual increase contended for.

But the other party extricate themselves from this difficulty by roundly asserting, that the additional cold occasioned by the snow and ice already deposited, has a much greater influence in retarding their dissolution, than the increased surface can have in hastening it: and, in confirmation of their system, they tell you, that the oldest inhabitants of Chamouni remember the Glaciers when they were much smaller than at present; and also remember the time when they could walk, from the Valley of Ice, to places behind the mountains, by passages which are now quite chocked up with hills of snow, not above fifty years old.

Whether the inhabitants of Chamouni assert this from a laudable partiality to the Glaciers, whom they may now consider (on account of their drawing strangers to visit the valley) as their best neighbours;—or from politeness to the supporters of the above-mentioned opinion;—or from real observation, I shall not presume to say.—But I myself have heard several of the old people in Chamouni assert the fact.

The cavillers being thus obliged to relinquish their former objection, attempt, in the next place, to show, that the above theory leads to an absurdity; because, say they, if the Glaciers go on increasing in bulk *ad infinitum*, the globe itself would become in process of time a mere appendage to Mont Blanc.

The advocates for the continual augmentation of the Glaciers reply, that as this inconveniency has not already

happened, there needs no other refutation of the impious doctrine of certain philosophers, who assert that the world has existed from eternity; and as to the globe's becoming an appendage to the mountain, they assure us, that the world will be at an end long before that event can happen. So that those of the most timid natures, and most delicate constitutions, may dismiss their fears on that subject.

For my own part, though I wish well to the Glaciers, and all the inhabitants of Chamouni, having passed some days very pleasantly in their company; I will take no part in this controversy, the merits of which I leave to your own judgment.

LETTER XXVII.

Geneva.

The morning of the day on which we departed from Prieuré, I observed a girl of a very singular appearance sitting before the door of one of the houses. When I spoke to her, she made no answer: but an elderly man, who had been a soldier in the king of Sardinia's service, and my accquaintance since the moment of our arrival, informed me, that this girl was an idiot, and had been so from her birth.

He took me to two other houses in the village, in each of which there was one person in the same melancholy situation; and he assured me, that all over the valley of Chamouni, in a family consisting of five or six children, one of them, generally speaking, was a perfect natural.

This was confirmed by some others, to whom I afterwards mentioned it. I was told at the same time, that the parents, so far from considering this as a misfortune, looked upon it as an indication of good luck to the rest of the family, and no unhappiness to the individual, whom they always cherish and protect with the utmost tenderness.

I asked my soldier, if any of his own family were in

that situation? Non, monsieur, answered he: et aussi j'ai passé une vie bien dure.

Don't you think these poor creatures very unhappy?

Demande pardon, monsieur;—Ils sont très heureux—

But you would not like to have been born in that state yourself?

Vous croyez donc, monsieur, que j'aurois été bien attrapé?

Attrapé!—certainly:—don't you think so too?

Pour cela, non, monsieur; je n'aurois jamais travaillé.——

To one who has through life been obliged to work hard for a bare subsistence, labour appears the greatest evil, and perfect idleness the greatest blessing. If this soldier had been brought up in idleness, and had experienced all the horrors and dejection which attend indolent luxury, very possibly he would be of a different opinion.

During this journey, I remarked, that in some particular villages, and for a considerable tract of country, scarcely was there any body to be seen who had that swelling of the throat and neck, which is thought so general among all the inhabitants of the Alps. In particular, I did not observe any body at Prieuré with this complaint; and, upon inquiry, was informed that there are many parishes in which not a single person is troubled with it, and that in other places at no great distance, it is almost universal.

In the valley of Chamouni there is only one hamlet where it is common: but in the Pays de Vallais, I was told, it is more frequent than in any other place.

As this disease seems to be endemical, it cannot, as has been imagined, proceed from the drinking of water impregnated with snow or ice; for this beverage is common to all the inhabitants of the Alps, and of other mountains.

If the water be in reality the vehicle of this disease, we must suppose it impregnated, not only with dissolved ice and snow, but also with some salt, or other substance, possessed of the noxious quality of obstructing the glands

of the throat; and we must also suppose, that this noxious substance is to be found in no other inhabited place but the Alps.

After one of the inhabitants of Chamouni had enumerated many parishes where there were, and others where there were no goîtres, (which is the name they give this swelling), he concluded by telling me, I should see them in great abundance among the Vallaisans, to whose country we were going.—When I told the man, I thought his country people very happy, in being quite free from such an odious disease, which afflicted their poor neighbours——En revanche, said the peasant, nous sommes accablés des impôts;—et dans le Pays de Vallais on ne paye rien.

The d—l is in the fellow, exclaimed I.—Were it in your choice, would you accept of goîtres, to get free of taxes?

Très volontiers, monsieur;—l'un vaut bien l'autre.

> Quid causæ est, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas,
> Iratas buccas inflet.*

You see, my friend, that it is not in courts and capitals alone that men are discontented with their fortunes. The causes of repining are different in different places; but the effect is the same every where.

On the morning of the sixth day, we bid adieu to Prieuré; and having ascended the mountains which shut up the valley of Chamouni at the end opposite to that by which we had entered, after various windings on a very rugged road, we gradually descended into a hollow of the most dismal appearance.

It is surrounded with high, bare, rugged rocks, without trees or verdure of any kind, the bottom being as barren and craggy as the sides, and the whole forming a most hideous landscape. This dreary valley is of a considera-

* ——— And shall not Jove,
With cheeks inflam'd, and angry brow, forswear
His weak indulgence to their future prayer?
FRANCIS.

ble length, but very narrow. I imagine it would have pleased the fancy of Salvator, who might have been tempted to steal a corner of it for one of his pieces, which, when he had enlivened with a murder or two, would have been a masterpiece of the horrible.

Having traversed this, we continued our journey, sometimes ascending, then descending into other valleys whose names I have forgot.—We had a long continued ascent over Mount Noir, a very high hill, covered with pine-trees, many of which are above a hundred feet in height. I was obliged to walk on foot most of this road, which is full as steep as any part of that by which we had ascended Montanvert.

We came at length to the pass which separates the king of Sardinia's country from the little republic, called the Pays de Vallais. Across this there is an old thick wall and a gate, without any guard. This narrow pass continues for several miles.—A few peasants arranged along the upper part of the mountains, could, by rolling down stones, destroy a whole army, if it should attempt to enter into the country by this road.

When you have passed through this long defile, the road runs along the side of a high and steep mountain; but is still so very narrow, that two persons cannot with safety go abreast, and all passengers are entirely at the mercy of those who may be posted on the higher parts of the mountain.

From the side of the mountain on which we passed, we could have spoken to the people who inhabited the side of the mountain opposite. But I am convinced it would have taken three or four hours walking, to have gone to them: Because we must, by a long, oblique tour, have first reached the bottom of the cleft between us, and then have ascended to them, by another long, fatiguing path, which could not be done in less time than I have mentioned.

Wherever there is a spot of the mountain tolerably fertile, and the slope less formidable than usual, you are al-

most certain to find a peasant's house. All the houses are built of the fine red pine, which grows near at hand. The carriage of this, even for a short way, upon those very steep mountains, must have been attended with no small difficulty and danger. These dwellings are raised on wooded props, or pillars, two or three feet above the ground. On the top of each pillar a large flag or broad stone is placed, to obstruct the entrance of rats.—Indeed the situation of these abodes is so very aerial, that they seem almost inaccessible to every animal that has not wings, as well as to rats.

The road led us at length to the summit, which is level, and covered with pines for several miles. Having traversed this, and descended a little on the other side, the lower Vallais opened to our view. Nothing can be imagined more singularly picturesque :—It is of an oval form, about seven leagues in length, and one in breadth, surrounded on all sides by mountains of a stupendous height, the lower parts of which are covered with very rich pasture.—The valley itself is fertile in the highest degree : finely cultivated, and divided into meadows, gardens, and vineyards. The Rhone flows into beautiful mazes from the one end to the other.—Sion, the capital of the Vallais, is situated on the upper extremity, and the town of Martigny on the lower, many villages and detached houses appearing all over the valley between them. The prospect we had now under our eye formed a striking and agreeable contrast with the scenes we had just left. The distance from this point to Martigny, which stands near the bottom of the mountain, is about six miles. There is one continued descent the whole way, which is rendered easy by the roads being thrown into a zig-zag direction.

After the rugged paths we had been accustomed to, it was, comparatively speaking, rest, to walk down this mountain.—We arrived at Martigny refreshed, and in high spirits.

LETTER XXVIII.

Geneva.

DURING our journey over the mountains which encircle the lower Vallais, I had often felt an inclination to enter some of the peasant's houses, that I might be a witness of the domestic economy of a people which Rousseau has so delightfully described.

Had I been alone, or with a single companion, I should have pledged them liberally, and made a temporary sacrifice of my reason to the Penates of those happy mountaineers: for, according to him, this is the only payment they will receive for their entertainment: but our company was by far too numerous, and would have put their hospitality to too severe a trial.

After a night's refreshment at Martigny, we looked with some degree of impatience for the cabriolets, which had been ordered to meet us there. We all talked with rapture of the sublime scenes from which we had descended; yet nobody regretted that the rest of the journey was to be performed on plain ground. The cabriolets arriving the same forenoon, we set out by the *embouchure*, which leads to St. Maurice.

That immense rampart of mountains which surrounds the Vallais at every other part, is cut through here, which renders that country accessible to the inhabitants of the canton of Bern. This opening has the appearance of a vast and magnificent avenue, on each side of which a row of lofty mountains are placed instead of trees. It is some leagues in length. The ground is exceedingly fertile, and perfectly level: Yet if an attack were suspected, this pass could be easily defended by batteries at the bottom of the mountains on each side. Besides, a river of considerable depth flows along sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other, and, by continually crossing the plain, seems to forbid all hostile encroachments.

This little spot, the country of the Vallaisans, which com-

prehends the valley above described, the mountains that surround it, and stretch on one side all the way to the lake, including three or four towns and many villages, is a district, governed by its own laws and magistrates, in alliance with, but independent of, the Swiss cantons, or any other power The religion is Popery, and the form of government democratic.—It seems to have been imagined by nature as a last asylum for that divinity, without whose influence all her other gifts are of small value. Should the rapacious hand of despotism ever crush the rights of mankind, and overturn the altars of FREEDOM, in every other country in Europe, a chosen people may here preserve the true worship, and share her regard with the provinces beyond the Atlantic.

In the middle of the opening above mentioned, about four leagues from Martigny, between two high mountains, and at the side of the Rhone, is situated the little town of St. Maurice, which guards this entrance into the lower Vallais.

Having passed a bridge at this town, which divides the country of the Vallaisans from the canton of Bern, we proceed to Bex, a village remarkable for its delightful situation, and for the salt-works which are near it. After dinner, we visited these. We entered the largest saline by a passage cut out of the solid rock, of a sufficient height and breadth to allow a man to walk with ease.

Travellers who have the curiosity to explore these gloomy abodes, are previously furnished with lighted lamps or torches, and dressed in a coarse habit, to defend them from the slimy drippings which fall from the roof and sides of the passage.

Upon arriving at the reservoir of salt water, which is about three quarters of a mile from the entrance, I was seized with a nausea, from the disagreeable smell of the place, and returned with all possible expedition to the open air, leaving my companions to push their researches as far as they pleased. They remained a considerable time after me. What satisfaction they received within, I shall not

take upon me to determine; but I never saw a set of people make a more melancholy exit:—with their greasy frocks, their torches, their smoky, woe-begone countenances, they put me in mind of a procession of condemned heretics, walking to the flames, at an Auto de Fè at Lisbon.

Having recovered their looks and spirits at the inn at Bex, they assured me, that the curiosities they had seen during their subterraneous progress, particularly after my secession, were more worthy of observation than any thing we had met with since we had left Geneva; and they all advised me, with affected seriousness, to return and complete the interesting visit which I had left unfinished.

Next morning our company divided, the duke of Hamilton and Mr. Grenville choosing to return by Vevay and Lausanne. Mr. Upton, Mr. Kennedy, and myself went by the other side of the lake of Geneva. They took with them the two chaises, and we proceeded on horseback, our road not admitting of wheel-carriages.

We left Bex early in the morning, passing through Aigle, a thriving little town, whose houses are built of a white marble found in the neighbourhood.—The ideas of gloom and wretchedness, as well as of magnificence, had somehow been linked in my mind with this substance.—I don't know whether this is owing to its being used in tombs and monuments;—or to my having observed, that the houses most profusely ornamented by it are so often the mansions of dulness and discontent.—Whatever gave rise to this connection of ideas, the appearance of the inhabitants of Aigle was well calculated to cure me of the prejudice; for although the meanest houses in this poor little town are built of marble, yet in the course of my life I never beheld less care and more satisfaction in the countenances of any set of people. An appearance of ease and content prevails not only here, but all over Switzerland.

A little beyond Aigle, we crossed the Rhone in boats. It is broader at this ferry, than where it flows from the lake of Geneva. As soon as we arrived on the other side

we were again in the dominions of the Vallaisans, which extend on this side all the way to the lake.

We had a delightful ride to St. Gingo, where we dined, and remained several hours to refresh our horses. Though it was Sunday, there was a fair at this town, to which such a concourse of people had resorted from the Pays de Vallais, the canton of Bern, and from Savoy, that we could not without difficulty find a room to dine in.

The dress of the young Vallaisannes is remarkably picturesque. A little silk hat, fixed on one side of the head, from which a bunch of ribbons hangs negligently, with a jacket very advantageous to the shape, gives them a smart air, and is upon the whole more becoming than the dress of the common people in any country I have yet seen.

A little beyond St. Gingo, we entered the dukedom of Savoy. The road is here cut out of the lofty rocks which rise from the lake of Geneva. It must be passed with caution, being exceedingly narrow, and no fence to prevent the traveller from falling over a very high precipice into the lake, in case his horse should start to one side.

At some places this narrow road is rendered still more dangerous by fragments which have fallen from the mountains above, and have impaired and almost destroyed the path. At those places we were obliged to dismount, and lead our horses, with great attention, over rubbish and broken rocks, till we gained those parts of the road which were entire.

The sight of Meillerie brought to my remembrance the charming letters of Rousseau's two lovers. This recollection filled me with a pleasing enthusiasm. I sought with my eyes, and imagined I discovered the identical place where St. Preux sat with his telescope to view the habitation of his beloved Julia.—I traced in my imagination his route, when he sprung from rock to rock after one of her letters, which a sudden gust of wind had snatched from his hands.—I marked the point at which the two lovers embarked to return to Clarence, after an evening visit to those very rocks,—when St. Preux, agonized with tender

recollections, and destracted with despair, was tempted to seize his mistress, then the wife of another, and precipitate himself along with her, from the boat headlong into the middle of the lake.

Every circumstance of that pathetic story came fresh into my mind. I felt myself on a kind of classic ground, and experienced that the eloquence of that inimitable writer had given me an interest in the landscape before my eyes, beyond that which its own natural beauties could have effected.

Having left the romantic rocks of Meillerie behind, we descended to a fertile plain, almost on a level with the lake, along which the road runs, flanked with rows of fine tall trees all the way to Evian, an agreeable little town, renowned for its mineral waters Here we met with many of our Geneva acquaintances of both sexes, who had come, under pretence of drinking the waters, to amuse themselves in this delightful retreat.

We next proceeded to Tonon, a most religious city, if we may judge by the number of churches and monasteries which it contains. The number of inhabitants are calculated at six or seven thousand, and every seventh person I saw wore the uniform of some religious order. After this, I was not greatly surprised to perceive every symptom of poverty among the lay inhabitants.

Having bespoke supper and beds at this place, we went and visited the convent of Carthusians at Ripaille, which is at a little distance.

It was here that the duke of Savoy, after a fortunate reign, assumed the character of a hermit, and lived with the fathers a life of piety and mortification, according to some; of voluptuousness and policy, according to others. What we are well assured of is, that he was in a short time elected Pope, by the council of Bazil, which dignity he was obliged to relinquish nine years after, having first made very honourable conditions for himself. After this, he spent the remainder of his life with the reputation of great sanctity at Ripaille.

Had he been allowed to choose any part of Europe for his retreat, he could not have found one more agreeable than this which his own dominions furnished.

The fathers with great politeness showed us their forest, their gardens, their apartments, and a very elegant new chapel, which is just finished. They then conducted us into the chamber where their sovereign had lived and died. They talked much of his genius, his benevolence, and his sanctity. We heard them with every mark of acquiescence, and returned to our inn, where though we certainly did not *faire Ripaille*, I'm convinced the fleas did. As Shakespeare's carrier says, there was never a king in Christendom better bit than we were through the whole night. We paid for our entertainment, such as it was, a very extravagant bill in the morning, and without grudging; for we considered, that we were to leave our host and his family amongst a swarm of blood-suckers, still more intolerable than fleas.

We arrived the same forenoon at Geneva, having finished a tour in which a greater variety of sublime and interesting objects offer themselves to the contemplation of the traveller, than can be found in any other part of the globe of the same extent. I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Geneva.

I AM not surprised that your inquiries of late entirely regard the philosopher of Ferney. This extraordinary person has contrived to excite more curiosity, and to retain the attention of Europe for a longer space of time, than any other man this age has produced, monarchs and heroes included.——Even the most trivial anecdote relating to him seems, in some degree, to interest the public.

Since I have been in this country, I have had frequent opportunities of conversing with him, and still more with those who have lived in intimacy with him for many years: so that, whatever remarks I may send you on this subject,

are founded either on my own observation, or on that of the most candid and intelligent of his acquaintance.

He has enemies and admirers here, as he has every where else; and not unfrequently both united in the same person.

The first idea which has presented itself to all who have attempted a description of his person, is that of a skeleton. In as far as this implies excessive leanness, it is just; but it must be remembered, that this skeleton, this mere composition of skin and bone, has a look of more spirit and vivacity, than is generally produced by flesh and blood, however blooming and youthful.

The most piercing eyes I ever beheld are those of Voltaire, now in his eightieth year. His whole countenance is expressive of genius, observation, and extreme sensibility.

In the morning he has a look of anxiety and discontent; but this gradually wears off, and after dinner he seems cheerful:—yet an air of irony never entirely forsakes his face, but may always be observed lurking in his features, whether he frowns or smiles.

When the weather is favourable, he takes an airing in his coach, with his niece, or with some of his guests, of whom there is always a sufficient number at Ferney. Sometimes he saunters in his garden; or, if the weather does not permit him to go abroad, he employs his leisure hours in playing at chess with Pere Adam; or in receiving the visits of strangers, a continual succession of whom attend at Ferney to catch an opportunity of seeing him; or in dictating and reading letters; for he still retains correspondents in all the countries of Europe, who inform him of every remarkable occurrence, and send him every new literary production as soon as it appears.

By far the greater part of his time is spent in his study; and whether he reads himself, or listens to another, he always has a pen in his hand, to take notes, or make remarks.

Composition is his principal amusement. No author

who writes for daily bread, no young poet ardent for distinction, is more assiduous with his pen, or more anxious for fresh fame, than the wealthy and applauded Seigneur of Ferney.

He lives in a very hospitable manner, and takes care always to keep a good cook. He has generally two or three visitors from Paris, who stay with him a month or six weeks at a time. When they go, their places are soon supplied; so that there is a constant rotation of society at Ferney. These, with Voltaire's own family, and his visitors from Geneva, compose a company of twelve or fourteen people, who dine daily at his table, whether he appears or not. For when engaged in preparing some new production for the press, indisposed or in bad spirits, he does not dine with the company; but satisfies himself with seeing them for a few minutes, either before or after dinner.

All who bring recommendations from his friends, may depend upon being received, if he be not really indisposed.—He often, presents himself to the strangers, who assemble almost every afternoon in his antichamber, although they bring no particular recommendation. But sometimes they are obliged to retire without having their curiosity gratified.

As often as this happens, he is sure of being accused of peevishness; and a thousand ill-natured stories are related, perhaps invented, out of revenge, because he is not in the humour of being exhibited like a dancing bear on a holiday. It is much less surprising that he sometimes refuses, than that he should comply so often. In him, this complaisance must proceed solely from a desire to oblige; for Voltaire has been so long accustomed to admiration, that the stare of a few strangers cannot be supposed to afford him much pleasure.

His niece, Madame Denis, does the honours of the table, and entertains the company, when her uncle is not able, or does not choose to appear. She is a well-disposed woman, who behaves with good humour to every body,

and with unremitting attention and tenderness to her uncle.

The forenoon is not a proper time to visit Voltaire. He cannot bear to have his hours of study interrupted. This alone is sufficient to put him out of humour; besides, he is then apt to be querulous, whether he suffers by the infirmities of age, or from some accidental cause of chagrin. Whatever is the reason, he is less an optimist at that part of the day than at any other.——It was in the morning, probably, that he remarked,—que c'étoit domage que le quinquina se trouvoit en Amérique, et la fiévre en nos climats.

Those who are invited to supper, have an opportunity of seeing him in the most advantageous point of view. He then exerts himself to entertain the company, and seems as fond of saying, what are called good things, as ever:——and when any lively remark or bon mot comes from another, he is equally delighted, and pays the fullest tribute of applause.——The spirit of mirth gains upon him by indulgence.—When surrounded by his friends, and animated by the presence of women, he seems to enjoy life with all the sensibility of youth. His genius then surmounts the restraints of age and infirmity, and flows along in a fine strain of pleasing, spirited observation, and delicate irony.

He has an excellent talent of adapting his conversation to his company.—The first time the duke of Hamilton waited on him, he turned the discourse on the ancient alliance between the French and Scotch nations.—Reciting the circumstance of one of his grace's predecessors having accompanied Mary queen of Scots, whose heir he at that time was, to the court of France,—he spoke of the heroic characters of his ancestors, the ancient earls of Douglas—of the great literary reputation of some of his countrymen, then living; and mentioned the names of Hume and Robertson in terms of high approbation.

A short time afterwards, he was visited by two Russian noblemen, who are now at Geneva. Voltaire talked to

them a great deal of their empress, and the flourishing state of their country.——Formerly, said he, your countrymen were guided by ignorant priests,—the arts were unknown, and your lands lay waste;—but now the arts flourish, and the lands are cultivated.—One of the young men replied, That there was still a great proportion of barren land in Russia.—At least, said Voltaire, you must admit, that of late your country has been very *fertile in laurels*.

His dislike to the clergy is well known.—This leads him to join in a very trite topic of abuse with people who have no pretension to that degree of wit which alone could make their railings tolerable.—The conversation happening to turn into this channel, one person said, If you subtract pride from priests nothing will remain.—Vous comptez donc, monsieur, la gourmandise pour rien, said Voltaire.

He approves much more of Marmontel's Art of Poetry, than of any poems of that author's composition. Speaking of these, he said that Marmontel, like Moses, could guide others to the Holy Land, though he was not allowed to enter it himself.*

Voltaire's unbecoming allusions to the sacred writings, and his attempts to turn into ridicule some of the most venerable characters mentioned in them, are notorious.

A certain person, who stammered very much, found means to get himself introduced at Ferney.——He had no other recommendation than the praises he very liberally bestowed on himself.—When he left the room Voltaire said he supposed him to be an avanturier, un imposteur.—Madame Denis said, Impostors never stammer.—To which Voltaire replied—Moïse, ne begayoit-il pas?

* The same allusion, though probably Voltaire did not know it, was long since made by Cowley——

Bacon like Moses led us forth at last,
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promised land,
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.

You must have heard of the animosity which has long subsisted between Voltaire and Freron the journalist at Paris. The former was walking one day in his garden with a gentleman from Geneva. A toad crawled across the road before them:—The gentleman, to please Voltaire, said, pointing at the toad,—There is a Freron. What can that poor animal have done to you, replied the wit, to deserve such a name?

He compared the British nation to a hogshead of their own strong beer; the top of which is froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent.

A friend of Voltaire's having recommended to his perusal, a particular system of metaphysics, supported by a train of reasonings, by which the author displayed his own ingenuity and address, without convincing the mind of the reader, or proving any thing besides his own eloquence and sophistry, asked, sometime after, the critic's opinion of this performance.

Metaphysical writers, replied Voltaire, are like minuet-dancers; who being dressed to the greatest advantage, make a couple of bows, move through the room in the finest attitudes, display all their graces, are in continual motion without advancing a step, and finish at the identical point from which they set out. Perhaps he borrowed this thought from the following lines in Pope's Dunciad.—

> Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
> Show all his paces, not a step advance.

This, I hope, will satisfy you for the present; in my next, I shall send you what farther particulars I think worth your notice concerning this singular man.—Meanwhile, I am, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Geneva.

CONSIDERED as a master, Voltaire appears in a very amiable light. He is affable, humane, and generous to

his tenants and dependents. He loves to see them prosper; and takes part in their private and domestic concerns with the attention of a patriarch.—He promotes industry and manufactures among them, by every means he can devise; by his care and patronage alone, Ferney, from a wretched village, whose inhabitants were sunk in sloth and poverty, is become a flourishing and commodious little town.

That acrimony, which appears in some of Voltaire's works, seems to be excited only against rival wits, and contemporary writers, who refuse him that distinguished place on Parnassus, to which his talents entitle him.

If he has been the author of severe satire, he has also been the object of a great deal. Who has been the aggressor, it would be difficult to determine; but it must be confessed, that where he has not been irritated as a writer, he appears a good-humoured man; and, in particular instances, displays a true philanthrophy.——The whole of his conduct respecting the Calas family;—his protection of the Sirvens, his patronage of the young lady descended from Corneille, and many examples, which might be mentioned, are all of this nature.

Some people will tell you, that all the bustle he made, on these, and similar occasions, proceeded from vanity; but in my mind, the man who takes pains to justify oppressed innocence, to rouse the indignation of mankind against cruelty, and to relieve indigent merit, is in reality benevolent, however vain he may be of such actions.—— Such a man is unquestionably a more useful member of society, than the humblest monk, who has no other plan in life, than the working out his own salvation in a corner.

Voltaire's criticisms on the writings of Shakespeare do him no honour; they betray an ignorance of the author, whose works he so rashly condemns. Shakespeare's irregularities, and his disregard for the unities of the drama, are obvious to the dullest of modern critics; but Voltaire's national prejudices, and his imperfect knowledge

of the language, render him blind to some of the most shining beauties of the English poet; his remarks, however, though not always candid nor delicate, are for the most part lively.

One evening, at Ferney, the conversation happening to turn on the genius of Shakespeare, Voltaire expatiated on the impropriety and absurdity of introducing low characters and vulgar dialogue into tragedy; and gave many instances of the English bard's having offended in that particular, even in his most pathetic plays. A gentleman of the company, who is a great admirer of Shakespeare, observed, by way of palliation, that though those characters were low, yet they were natural, (dans la nature, was his expression). Avec permission, monsieur, replied Voltaire, mon cul est bien dans la nature, et cependant je porte des coulottes.

Voltaire had formerly a little theatre at his own house, where dramatic pieces were represented by some of the society who visited there, he himself generally taking some important character; but by all accounts this was not his fort, nature having fitted him for conceiving the sentiments, but not representing the actions of a hero.

Mr. Cramer of Geneva sometimes assisted upon these occasions.——I have often seen that gentleman act at a private theatre in that city with deserved applause. Very few of those who have made acting the study and business of their lives, could have represented the characters in which he appeared, with more judgment and energy.

The celebrated Clairon herself has been proud to tread Voltaire's domestic theatre, and to display at once his genius and her own.

These dramatic entertainments at Ferney, to which many of the inhabitants of Geneva were, from time to time, invited, in all probability increased their desire for such amusements, and gave the hint to a company of French comedians, to come every summer to the neighbourhood.

As the syndics and council did not judge it proper to

license their acting, this company have erected a theatre at Chatelaine, which is on the French side of the ideal line which separates that kingdom from the territories of the republic, and about three miles from the ramparts of Geneva.

People come occasionally from Savoy and Switzerland to attend these representations; but the company on which the actors chiefly depend, are the citizens of Geneva. The play begins at three or four in the afternoon, that the spectators may have time to return before the shutting of the gates.

I have been frequently at this theatre. The performers are moderately good. The admired Le Kain, who is now at Ferney on a visit to Voltaire, sometimes exhibits:—but when I go, my chief inducement is to see Voltaire, who generally attends when Le Kain acts, and when one of his own tragedies is to be represented.

He sits on the stage, and behind the scenes; but so as to be seen by a great part of the audience. He takes as much interest in the representation, as if his own character depended on the performance. He seems perfectly chagrined and disgusted when any of the actors commit a mistake; and when he thinks they perform well, never fails to mark his approbation with all the violence of voice and gesture.

He enters into the feigned distresses of the piece with every symptom of real emotion, and even sheds tears with the profusion of a girl present for the first time at a tragedy.

I have sometimes sat near him during the whole entertainment, observing with astonishment such a degree of sensibility in a man of eighty. This great age, one would naturally believe, might have considerably blunted every sensation, particularly those occasioned by the fictitious distresses of the drama, to which he has been habituated from his youth.

The pieces represented having been written by him-

self, is another circumstance which, in my opinion, should naturally tend to prevent their effect on him. Some people indeed assert that this, so far from diminishing, is the real cause of all his sensibility; and they urge, as a proof of this assertion, that he attends the theatre only when some of his own pieces are to be acted.

That he should be better pleased to see his own tragedies represented than any others, is natural; but I do not readily comprehend, how he can be more easily moved and deceived, by distresses which he himself invented. Yet this degree of deception seems necessary to make a man shed tears. While these tears are flowing, he must believe the woes he weeps are real: he must have been so far deceived by the cunning of the scene, as to have forgot that he was in a playhouse. The moment he recollects that the whole is fiction, his sympathy and tears must cease.

I should be glad, however, to see Voltaire present at the representation of some of Corneille or Racine's tragedies, that I might observe whether he would discover more or less sensibility than he has done at his own. We should then be able to ascertain this curious, disputed point, whether his sympathy regarded the piece or the author.

Happy, if this extraordinary man had confined his genius to its native home, to the walks which the muses love, and where he has always been received with distinguished honour, and that he had never deviated from these, into the thorny paths of controversy! For while he attacked the tyrants and oppressors of mankind, and those who have perverted the benevolent nature of Christianity to the most selfish and malignant purposes, it is for ever to be regretted, that he allowed the shafts of his ridicule to glance upon the Christian religion itself.

By persevering in this, he has not only shocked the pious, but even disgusted infidels, who accuse him of borrowing from himself, and repeating the same argument in

various publications; and seem as tired of the stale sneer against the Christian doctrines, as of the dullest and most tedious sermons in support of them.

Voltaire's behaviour during sickness has been represented in very opposite lights. I have heard much of his great contrition and repentance, when he had reason to believe his end approaching. These stories, had they been true, would have proved, that his infidelity was affectation, and that he was a believer and Christian in his heart.

I own I could never give any credit to such reports; for though I have frequently met with vain young men, who have given themselves airs of free-thinking, while in reality they were even superstitious, yet I never could understand what a man like Voltaire, or any man of common understanding, could propose to himself by such absurd affectation. To pretend to despise what we really revere, and to treat as human what we believe to be divine, is certainly, of all kinds of hypocrisy, the most unpardonable.

I was at some pains to ascertain this matter; and I have been assured, by those who have lived during many years in familiarity with him, that all these stories are without foundation. They declared, that although he was unwilling to quit the enjoyment of life, and used the means of preserving health, he seemed no way afraid of the consequences of dying. That he never discovered, either in health or sickness, any remorse for the works imputed to him against the Christian religion.—That, on the contrary, he was blinded to such a degree, as to express uneasiness at the thoughts of dying before some of them, in which he was at that time engaged, were finished.

Though this conduct is not to be justified upon any supposition, yet there is more consistency, and, in my opinion, less wickedness in it, if we admit the account which his friends give, than there would be in his writing at once against the established opinions of mankind, the

conviction of his own conscience, and the inspirations of the Deity, merely to acquire the applause of a few mistaken infidels.

However erroneous he may have been, I cannot suspect him of such absurdity. On the contrary, I imagine, that as soon as he is convinced of the truths of Christianity, he will openly avow his opinion, in health as in sickness, uniformly, to his last moment.

LETTER XXXI.

Geneva.

In obedience to your request, I shall give you my opinion freely with regard to Lord ——'s scheme of sending his two sons to be educated at Geneva.

The eldest, if I remember right, is not more than nine years of age; and they have advanced no farther in their education than being able to read English tolerably well. His lordship's idea is, that when they shall have acquired a perfect knowlege of the French language, they may be taught Latin through the medium of that language, and pursue any other study that may be thought proper.

I have attended to his lordship's objections against the public schools in England, and after due consideration, and weighing every circumstance, I remain of opinion, that no country but Great Britain is proper for the education of a British subject, who proposes to pass his life in his own country. The most important point, in my mind, to be secured in the education of a young man of rank of our country, is to make him an Englishman; and this can be done no where so effectually as in England.

He will there acquire those sentiments, that particular taste and turn of mind, which will make him prefer the government, and relish the manners, the diversions, and general way of living, which prevail in England.

He will there acquire that character, which distinguishes Englishmen from the natives of all the other countries of Europe, and which, once attained, however it may be af-

terwards embellished or deformed, can never be entirely effaced.

If it could be proved, that this character is not the most amiable, it does not follow that it is not the most expedient. It is sufficient, that it is upon the whole most approved of in England. For I hold it as indisputable, that the good opinion of a man's countrymen is of more importance to him than that of all the rest of mankind: Indeed, without the first, he very rarely can enjoy the second.

It is thought, that by an early foreign education, all ridiculous English prejudices will be avoided. This may be true;—but other prejudices, perhaps as ridiculous, and much more detrimental, will be formed. The first cannot be attended with many inconveniences; the second may render the young people unhappy in their own country when they return, and disagreeable to their countrymen all the rest of their lives.

It is true, that the French manners are adopted in almost every country of Europe: they prevail all over Germany and the northern courts. They are gaining ground, though with a slower pace, in Spain, and in the Italian states.—This is not the case in England.—The English manners are universal in the provinces, prevail in the capital, and are to be found uncontaminated even at court.

In all the countries above mentioned, the body of the people behold this preference to foreign manners with disgust. But in all those countries the sentiments of the people are disregarded; whereas, in England, popularity is of real importance; and the higher a man's rank is, the more he will feel the loss of it.

Besides, a prejudice against French manners is not confined to the lower ranks in England:—It is diffused over the whole nation. Even those who have none of the usual prejudices;—who do all manner of justice to the talents and ingenuity of their neighbours;—who approve of French manners in French people; yet cannot suffer them when grafted on their countrymen. Should an Eng-

lish gentleman think this kind of grafting at all admissible, it will be in some of the lowest classes with whom he is connected, as his tailor, barber, valet-de-chambre, or cook:—but never in his friend.

I can scarcely remember an instance of an Englishman of fashion, who has evinced in his dress or style of living a preference to French manners, who did not lose by it in the opinion of his countrymen.

What I have said of French manners is applicable to foreign manners in general, which are all in some degree French, and the particular differences are not distinguished by the English.

The sentiments of the citizens of Geneva are more analogous in many respects to the turn of thinking in England, than to the general opinions in France. Yet a Genevois in London will universally pass for a Frenchman.

An English boy, sent to Geneva at an early period of life, and remaining there six or seven years, if his parents be not along with him, will probably, in the eyes of the English, appear a kind of Frenchman all his life after. This is an inconvenience which ought to be avoided with the greatest attention.

With regard to the objections against public schools, they are, in many respects, applicable to those of every country. But I freely own, they never appeared to me sufficient to overbalance the advantages which attend that method of education; particularly as it is conducted in English public schools.

I have perceived a certain hardihood and manliness of character in boys who have had a public education, superior to what appears in those of the same age educated privately.

At a public school, though a general attention is paid to the whole, in many particulars each boy is necessitated to decide and act for himself. His reputation among his companions depends solely on his own conduct. This gradually strengthens the mind, inspires firmness and decision, and prevents that wavering imbecility observable

in those who have been long accustomed to rely upon the assistance and opinion of others.

The original impressions which sink into the heart and mind, and form the character, never change.—The objects of our attention vary in the different periods of life.—This is sometimes mistaken for a change of character, which in reality remains essentially the same.—He who is reserved, deceitful, cruel, or avaricious, when a boy; will not, in any future period of life, become open, faithful, compassionate, or generous.

The young mind has, at a public school, the best chance of receiving those sentiments which incline the heart to friendship, and correct selfishness. They are drawn in by observation, which is infinitely more powerful than precept.

A boy perceives, that courage, generosity, gratitude, command the esteem and applause of all his companions. He cherishes these qualities in his own breast, and endeavours to connect himself in friendship with those who possess them.—He sees that meanness of spirit, ingratitude, and perfidy, are the objects of detestation.—He shuns the boys who display any indications of these odious qualities. What is the object of applause or contempt to his school-fellows, he will endeavour to graft into, or eradicate from his own character, with ten thousand times more eagerness than that which was applauded and censured by his tutor or parents.

The admonitions of these last have probably lost their effect by frequent repetition; or he may imagine their maxims are only applicable to a former age, and to manners which are obsolete.—But he feels the sentiments of his companions affect his reputation and fame in the most sensible manner.

In all the countries of Europe, England excepted, such a deference is paid to boys of rank at the public schools, that emulation, the chief spur to diligence, is greatly blunted.—The boys in the middle rank of life are depressed by the insolence of their titled companions, which they

are not allowed to correct or retaliate.——This has the worst effect on the minds of both, by rendering these more insolent, and those more abject.

The public schools in England disdain this mean partiality; and are, on that account, peculiarly useful to boys of high rank and great fortune. These young people are exceedingly apt to imbibe false ideas of their own importance, which in those impartial seminaries will be perfectly ascertained, and the real merit of the youths weighed in juster scales than are generally to be found in a parent's house.

The young peer will be taught by the masters, and still more effectually by his comrades, this most useful of all lessons,—to expect distinction and esteem from personal qualities only; because no other can make him estimable, or even save him from contempt.——He will see a dunce of high rank flogged with as little ceremony as the son of a tailor; and the richest coward kicked about by his companions equally with the poorest poltroon.—He will find that diligence, genius, and spirit, are the true sources of superiority and applause, both within and without the school.

The active principle of emulation, when allowed full play, as in the chief schools in England, operates in various ways, and always with a good effect.——If a boy finds that he falls beneath his companions in literary merit, he will endeavour to excel them in intrepidity, or some other accomplishment.——If he be brought to disgrace for neglecting his exercise, he will try to save himself from contempt by the firmness with which he bears his punishment.

The listlessness and indolence to be found so frequently among our young people of rank, are not to be imputed to their education at a public school, which in reality has the greatest tendency to counteract these habits, and often does so, and gives an energy to the mind which remains through life.

Those wretched qualities creep on afterwards, when the youths became their own masters, and have enfeebled

their minds by indulging in all the pleasures which fortune puts in their power, and luxury presents.

Upon the whole, I am clearly of opinion, that the earliest period of every Englishman's education, during which the mind receives the most lasting impressions, ought to be in England.

If, however, the opinion of relations, or any peculiarity in situation, prevents his being educated at home, Geneva should be preferred to any other place. Or if, by some neglect, either of his own or his parents, a young English gentleman of fortune has allowed the first years of youth to fly unimproved, and has attained the age of seventeen or eighteen with little literary knowledge, I know no place where he may have a better chance of recovering what he has lost than in this city. He may have a choice of men of eminence, in every branch of literature, to assist him in his studies, a great proportion of whom are men of genius, and as amiable in their manners as they are eminent in their particular professions.

He will have constant opportunities of being in company with very ingenious people, whose thoughts and conversation turn upon literary subjects. In such society, a young man will feel the necessity of some degree of study. This will gradually form a taste for knowledge, which may remain through life.

It may also be numbered among the advantages of this place, that there are few objects of dissipation, and hardly any sources of amusement, besides those derived from the natural beauties of the country, and from an intimacy with a people by whose conversation a young man can scarce fail to improve.

P. S. An English nobleman and his lady having taken the resolution of educating their son at Geneva, attended him hither, and have effectually prevented the inconveniences above mentioned, by remaining with him for seven or eight years.

The hospitality, generosity, and benevolent dispositions

of this family had acquired them the highest degree of popularity. I saw them leave the place. Their carriage could with difficulty move through the multitude, who were assembled in the streets.——Numbers of the poorer sort, who had been relieved by their secret charity, unable longer to obey the injunctions of their benefactors, proclaimed their gratitude aloud.

The young gentleman was obliged to come out again and again to his old friends and companions, who pressed around the coach to bid him farewell, and express their sorrow for his departure, and their wishes for his prosperity. The eyes of the parents overflowed with tears of happiness; and the whole family carried along with them the affections of the greater part, and the esteem of all the citizens.

LETTER XXXII.

Geneva.

Suicide is very frequent at Geneva. I am told this has been the case ever since the oldest people in the republic can remember; and there is reason to believe, that it happens oftener here, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in England, or any other country of Europe.

The multiplicity of instances which has occurred since I have been here is astonishing. Two that have happened very lately are remarkable for the peculiar circumstances which accompanied them.

The first was occasioned by a sudden and unaccountable fit of despair, which seized the son of one of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of the republic. This young gentleman had, in appearance, every reason to be satisfied with his lot. He was handsome, and in the vigour of youth, married to a woman of an excellent character, who had brought him a great fortune, and by whom he was the father of a fine child. In the midst of all these blessings, surrounded by every thing which could inspire a man with an attachment to life, he felt it insup-

portable, and without any obvious cause of chagrin, determined to destroy himself.

Having passed some hours with his mother, a most valuable woman, and with his wife and child, he left them in apparent good-humour, went into another room, applied the muzzle of a musket to his forehead, thrust back the trigger with his toe, and blew out his brains, in the hearing of the unsuspecting company he had just quitted.

The second instance, is that of a blacksmith, who, taking the same fatal resolution, and not having any convenient instrument at hand, charged an old gun-barrel with a brace of bullets, and putting one end into the fire of his forge, tied a string to the handle of the bellows, by pulling of which he could make them play, while he was at a convenient distance. Kneeling down, he then placed his head near the mouth of the barrel, and moving the bellows by means of the string, they blew up the fire, he keeping his head with astonishing firmness, and horrible deliberation, in that position, till the farther end of the barrel was so heated as to kindle the powder, whose explosion instantly drove the bullets through his brains.

Though I know that this happened literally as I have related, yet there is something so extraordinary, and almost incredible in the circumstances, that perhaps I should not have mentioned it, had it not been well attested, and known to the inhabitants of Geneva, and all the English who are at present here.

Why suicide is more frequent in Great Britain and Geneva than elsewhere, would be a matter of curious investigation. For it appears very extraordinary, that men should be most inclined to kill themselves in countries where the blessings of life are best secured. There must be some strong and peculiar cause for an effect so preposterous.

Before coming here, I was of opinion, that the frequency of suicide in England, was occasioned in a great measure by the stormy and unequal climate, which, while it clouds the sky, throws also a gloom over the minds of the

natives.—To this cause, foreigners generally add, that of the use of coal, instead of wood, for fuel.

I rested satisfied with some vague theory, built on these taken together:—But neither can account for the same effect at Geneva, where coal is not used, and where the climate is the same with that in Switzerland, Savoy, and the neighbouring parts of France, where instances of suicide are certainly much more rare.

Without presuming to decide what are the remote causes of this fatal propensity, it appears evident to me, that no reasoning can have the smallest force in preventing it, but what is founded upon the soul's immortality and a future state.—What effect can the common arguments have on a man who does not believe that necessary and important doctrine?—He may be told, that he did not give himself life, therefore he has no right to take it away:—that he is a sentinel on a post, and ought to remain till he is relieved;—what is all this to the man who thinks he is never to be questioned for his violence and desertion?

If you attempt to pique this man's pride, by asserting, that it is a greater proof of courage to bear the ills of life, than to fly from them; he will answer you from the Roman history, and ask, whether Cato, Cassius, and Marcus Brutus, were cowards?

The great legislator of the Jews seems to have been convinced, that no law or argument against suicide could have any influence on the minds of people who were ignorant of the soul's immortality; and therefore, as he did not think it necessary to instruct them in the one, (for reasons which the bishop of Gloucester has unfolded in his treatise on the divine legation of Moses), he also thought it superfluous to give them any express law against the other.

Those philosophers, therefore, who have endeavoured to shake this great and important conviction from the minds of men, have thereby opened a door to suicide as well as to other crimes.—For, whoever reasons against

that, without founding upon the doctrine of a future state, will soon see all his arguments overturned.

It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in many cases this question is decided by men's feelings, independent of reasonings of any kind.

Nature has not trusted a matter of so great importance entirely to the fallible reason of man; but has planted in the human breast such a love of life, and horror of death, as seldom can be overcome even by the greatest misfortunes.

But there is a disease which sometimes affects the body, and afterwards communicates its baneful influence to the mind, over which it hangs such a cloud of horrors as renders life absolutely insupportable. In this dreadful state, every pleasing idea is banished, and all the sources of comfort in life are poisoned.——Neither fortune, honours, friends, nor family, can afford the smallest satisfaction.——Hope, the last pillar of the wretched, falls to the ground—despair lays hold of the abandoned sufferer—then all reasoning becomes vain——Even arguments of religion have no weight, and the poor creature embraces death as his only friend, which, as he thinks, may terminate, but cannot augment, his misery. I am, &c.

P. S. You need not write till you hear from me again, as I think it is probable that we shall have left this place before your letter could arrive.

LETTER XXXIII.

Lausanne.

The duke of Hamilton having a desire to visit some of the German courts, we bade adieu to our friends at Geneva, and are thus far on our intended journey. It is of peculiar advantage in Germany, above all other countries, to be in company with a man of rank and high title, because it facilitates your reception every where, and supersedes the necessity of recommendatory letters.

I have met here with my friend Brydone, whose com-

pany and conversation have retarded our journey, by supplying the chief objects of travelling, if amusement and instruction are to be ranked among them. He is here with the marquis of Lindsey, a lively, spirited young man;—one of those easy, careless characters, so much beloved by their intimates, and so regardless of the opinion of the rest of mankind.

Since you hold me to my promise of writing so very regularly, you must sometimes expect to receive a letter dated from three or four different places, when either my short stay in one place deprives me of the leisure, or meeting with nothing uncommon in another, deprives me of materials for so long a letter as you require.

The road from Geneva to this town is along the side of the lake, through a delightful country, abounding in vineyards which produce the *vin de la côte*, so much esteemed. All the little towns on the way, Nyon, Rolle, and Morges, are finely situated, neatly built, and inhabited by a thriving and contented people.

Lausanne is the capital of this charming country, which formerly belonged to the duke of Savoy, but is now under the dominion of the canton of Bern.

However mortifying this may be to the former possessor, it has certainly been a happy dispensation to the inhabitants of the Payes de Vaud, who are in every respect more at their ease, and in a better situation, than any of the subjects of his Sardinian majesty.

This city is situated near the lake, and at the distance of about thirty miles from Geneva. As the nobility, from the country, and from some parts of Switzerland, and the families of several officers who have retired from service, reside here, there is an air of more ease and gaiety (perhaps also more politeness) in the societies at Lausanne, than in those of Geneva: at least this is firmly believed and asserted by all the nobles of this place, who consider themselves as greatly superior to the citizens of Geneva. These, on the other hand, talk a good deal of the poverty, frivolousness, and ignorance of those same nobility,

and make no scruple of ranking their own enlightened mechanics above them in every essential quality.

Vevay.

THE road between Lausanne and Vevay is very mountainous: but the mountains are cultivated to the summits, and covered with vines.——This would have been impracticable on account of the steepness, had not the proprietors built strong stone-walls at proper intervals, one above the other, which support the soil, and form little terraces from the bottom to the top of the mountains.

The peasants ascend by narrow stairs, and, before they arrive at the ground they are to cultivate, have frequently to mount higher than a mason who is employed in repairing the top of a steeple.

The mountainous nature of this country subjects it to frequent torrents, which, when violent, sweep away vines, soil, and walls in one common destruction. The inhabitants behold the havoc with a steady concern, and, without giving way to the clamorous rage of the French, or sinking into the gloomy despair of the English, think only of the most effectual means of repairing the loss.—As soon as the storm has abated, they begin, with admirable patience and perseverance, to rebuild the walls, to carry fresh earth on hurdles to the top of the mountain, and to spread a new soil wherever the old has been washed away.

Where property is perfectly secure, and men allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, they are capable of efforts unknown in those countries where despotism renders every thing precarious, and where a tyrant reaps what slaves have sown.

This part of the Pays de Vaud is inhabited by the descendants of those unhappy people, who were driven by the most absurd and cruel persecution from the valleys of Piedmont and Savoy.

I will not assert that the iniquity of the persecutors has

been visited upon their children; but the sufferings and stedfastness of the persecuted seem to be recompensed by the happy situation in which their children of the third and fourth generations are now placed.

Vevay is a pretty little town, containing between three and four thousand inhabitants. It is sweetly situated on a plain, near the head of the lake of Geneva, where the Rhone enters. The mountains behind the town, though exceedingly high, are entirely cultivated, like those on the road from Lausanne.

There is a large village about half-way up the mountain, in a direct line above Vevay, which, viewed from below, seems adhering to the side of the precipice, and has a very singular and romantic appearance.

The principal church is detached from the town, and situated on a hill which overlooks it. From the terrace, or church-yard, there is a view of the Alps, the Rhone, the lake, with towns and villages on its margin.——Within this church the body of General Ludlow is deposited. That steady republican withdrew from Lausanne to this place, after the assassination of his friend Lisle, who was shot through the heart, as he was going to church, by a ruffian, who had come across the lake for that purpose, and who, amidst the confusion occasioned by the murder, got safe to the boat, and escaped to the duke of Savoy's territories on the other side, where he was openly protected.—This was a pitiful way of avenging the death of a monarch, who, whether justly or not, had been publicly condemned and executed.

There is a long Latin epitaph on Ludlow's monument, enumerating many circumstances of his life, but omitting the most remarkable of them all. He is called, Patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus,* &c.—But no nearer hint is given of his having been one of King Charles I's judges, and of his having signed the sentence against that ill-fated prince.

* A defender of the liberty of his native country, and a determined opposer of arbitrary power, &c.

However fond the Swiss in general may be of liberty, and however partial to its assertors, it is presumable that those who protected Ludlow did not approve of this part of his story, and on that account a particular mention of it was not made on his tomb.

There is no travelling by post through Switzerland; we therefore hired horses at Geneva, to carry us to Basil; from whence we can proceed by post to Strasbourg, which is the route we design to take. We leave Lausanne the day after to-morrow.

LETTER XXXIV.

Bern.

On my return from Vevay to Lausanne, I found our friend Mr. Harvey at the inn, with the duke of Hamilton. His Grace inclines to remain sometime longer at that city; but desired that I might proceed with the carriages and all the servants, except his valet-de-chambre and one footman, to Strasbourg, which I readily agreed to, on his promising to join me there within a few days. Harvey, at the same time, made the very agreeable proposal of accompanying me to Strasbourg, where he will remain till our departure from thence, leaving his chaise for the duke.

We began our journey the following day, and were escorted as far as Payerne by Messrs. Brydone and Humberston, where we passed a gay evening, and proceeded next morning to the town of Avanche, the capital of Switzerland in Tacitus's time.*

No country in the world can be more agreeable to tra-

* Near this town, the Helvetians were defeated by Cæcina, one of Vitellius's lieutenants.—Multa hominum millia cæsa, multa sub corona venumdata. Cumque direptis omnibus, Aventicum gentis caput justo agmine peteretur. TACITI HISTORIA, lib. 1, cap. 68.

—Many thousands were slain, and many thousands sold as slaves; and, after committing great ravage, the army marched in order of battle to Aventicum the capital of the country.

vellers during the summer than Switzerland: for, bes the commodious roads and comfortable inns, some of most beautiful objects of nature, woods, mountains, l intermingled with fertile fields, vineyards, and scene the most perfect cultivation, are here presented to eye in greater variety, and on a larger scale than in other country.

From Avanche we advanced to Murten, or Murat, as pronounced by the French, a neat little town, situated u a rising ground, on the side of the lake of the same na

The army of Charles duke of Burgundy, besieging town, was defeated, with great slaughter, by the Sv in the year 1476. Near the road, within a mile of M rat, there is a little building full of human bones, wl are said to be those of the Burgundians slain in that tle. As this curious cabinet was erected many years ter the battle, it may be supposed, that some of the bo of the victors are here packed up along with those of vanquished, in order to swell the collection.

There are several inscriptions on the chapel.

DEO OPTIM. MAX.
CAROLI INCLITI ET FORTISSIMI BURGUNDIÆ DUCIS
EXERCITUS MURATUM OBSIDENS AB HELVETIIS
CÆSUS HOC SUI MONUMENTUM RELIQUIT 1476.

On another side is the following.—

SACELLUM
QUO RELIQUIAS
EXERCITUS BURGUNDICI
AB HELVETIIS, A 1476,
PIA ANTIQUITAS CONDIDIT.
RENOVARI
VIISQUE PUBLICIS MUNIRI
JUSSERUNT
RERUM NUNC DOMINÆ
REIPUBLICÆ
BERNENSIS ET FRIBURGENSIS
ANNO 1755.

The borders of the lake of Murat are enriched with gentlemen's houses, and villages in great abundance.

The dress, manners, and persons of the inhabitants of this country indicate a different people from the Genevois, Savoyards, or the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud.

We dined at Murat, and remained several hours in the town. There was a fair, and a great concourse of people. ——The Swiss peasants are the tallest and most robust I have ever seen Their dress is very particular.—They have little round hats, like those worn by the Dutch skippers.—Their coats and waistcoats are all of a kind of coarse black cloth.—Their breeches are made of coarse linen, something like sailors trowsers; but drawn together in plaits below the knees, and the stockings are of the same stuff with the breeches.

The women wear short jackets, with a great superfluity of buttons. The unmarried women value themselves on the length of their hair, which they separate into two divisions, and allow to hang at its full length, braided with ribands in the Ramillie fashion.——After marriage, these tresses are no longer permitted to hang down; but, being twisted round the head in spiral lines, are fixed at the crown with large silver pins. This is the only difference, in point of dress, which matrimony makes.

Married and unmarried wear straw hats, ornamented with black ribands. So far the women's dress is becoming enough; but they have an awkward manner of fixing their petticoats so high as to leave hardly any waist. This encroachments of the petticoats upon the waist, with the amazing number they wear, gives a size and importance to the lower and hind part of the body to which it is by no means entitled, and mightily deforms the appearance of the whole person.

The elegant figure of the Venus de Medicis, or of the duchess of Devonshire, would be impaired, or annihilated, under such a preposterous load of dress.——As we ar-

rived only this afternoon, I can say nothing of Bern. You shall hear more in my next. Meanwhile I am, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

Bern.

Bern is a regular well-built town, with some air of magnificence. The houses are of a fine white free-stone, and pretty uniform, particularly in the principal street, where they are all exactly of the same height. There are piazzas on each side, with a walk, raised four feet above the level of the street, very commodious in wet weather.

A small branch of the Aar has been turned into this street, and being confined to a narrow channel in the middle, which has a considerable slope, it runs with great rapidity; and, without being a disagreeable object of itself, is of great service in keeping the street clean.

Another circumstance contributes to render this one of the most cleanly towns in Europe:—Criminals are employed in removing rubbish from the streets and public walks. The more atrocious delinquents are chained to waggons, while those who are condemned for smaller crimes, are employed in sweeping the light rubbish into the rivulet, and throwing the heavier into the carts or waggons, which their more criminal companions are obliged to push or draw along.

These wretches have collars of iron fixed around their necks, with a projecting handle in the form of a hook to each, by which, on the slightest offence or mutiny, they may be seized, and are entirely at the command of the guard, whose duty it is to see them perform their work. —People of both sexes are condemned to this labour for months, years, or for life, according to the nature of their crimes.

It is alleged, that over and above the deterring from crimes, which is affected by this, in common with the other methods of punishing, there is the additional advan-

tage, of obliging the criminal to repair by his labour the injury which he has done to the community.

I suspect, however, that this advantage is overbalanced by the bad effects of habituating people to behold the misery of their fellow-creatures, which I imagine gradually hardens the hearts of the spectators, and renders them less susceptible of the emotions of compassion and pity; —feelings, which, perhaps, of all others, have the best influence upon, and are the most becoming, human nature. Juvenal says,—

——— mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit: hæc nostri pars optima sensûs.*

Wherever public executions and punishments are frequent, the common people have been observed to acquire a greater degreee of insensibility and cruelty of disposition, than in places where such scenes seldom occur.— I remember, while I was at Geneva, where executions are very rare, a young man was condemned to be hanged for murder, and there was a general gloom and uneasiness evident in every society for several days before and after the execution.

The public buildings at Bern, as the hospital, the granary, the guard-house, the arsenal, and the churches, are magnificent. There is a very elegant building just completed, with accommodations for many public amusements, such as balls, concerts, and theatrical entertainments. There are also apartments for private societies and assemblies. It was built by a voluntary subscription among the nobility: and no societies, but of the patrician order, are allowed there.

Theatrical entertainments are seldom permitted at Bern; none have as yet been performed at this new theatre.

The walk by the great church was formerly the only

* Nature avows, that she has bestowed the most compassionate hearts on the human race, by giving them tears; and this sensibility is the best quality of our minds.

public walk, and much admired on account of the view from it, and the peculiarity of its situation, being on a level with the streets on one side, and some hundred feet of perpendicular height above them on the other. But there is now another public walk, at some distance without the town, which has been lately made upon a high bank by the side of the Aar, and is the most magnificent I ever saw belonging to this or any other town. From it there is a commanding view of the river, the town of Bern, the country about it, and the glaciers of Switzerland.

I have visited the library, where, besides the books, there are a few antiques, and some other curiosities. The small figure of the priest pouring wine between the horns of a bull, is valuable only because it illustrates a passage in Virgil, and has been mentioned by Addison.

An addition was lately made to this library by a collection of English books, magnificently bound, which were sent as a present by an English gentleman; who, though he has thought proper to conceal his name, has sufficiently discovered his political principles by the nature of the collection, amongst which, I distinguished Milton's works, particularly his prose writings; Algernon Sidney on Government, Locke, Ludlow's Memoirs, Gordon's translation of Tacitus, Addison's works, particularly The Freeholder; Marvel's works, Steel's, &c. They were the largest and finest editions, and might be about the value of £200.—This gentleman made a present of the same nature to the public library at Geneva.

I happened to open the Glasgow edition of Homer, which I saw here, on a blank page of which was an address in Latin to the Corsican general, Paoli, signed James Boswell. This very elegant book had been sent, I suppose, as a present from Mr. Boswell to his friend the general; and, when that unfortunate chief was obliged to abandon his country, fell, with other of his effects, into the hands of the Swiss officer in the French service, who made a present of the Homer to this library.

The arsenal I could not have omitted seeing had I been so inclined, as the Bernois value themselves on the trophies contained in it, and upon the quantity, good condition, and arrangement of the arms.

Nothing interested me so much as the figures of the brave Switzers, who first took arms against tyranny, and that of William Tell, who is represented aiming at the apple on his son's head. I contemplated this with an emotion which was created by the circumstances of the story, not by the workmanship; for, at that moment, I should have beheld with neglect the most exquisite statue that ever was formed of Augustus Cæsar.

Surely no characters have so just a claim to the admiration and gratitude of posterity, as those who have freed their countrymen from the capricious insolence of tyrants: And whether all the incidents of Tell's story be true or fabulous, the men (whoever they were) who roused and incited their fellow-citizens to throw off the Austrian yoke, deserve to be regarded as patriots, having undoubtedly been actuated by that principle, so dear to every generous heart, the spirit of independence.

'Who with the gen'rous rustics sate,
'On Uri's rock, in close divan,
'And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
'Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.'*

Mr. Addison observes, that there is no great pleasure in visiting arsenals, merely to see a repetition of these magazines of war; yet it is worth while, as it gives an idea of the force of a state, and serves to fix in the mind the most considerable parts of its history.

The arms taken from the Burgundians, in the various battles which established the liberty of Switzerland, are displayed here; also the figure of the general of Bern, who, in the year 1536, conquered the Pays de Vaud from Charles III, duke of Savoy.—And, if they have no trophies to shew of a later date, I am convinced it is because they are too poor and too wise to aim at any extension of

* Smollet's Ode to Independence.

dominion :—And because all the neighbouring powers are at length become sensible, that the nature of their country, and their personal valour, have rendered the Swiss as unconquerable, as from political considerations they are averse to attempt conquests.

LETTER XXXVI.

Bern.

THE different cantons of Switzerland, though united together by a common bond, and all of a republican form of government, differ in the nature of that form, as well as in religion.

The Roman Catholic religion being favourable to monarchy, one would naturally imagine, that, when adopted by a republic, it would gradually wind up the government to the highest pitch of aristocracy.

The fact nevertheless is, that those cantons, which are in the strongest degree democratical, are of the Popish persuasion; and the most perfect aristocracy of them all is established in this Protestant canton of Bern, which is also indeed the most powerful. In extent of country, and number of inhabitants, it is reckoned nearly equal to all the others taken together.

The nobility of Bern are accused of an extraordinary degree of pride and stateliness. They affect to keep the citizens at a great distance; and it is with difficulty that their wives and daughters will condescend to mix with the mercantile families at balls, assemblies, and such public occasions, where numbers seem essential to the nature of the entertainment; by which means a nobility ball loses in cheerfulness what it retains in dignity, and is often, as I am told, as devoid of amusement as it is solemn.

The whole power of the government, and all the honourable offices of the state, are in the hands of the nobility. As it is not permitted them to trade, they would naturally fall into poverty without this resource: But by the number of places which the nobles enjoy, and to which

very considerable pensions are annexed, the poorest of them are enabled to support their families with dignity.

The bailliages, into which the whole canton and the conquered territories are divided, form lucrative and honourable establishments for the principal families of Bern. The bailiff is governor and judge in his own district, and there is a magnificent chateau in each for his accommodation. An appeal may be made from all subordinate courts to him; as also from his decision, to the council at Bern.

The nobility of Bern, though born to be judges, are not always instructed in law. It has therefore been thought requisite, to appoint a certain number of persons, as their assessors, who have been bred to the profession. But in case the judge should differ from those assessors, and retain his own opinion in spite of their remonstrances, as nobility has the precedency of law, the decision must be given according to the will of the judge.

This office remains in the hands of the same person for the term of six years only. I have been informed, that in some of these bailliages, the governor may live with proper magnificence, and lay up, during the period of his office, two or three thousand pounds, without extortion, or unbecoming parsimony. There is no law against his being afterwards named to another bailliage.

The executive power of the government, with all the lucrative and honourable offices, being thus in the hands of the nobility, it may be imagined, that the middle and lower ranks of people are poor and oppressed. This, however, is by no means the case; for the citizens, I mean the merchants and tradespeople, seem, in general, to enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of life. And the peasantry is uncommonly wealthy throughout the whole canton of Bern.

The Swiss have no objection to their nobles being their judges, and to their principal offices of government remaining in their hands. They look upon the nobility as their natural superiors, and think, that they and their families ought to be supported with a certain degree of

splendour:—But the power of direct taxation is a different question, and must be managed with all possible caution and delicacy. It is a common cause, and the conduct of the nobles in this particular is watched with very jealous eyes. They are sufficiently aware of this, and use their power with moderation. But lest the nobles should at any time forget, a very good hint is given in a German inscription in the arsenal, implying, that the insolence and rapacity of high rank had brought about the liberty of Switzerland.

A people who have always arms in their hands, and form the only military force of the country, are in no danger of being oppressed and irritated with taxes.

It has been considered by some as a pernicious policy in the Swis, to allow so many of their inhabitants to serve as mercenaries in the different armies of Europe. There are others, who consider this measure as expedient, or less pernicious in the Swiss cantons, than it would be in any other country.

They who support this opinion assert, that every part of Switzerland, which is capable of cultivation, is already improved to the highest degree; that, after retaining a sufficient number of hands to keep it always in this condition, and for the support of every manufactory, still there remains a surplus of inhabitants, which forms the troops that are allowed to go into foreign services. They add, that these troops only engage for a limited number of years, after the expiration of which, many of them return with money to their native country; and all of them, by stipulation, may be recalled by the state on any emergency.—By this means, they retain a numerous and well disciplined army on foot: which, so far from being a burden, in reality enriches the state:—an advantage which no other people ever possessed.

There is still another motive for this measure, which, though it be not openly avowed, yet I suspect has considerable weight: The council are perhaps afraid, that if the young nobility were kept at home, where they could

have but few objects to occupy them, they might cabal and spread dissensions in the state ; or perhaps, through idleness and ambition, excite dangerous insurrections among the peasants. For, although the laws are severe against state crimes, and easily put in execution against ordinary offenders, it might be difficult and dangerous to punish a popular young nobleman.

It may on these accounts be thought highly prudent, to allow a large proportion of them to exhaust, in some foreign service, the fiery and restless years of youth, which at home might have been spent in faction and dangerous intrigues. Very probably the states would incline to permit the officers to go, while they retained the private men at home ; but are under a neccessity of allowing the latter also, because without them the officers could not be raised to those distinguished situations in foreign services which are their greatest inducements to leave their own country.

After having served a certain time, almost all of them return to Switzerland. Some, because they are tired of dissipation ; others to inherit a paternal estate ; and many with pensions from the princes they have served.—The heat of youth is then most probably over.—They begin to aspire to those offices in their own country to which their birth gives them a claim, and which they now prefer to the lustre of military rank. They wish to support those laws, and that government, which they find so partial to their families ; or they desire to pass the remainder of life in ease and retirement on their paternal estates.

It is remarkable, that the Swiss officers, who return from foreign services, particularly that of France, instead of importing French manners to their native mountains, and infecting their countrymen with the luxuries and fopperies of that nation, throw off all foreign airs with their uniform, and immediately resume the plain and frugal style of life which prevails in their own country.

LETTER XXXVII.

Basil.

HAVING, on a former occasion, made a more extensive tour through Switzerland, we determined not to deviate from the direct road to Strasbourg. In pursuance of this resolution, Harvey and I, when we left Bern, passed by Soleurre, the capital of the canton of the same name.

Soleurre is an agreeable little town situated on the river Aar. The houses are neatly built, and not inelegant; the meanest of them have a cleanly appearance. The common people seem to be in easier circumstances, and have a greater air of content, than in any Roman Catholic country I have ever visited. The inn where we lodged has the comfortable look of an English one. The French ambassador to the cantons has his residence in this town. One of the churches of Soleurre is the most magnificent modern building in Switzerland.

The arsenal is stored with arms, in proportion to the number of inhabitants in the canton; and there are trophies, and other monuments of the value of their ancestors, as in the arsenal of Bern. In the middle of the hall there are thirteen figures of men in complete armour, representing the thirteen Swiss cantons.

The country between Soleurre and Basil, though very hilly, is beautiful, perhaps the more so on that account; because of the variety of surface and different views it presents. Harvey and I had more leisure to admire those fine landscapes than we wished, for the axletree of the chaise broke at some miles distant from Basil.

It was the gay season of the vintage.—The country was crowded with peasantry of both sexes and every age, all employed in gathering and carrying home the grapes. Our walk for these few miles was agreeable and amusing. In all countries this is the season of joy and festivity, and approaches nearest the exaggerated description which the ancient poets have given of rural happiness. Perhaps

there is in reality not so much exaggeration in their description, as alteration in our manners.—For if the peasants were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, would not their lives be more delightful than those of any other people?—In spite of poverty and oppression, a happy enthusiasm, a charming madness, and perfect oblivion of care, are diffused all over France during the vintage.—Every village is enlivened with music, dancing, and glee;—and were it not for their tattered clothes and emaciated countenances, one who viewed them in the vintage season, would imagine the country people of France in a situation as enviable as that which, according to the poets, was formerly enjoyed by the shepherds of Arcadia.—The peasantry of this country have not so great a sensibility or expression of joy; and though blessed with health, freedom, and abundance, a composed satisfaction, a kind of phlegmatic good-humour, mark the boundaries of their happiness.

When we arrived at Basil, we went directly to the Three Kings. This inn, in point of situation, is the most agreeable you can well imagine. The Rhone washes its walls, and the windows of a large dining-room look across that noble river to the fertile plains on the opposite side.

I am just returned from that same dining-room, where Harvey and I thought proper to sup.—There were ten or a dozen people at table. I sat next to a genteel-looking man from Strasbourg, with whom I conversed a good deal during supper. He had for his companion a round faced, rosy, plump gentleman, from Amsterdam, who did not speak French; but the Strasbourger addressed him from time to time in Low Dutch, to which the other replied by nods.

When the retreat of the greater part of the company had contracted the little circle which remained, I expressed some regret to my Strasbourg acquaintance, that Mr. Harvey and I could not speak a little Dutch; or that his friend could not speak French, that we might enjoy the

pleasure of his conversation. This was immediately translated to the Dutchman, who heard it with great composure, and then took his pipe from his mouth, and made an answer, which I got our interpreter, with some difficulty, to explain. It was to this effect.—That we ought to console ourselves for the accident of our not understanding each other; for as we had no connection, or dealings in *trade* together, our conversing could not possibly answer any useful purpose. Harvey made a low bow to this compliment, saying, that the justness and good sense of that remark had certainly escaped my observation, as he acknowledged it had hitherto done his.

A man that travels, you see, my friend, and takes care to get into good company, is always learning something.—Had I not visited the Three Kings at Basil, I might have conversed all my lifetime without knowing the true use of language.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Basil.

THERE has been an interval of three days since I had the conversation with my ingenious acquaintance from Amsterdam. We are assured that the chaise, which has been accommodated with a new axletree, will be ready this afternoon. In the interim, I shall write you a few remarks on this town.

Basil is larger than any town in Switzerland, but not so populous for its size as Geneva. The inhabitants seem to be uncommonly afraid of thieves, most of the windows being guarded by iron bars or grates, like those of convents or prisons.

I observed at the lower end of many windows a kind of wooden box, projecting towards the street, with a round glass, of about half a foot diameter, in the middle. I was told this was for the conveniency of people within; who, without being seen, choose to sit at the windows, and a-

muse themselves by looking at the passengers;—that they were mostly occupied by the ladies, who are taught to think it indecent to appear at the windows.

The inhabitants of Basil seem to be of a reserved and saturnine disposition; whether it is natural or affected I cannot tell, but the few I conversed with, had something uncommonly serious and formal in their manner. How an unremitting gravity and solemnity of manner, in the common affairs of life, comes to be considered as an indication of wisdom, or of extraordinary parts, is what I never could understand.—So many ridiculous things occur every day in this world, that men, who are endowed with that degree of sensibility which usually accompanies genius, find it very difficult to maintain a continued gravity. This difficulty is abundantly felt even in the grave and learned professions of law, physic, and divinity; and the individuals who have been most successful in surmounting it, and who never deviate from the solemnity of established forms, have not been always the most distinguished for real knowledge or genius; though they generally are most admired by the multitude, who are very apt to mistake that gravity for wisdom, which proceeds from a literal weight of brain, and muddiness of understanding. Mistakes of the same kind are frequently made in forming a judgment of books as well as men. Those which profess a formal design to instruct and reform, and carry on the work methodically till the reader is lulled into repose, have passed for deep and useful performances; while others, replete with original observation and real instruction, have been treated as frivolous, because they are written in a familiar style, and the precepts conveyed in a sprightly and indirect manner.

Works which are composed with the laborious desire of being thought profound, have so very often the misfortune to be dull, that some people have considered the two terms as synonymous; and the men who receive it as a rule, that one set of books are profound because they are dull, may naturally conclude that others are superficial because

they are entertaining. With respect to books, however, matters are soon set to rights; those of puffed and false pretensions die neglected, while those of real merit live and flourish. But with regard to the men, the catastrophe is often different; we daily see formal assuming blockheads flourish and enjoy the fruits of their pompous impositions, while many men of talents who disdain such arts, live in obscurity, and die neglected.—— I ask your pardon, I have just recollected that I was giving you some account of Basil.

The library here is much esteemed.—It is reckoned particularly rich in manuscripts. They showed us one of a Greek New Testament, with which you may believe Harvey and I were greatly edified. We are told it is above a thousand years old.

At the arsenal is shown the armour in which Charles duke of Burgundy was killed. That unfortunate prince has ornamented all the arsenals in Switzerland with trophies.

We visited the hall where the famous council sat so many years, and voted so intrepidly against the Pope. Not satisfied with condemning his conduct, they actually damned him in effigy. A famous painting, in the town-house, is supposed to have been executed under their auspices. In this piece the devil is represented driving the Pope and several ecclesiastics before him to hell.—Why they should suppose the devil should be so very active against his holiness, I know no reason.

Here are many pictures of Hans Holben's (who was a native of Basil, and the favourite painter of Henry VIII, to whom he was first recommended by Erasmus); particularly, several portraits of Erasmus, and one sketch of Sir Thomas More's family. Though portraits are in general the most insipid of all kinds of paintings, yet those of such celebrated persons, done by such a painter, are certainly very interesting pieces.

The most admired of all Holben's works, is a suit of small pieces in different compartments, representing the

passion and sufferings of our Saviour. In these the colours remain with wonderful vivacity.

We were also conducted to the dismal gallery, upon whose walls, what is called Holben's Death's Dance is represented. The colours having been long exposed to the air, are now quite faded, which I can scarce think is much to be regretted, for the plan of the piece is so wretched, that the finest execution could hardly prevent it from giving disgust.

A skeleton, which represents Death, leads off in a dancing attitude, people of both sexes, of all ages, and of every condition, from the emperor to the beggar. All of them display the greatest unwillingness to accompany their hideous partner, who, regardless of tears, expostulations, and bribes, draws them along.

You will take notice, that there is a Death for each character, which occasions a nauseous repetition of the same figure; and the reluctance marked by the different people who are forced to this hated minuet, is in some accompanied with grimaces so very ridiculous, that one cannot refrain from smiling; which surely is not the effect the painter intended to produce.—If he did, of all the contrivances that ever were thought of to put people in good-humour, his must be allowed the most extraordinary.

To this piece, such as it is, Prior alludes in his ode to the memory of Colonel Villers.

> Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,
> Imperious Death directs his ebon lance,
> Peoples great Henry's tomb, and leads up Holben's dance.

In this city all the clocks are about an hour advanced. When it is but one o'clock in all the towns and villages around, it is exactly two at Basil. This singularity is of three or four hundred years standing; and what is as singular as the custom itself, the origin of it is not known. This is plain, by their giving quite different accounts of it.

The most popular story is, that, about four hundred years ago, the city was threatened with an assault by sur-

prise. The enemy was to begin the attack when the large clock of the tower at one end of the bridge should strike one after midnight. The artist who had the care of the clock, being informed that this was the expected signal, caused the clock to be altered, and it struck two instead of one; so the enemy thinking they were an hour too late, gave up the attempt; and in commemoration of this deliverance, all the clocks in Basil have ever since struck two at one o'clock, and so on.

In case this account of the matter should not be satisfactory, they show, by way of confirmation, a head, which is placed near to this patriotic clock, with the face turned to the road by which the enemy was to have entered. This same head lolls out its tongue every minute, in the most insulting manner possible. This was originally a piece of mechanical wit of the famous clockmaker's who saved the town. He framed it in derision of the enemy, whom he had so dexterously deceived. It has been repaired, renewed, and enabled to thrust out its tongue every minute, for these four hundred years, by the care of the magistrates, who think so excellent a joke cannot be too often repeated.

LETTER XXXIX.

Strasbourg.

NOTHING can form a finer contrast with the mountains of Switzerland, than the plains of Alsace. From Basil to Strasbourg, is a continued, well-cultivated plain, as flat almost as a bowling-green. We saw great quantities of tobacco hanging at the peasants doors, as we came along, this herb being plentifully cultivated in these fields.

We have passed some days very agreeably in this town. One can scarcely be at a loss for good company and amusement, in a place where there is a numerous French garrison. Marechal Contades resides here at present, as commander of the troops, and governor of the province. He lives in a magnificent manner. The English who

happen to pass this way, as well as the officers of the garrison, have great reason to praise his hospitality and politeness.

After dining at his house with several English gentlemen, he invited the company to his box at the playhouse. Voltaire's Enfant Prodigue was acted; and for the Petite Piece, le François à Londres. Our nation is a little bantered, as you know, in the last. The eyes of the spectators were frequently turned towards the marechal's box, to observe how we bore the raillery. We clapped heartily, and shewed the most perfect good-humour. There was indeed no reason to do otherwise. The satire is genteel, and not too severe; and reparation is made for the liberties taken; for in the same piece, all manner of justice is done to the real good qualities belonging to the English national character.

An old French officer, who was in the next box to us, seemed uneasy, and hurt at the peals of laughter which burst from the audience at some particular passages: he touched my shoulder, and assured me that no nation was more respected in France than the English;—adding, 'Hanc veniam damus, petimusque vicissim.'

It were to be wished that French characters, when brought on the English stage, had been always treated with as little severity, and with equal justice; and not so often sacrificed to the illiberal and absurd prejudices of the vulgar.

I have seen the greater number of the regiments perform their exercise separately, and there has been one general field-day since I came hither. The French troops are infinitely better clothed, and in all respects better appointed than they were during the last war. For this reformation I am told they are obliged to the duc de Choiseul, who, though now in disgrace, still retains many friends in the army.

There are, besides the French, two German regiments in this garrison. These admit of the discipline of the cane upon every slight occasion, which is never permitted a-

mong the French troops. Notwithstanding their being so plentifully provided with those severe flappers to rouse their attention, I could not perceive that the German regiments went through their excercise with more precision or alertness than the French ; and any difference would, in my opinion, be dearly purchased at the price of treating one soldier like a spaniel.

Perhaps what improves the hardy and phlegmatic German, would have a contrary effect on the more delicate and lively Frenchman ; as the same severity which is requisite to train a pointer, would render a greyhound good for nothing.

After all, I question very much, whether this shocking custom is absolutely necessary in the armies of any nation ; for, let our Martinets say what they please, there is surely some difference between men and dogs.

With respect to the French, I am convinced that great severity would break their spirit, and impair that fire and impetuosity in attack, for which they have been distinguished, and which makes French troops more formidable than any other quality they possess.

I must own I was highly pleased with the easy, familiar air, and appearance of good will, with which the French officers in general speak to the common soldiers.—This, I am told, does not diminish the respect and obedience which soldiers owe to their superiors, or that degree of subordination which military discipline exacts. On the contrary, it is asserted, that to these properties, which the French possess in common with other soldiers, they join a kind of grateful attachment and affection.

In some services, the behaviour of the officers to the private soldiers is so morose, severe, and unrelenting, that a man might be led to believe that one of their principal enjoyments was to render the lives of the common men as miserable as possible.

If a certain degree of gentleness does no harm in the great articles of obedience and subordination, it is surely worth while to pay some attention to the feelings of so

large a proportion of mankind, as are by modern policy necessitated to follow a military life. To put *their* happiness entirely out of the question, in the government of the armies of which they form infinitely the major part, is rather hard treatment of creatures who are of the same species, employed in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers with their officers.

When I began this, I intended to have told you a few things about Strasbourg, instead of which I have been led out of my way by French and German soldiers.—Digressing is a trick to which I am very subject, and rather than not be indulged in it, I would throw away my pen altogether.

The duke of Hamilton arrived here exactly at the time he proposed.

LETTER XL.

Strasbourg.

THE cathedral of Strasbourg is a very fine building, and never fails to attract the attention of strangers.

Our Gothic ancestors, like the Greeks and Romans, built for posterity. Their ideas in architecture, though different from those of the Grecian artists, were vast, sublime, and generous, far superior to the selfish snugness of modern taste, which is generally confined to one or two generations; the plans of our ancestors with a more extensive benevolence embrace distant ages. Many Gothic buildings still habitable evince this, and ought to inspire sentiments of gratitude to those who have not grudged such labour and expense for the accommodation of their remote posterity.

The number and magnitude of Gothic churches, in the different countries of Europe, form a presumption, that the clergy were not devoid of public spirit in those days; for if the powerful ecclesiastics had then been entirely actuated by motives of self-interest, they would have turned the excessive influence which they had acquired over the

minds of their fellow-citizens, to purposes more immediately advantageous to themselves; instead of encouraging them to raise magnificent churches for the use of the public, they might have preached it up as still more meritorious to build fine houses and palaces for the immediate servants and ambassadors of God.—But we find very few ecclesiastical palaces, in comparison with the number of churches which still remain for the public conveniency. This sufficiently shows the injustice of those indiscriminating satirists, who assert that the clergy, in all ages and countries, have displayed a spirit equally proud and interested.

No species of architecture is better contrived for the dwelling of *heavenly pensive contemplation*, than the Gothic; it has a powerful tendency to fill the mind with sublime, solemn, and religious sentiments; the antiquity of the Gothic churches contributes to increase that veneration which their form and size inspire. We naturally feel a respect for a fabric into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assaults of many centuries, and of a thousand storms. That religious melancholy which usually possesses the mind in large Gothic churches, is however considerably counteracted by certain satirical bas reliefs, with which the pillars and cornices of this church of Strasbourg was originally ornamented.—The vices of monks are here exposed under the allegorical figure of hogs, asses, monkies, and foxes, which being dressed in monkish habits, perform the most venerable functions of religion. And for the edification of those who do not comprehend allegory, a monk in the robes of his order, is engraved on the pulpit in a most indecent posture, with a nun lying by him.

Upon the whole, the cathedral of Strasbourg is considered by some people as the most impious, and by others as the merriest Gothic church in Christendom. I leave you to solve the problem as you please.—As for me, I am a very unconcerned passenger.

I say nothing of the great clock and its various movements. Though it was an object of admiration when

first constructed, it is beheld with indifference by modern artists.

I had the curiosity to ascend the steeple of this cathedral, which is reckoned one of the highest in Europe, its height being 574 feet. You may easily form an idea of the view from it, when I tell you it comprehends the town of Strasbourg, the extensive plains of Alsace, with the Rhine flowing through them. Such views are not uncommon: They are always agreeable, but do not astonish and elevate the mind, like the wild, irregular, and sublime scenes in Switzerland.

One forenoon as I was sauntering through the streets with some of our countrymen, we were informed that the music of some of the regiments had been ordered to a particular church, where the count de ——, son of Lewis XV by madame de Pompadour, was expected to be at mass.—We all immediately went for the sake of the military music, and found a very numerous and genteel company attending. After having waited a considerable time, it struck twelve, upon which the whole company retired, without hearing the music or mass.—After mid-day the ceremony could not have been performed, although the count had come. Something very important must have intervened to prevent a Frenchman, and one of his character for politeness, from attending on such an occasion. There was however a murmur of disapprobation for this want of attention, and the priest was not applauded, who had hazarded the souls of a whole churchful of people, out of complaisance to one man; for those who imagine that a mass can save souls, must admit that the want of it may be the cause of damnation. Mr. Harvey whispered me,—'In England they would not have had half the complaisance for the king himself, accompanied by all his legitimate children, that these people have shewn to this son of a w—e.'

To indemnify myself for this disappointment, I went the same afternoon with a French officer to hear a celebrated preacher. The subject of his discourse was the miserable situation of men who are under the dominion of their

passions.—Do you wish for a sample of his discourse?—Here it is.——'A slave in the galleys (cried the preacher) is happier, and more free, than a man under the tyranny of his passions; for though the body of the slave is in chains, his mind may be free.—Whereas the wretch who is under the government of his passions, has his mind, his very soul, in chains.—Is his passion lust?—He will sacrifice a faithful servant to gratify it;—David did so.—Is it avarice?—he will betray his master;—Judas did so.—Is he attached to a mistress?—he will murder a saint to please her;—Herod did so.'

As we returned from the church, the French officer, who had been for some time in a reverie, said, Ma foi, cet homme parle avec beaucoup d'onction; je vais profiter de son sermon.—Où est ce que vous allez? said I.—Je m'en vais chez Nanette, replied he, pour me débarrasser de ma passion dominante.

Among the curiosities of the cathedral, I ought to have mentioned two large bells, which they show to strangers. One is of brass, and weighs ten tons; the other of silver, which they say weighs above two.—They also show a large French horn, whose history is as follows.—About four hundred years ago, the Jews formed a conspiracy to betray the city, and, with this identical horn, they intended to give the enemy notice when to begin the attack.

Is it not amazing that such a number of strange stories have been circulated concerning these same Jews?

The plot, however, was discovered; many of the Jews were burnt alive, the rest were plundered of their money and effects, and banished the town. And this horn is sounded twice every night from the battlements of the steeple in gratitude for the deliverance.

The Jews, as you would expect, deny every circumstance of this story, except the murdering and pillaging their countrymen. They say the whole story was fabricated to furnish a pretext for these robberies and murders, and assert that the steeple of Strasbourg, as has been said of the monument of London,

'Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies.'

LETTER XLI.

Manheim.

ALL the advantages I might propose from the duke of Hamilton's company, did not prevent my regret at parting from my friend Harvey, who set out for Lyons the same morning on which we left Strasbourg.

Upon crossing the Rhine we entered into the territories of the margrave of Baden Durlach, which lie along the banks of that river immediately opposite to Alsace.

At Rastade we were informed that the margrave and his family were at Karlscruch. Rastade is the capital of this prince's dominions.—The town is but small, and not very populous:—The margrave's palace, however, is sufficiently large.—We made only a short stay to examine it, being impatient to get on to Karlscruch.

There is another very magnificent palace at Karlscruch, built in good taste. It was begun many years ago, and has been lately finished by the reigning prince.

The town of Karlscruch is built on a regular plan. It consists of one principal street of above an English mile in length. This street is at a considerable distance in front of the palace, and in a parallel direction with it. All the other streets go off at different angles from the principal one, in such a manner as that whichsoever of them you enter, walking from it, the view is terminated by the front of the palace. The length of these smaller streets is ascertained, none of them being allowed to encroach on the spacious area, which is kept clear before the palace.

The principal street may be extended to any length, and as many additional streets as they please may be built from it, all of which, according to this plan, will have the palace for a termination.

The houses of this town are all as uniform as the streets, being of an equal size and height; so that one would be led to imagine that none of the inhabitants are in any considerable degree richer or poorer than their neighbours.

There are indeed a few new houses, more elegant than the others, belonging to some of the officers of the court, built at one side of the palace; but they are not, properly speaking, in the town.

Having announced in the usual form, that we wished to have the honour of paying our court to the margrave, an officer waited on the duke of Hamilton, and conducted us to the palace.

There were at dinner the reigning prince and princess; —three of their sons, the eldest of whom is married to a princess of Hesse Darmstadt—She, with one of her sisters, was present, also the princess dowager of Bareith, daughter to the duke of Brunswick; two general officers in the imperial service, and other ladies and gentlemen; making in all a company of above thirty at table.

The entertainment was splendid.—The margrave behaved with the politest attention to the duke of Hamilton, and with affability to every body.

The princess of Bareith is of a gay, lively, agreeable character. After dinner the duke took a view of the different apartments of the palace, and afterwards walked with the margrave in the gardens till the evening.

The same company were at supper; a band of music played during the repast, and the day went off in a more easy, agreeable manner than I could have expected, considering the number of princes and princesses.

The margrave of Baden Durlach is between forty and fifty years of age. He is a man of learning, good sense, and benevolent disposition. I had heard much, long before I saw him, of his humanity and attention to the well-being of his subjects. This made me view him with a cordial regard, which his rank alone could not have commanded.

He speaks the English language with considerable facility, and is well acquainted with our best authors. Solicitous that his son should enjoy the same advantages, he has engaged Mr. Cramer, a young gentleman from Scotland of an excellent character, who has been for several

years at this court, as tutor and companion to the young prince.

The German princes are minute observers of form. The same establishment for their household, the same officers in the palace, are to be found here, as in the court of the most powerful monarch in Europe.—The difference lies more in the salaries than in the talents requisite for these places; one paymaster for the forces has greater emoluments in England, than a grand marechal, a grand chamberlain, two secretaries of state, and half a dozen more of the chief officers of a German court, all taken together.

The margrave of Baden has body guards who do duty in the palace, foot guards who parade before it; also horse guards and hussars, all of whom are perfectly well equipped, and exactly disciplined;—a piece of magnificence which seems to be adopted by this prince, merely in conformity with the custon long established in this country.

He keeps on foot no other troops besides the few which are necessary for this duty at the palace, though his revenue is more considerable, and his finances are in much better order, than some princes in Germany who have little standing armies in constant pay. He has too just an understanding not to perceive that the greatest army he could possibly maintain, could be no defence to his dominions, situated as they are between the powerful states of France and Austria; and probably his principles and disposition prevent him from thinking of filling his coffers by hiring his subjects to foreign powers.

If he were so inclined, there is no manner of doubt that he might sell the persons of his subjects as soldiers, or employ them in any other way he should think proper; for he, as well as the other sovereign princes in Germany, has an unlimited power over his people. If you ask the question, in direct terms, of a German, he will answer in the negative, and will talk of certain rights which the subjects enjoy, and that they can appeal to the great council or general diet of the empire for relief. But after all his ingenuity and distinctions, you find that the

barriers which protect the peasant from the power of the prince, are so very weak, that they are hardly worth keeping up, and that the only security the peasant has for his person or property, must proceed from the moderation, good sense, and justice of his sovereign.

Happy would it be for mankind if this unlimited power were always placed in as equitable hands as those of the margrave of Baden, who employs it entirely for the good of his subjects, by whom he is adored!

This prince endeavours, by every means he can devise, to introduce industry and manufactures among his people. —There is a considerable number of English tradesmen here, who make Birmingham work, and instruct the inhabitants in that business. He has also engaged many watchmakers from Geneva to settle here, by granting them encouragements and privileges of every kind, and allows no opportunity to slip unimproved, by which he can promote the comfort and happiness of his people: a prince of such a character is certainly a public blessing, and the people are fortunate who are born under his government: but far more fortunate they who are are born under a government which can protect them, independent of the virtues, and in spite of the vices, of their sovereign.

When we left Karlscruch, the margrave gave orders that we might be allowed to pass by a road lately finished, through a noble forest, several leagues in length. After having traversed this, we fell in with the common posting road, entered the bishop of Spires's territories, passed by the town of that name, proceeded to the electorate of Palatine, and arrived the same night at Manheim.

All the countries I have mentioned form one rich fertile plain; there are few or no gentlemen's houses to vary the scene; nothing but the palace of the prince and the cottages of the peasants, the gentry living in dependence at court, and the merchants and manufacturers in the towns.

LETTER XLII.

Manheim.

This is generally reckoned one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. The streets are all as straight as arrows, being what they call tirées au cordeau, and intersect each other at right angles. This never fails to please at first, but becomes sooner tiresome than a town built with less regularity. When a man has walked through the town for half a forenoon, his eyes search in vain for variety: the same objects seem to move along with him, as if he had been all the while a ship-board.

They calculate the number of inhabitants at 24,000, including the garrison, which consists of 5000 men. This town has three noble gates, adorned with basso relievos very beautifully executed. The duke and I walked round the ramparts with ease in the space of an hour. The fortifications are well contrived and in good order, and the town acquires great additional strength from being almost entirely surrounded by the Neckar and the Rhine, and situated in a flât, not commanded by any rising ground. Yet perhaps it would be better that this city were quite open, and without any fortification. An attempt to defend it might prove the destruction of the citizen's houses, and the electoral palace. A palace is injudiciously situated when built within a fortified town, because a threat from the enemy to bombard it, might induce the garrison to surrender.

The electoral palace is a most magnificent structure, situated at the junction of the Rhine and the Neckar.—The cabinet of natural curiosities, and the collection of pictures, are much vaunted. To examine them was amusing enough.—To describe them would, I fear, be a little tedious.

The elector himself is a man of taste and magnificence, circumstances in his character, which probably afford more pleasure to himself, and the strangers who pass this way, than to his own subjects.

I accompanied the duke to one of the officers of the court, whose business it is to present strangers. This gentleman is remarkable for his amazing knowledge in all the mysteries of etiquette. He entertained his Grace with much erudition on this subject.—I never observed the duke yawn so very much.—When our visit was over, he asserted that it had lasted two hours.—Upon examining his watch, he discovered that he had made a mistake of one hour and forty minutes only.

We were presented the following day to the elector and the electress. He was dressed in the uniform of his guards, seems to be on the borders of fifty, and has a sensible manly countenance, which I am told is the true index of his character.

The hereditary prince is a young man of knowledge and good sense. He surprised me by talking of the party disputes and adventures which have happened of late years in England, of which I found him minutely informed.——Many people in Germany have the English newspapers and political pamphlets regularly transmitted to them. The acrimony and freedom with which the highest characters are treated, astonish and amuse them, and from these they often form very false and extraordinary conclusions with regard to the state of the nation.

As the elector intends soon to visit Italy, great numbers of officers have come hither to pay their duty to their sovereign before he departs for that country. He is much esteemed by his officers, with whom he lives in a very affable manner. There are generally thirty covers every day at his table for them, and the strangers who happen to be at the court of Manheim.

One day at dinner a kind of buffoon came into the room. He walked round the table and conversed in a familiar manner with every body present, the princes not excepted. His observations were followed by loud bursts of applause from all whom he addressed. As he spoke in German, I could not judge of his wit, but stared around with the anxiety of countenance natural to a man who sees a whole

company ready to die with laughter at a jest which he cannot comprehend. An old officer, who sat near me, was touched with compassion for my situation, and explained in French some of the most brilliant repartees for my private use.

As this good-natured officer did not seem to have a great command of the French language, the whole spirit of the jest was allowed to evaporate during the translation:—At least I could not smell a particle when the process was over. However, as these translations evidently cost him a good deal of trouble, I thought myself obliged to seem delighted with his performance: so I joined in the mirth of the company, and endeavoured to laugh as much as any person at the table.

My interpreter afterwards informed me that this genius was from the Tyrol, that he spoke the German with so peculiar an accent that whatever he said never failed to set the whole table in a roar; c'est pourquoi, added he, il est en possession d'entrer toujours avec le dessert.

This is the only example that I know remaining of a court fool or licensed jester; an office formerly in all the courts of Europe.

LETTER XLIII.

Manheim.

We made a short jaunt to Heidelberg a few days since. That town is about four leagnes from Manheim.

Heidelberg is situated in a hollow on the banks of the Neckar, and is surrounded by charming hills perfectly cultivated.

More cheerful scenes of exuberant fertility are to be seen nowhere than along the fine chain of hills which begin near this town. The summits of these hills are crowned with trees, and their sides and bottoms are clothed with vines.

The elector's castle is placed on an eminence, which commands the town, and a view of the valley below; but

the castle itself unfortunately is commanded by another eminence too near it, from which this noble building was cannonaded when the whole Palatinate was pillaged and burnt, in consequence of that cruel order of Lewis XIV, too literally executed by Turenne.

The particulars of that dismal scene have been transmitted from father to son, and are still spoken of with horror by the peasantry of this country, among whom the French nation is held in detestation to this day.

While we were in the castle we did not omit visiting the renowned Heidelberg tun; but as it was perfectly empty, it made but a dull and uninteresting appearance.

The inhabitants of the Palatinate are partly Protestants, and partly Roman Catholics, who live here in harmony with each other. The great church at Heidelberg is divided into two apartments, in one of which the Protestants, and in the other the Papists, perform public worship: A singular proof of the moderation and coolness of people's minds with regard to a subject that inflamed them so violently in the days of their ancestors.

We remained only one day at Heidelberg, and returned in the evening to this place. The lives and manners of the inhabitants of this city seem to be as uniform and formal as the streets and buildings. No noise, mobs, or bustle: at mid-day every thing is as calm and quiet as the streets of London at midnight. This gives one the notion that the citizens are under the same restraint and discipline with the troops.

I have seen these last perform their exercise every morning on the parade. I was a good deal surprised to observe, that not only the movements of the soldiers muskets, and the attitudes of their bodies. but also their devotions were under the direction of the major's cane. The following motions are performed as part of the military manœuvres every day before the troops are marched to their different guards.—

The major flourishes his cane;—the drum gives a single tap, and every man under arms raises his hand to his hat;—

at a second stroke on the drum, they take off their hats, and are supposed to pray;—at a third, they finish their petitions, and put their hats on their heads.—If any man has the assurance to prolong his prayer a minute longer than the drum indicates, he is punished on the spot, and taught to be less devout for the future.

The ingenious inventor of drums certainly never dreamt of their becoming the regulators of people's piety.—But the modern improvements in the military art are truly wonderful!—and we need not despair, after this, of seeing a whole regiment, by the progress of discipline, so modelled as to eat, drink, and perform other animal functions, uniformly together, at the word of command, as they poise their firelocks.

LETTER XLIV.

Manheim,

HAVING left orders at Geneva to forward all our letters of a certain date to Manheim, and to direct those which should come afterwards, to Frankfort on the Maine, I had the good fortune to receive yours last night.

I feel as much indignation as you possibly can, against those who endeavour to hurt the peace of families by malignant publications, and I enter fully into Lord ——'s on so unmerited an attack. Yet I should be heartily sorry to see these evils remedied by any restriction on the freedom of the press; because I am every day more and more convinced that its unrestrained productions, the licentious newspapers themselves not excepted, have conveyed to every corner of Great Britain, along with much impertinence and scurrility, such a regard for the constitution, such a sense of the rights of the subject, and such a degree of general knowledge, as never were so universally diffused over any other nation. Such a law as your friend proposes might, no doubt, protect individuals from unjust attacks in print: but it would at the same time remove one great means of clearing their innocence, and

making known their wrongs, when injured in a more essential manner. It would limit the right which every Briton has of publicly addressing his countrymen, when he finds himself injured or oppressed by the perversion of law, or the insolence of office.

Examples might be given of men of great integrity being attacked in the most cruel and ungenerous manner by people high in office, and guarded by power. Such men had no other means of redress than that of appealing to the candour and good sense of the public, which they used with success. Every man's observation may suggest to him many kinds of injustice and oppression, which the rich, the insidious, or the powerful, can commit in spite of law, or perhaps by the aid of law, agains the poor, the unsuspecting, and the friendless.—Many, who can silence conscience and evade law, tremble at the thoughts of their injustice being published; and nothing is, nothing can be, a greater check to the wantonness of power, than the privilege of unfolding private grievances at the bar of the public. For thus the cause of individuals is made a public concern, and the general indignation which their wrongs excite, forms at once one of the severest punishments which can be inflicted on the oppressor, and one of the strongest bulwarks that can be raised in defence of the unprotected.

By this means also the most speedy and effectual alarm is given all over the nation when any great public misconduct happens, or upon any appearance of a design against the constitution; and many evils are detected and prevented, which otherwise might have been unobserved, till they had become too strong for remedy. And though this liberty produces much silly advice, and malignant censors without number, it likewise opens the door to some of a different character, who give useful hints to ministers, which would have been lost without the freedom of anonymous publication.

The temporary and partial disorders, which are the consequences of public freedom, have been greatly exaggerated by some people, and represented as more than equi-

valent to all the advantages resulting from a free government. But if such persons had opportunities of observing the nature of those evils which spring up in absolute governments, they would soon be convinced of their error.

The greatest evil that can arise from the licentiousness which accompanies civil liberty is, that people may rashly take a dislike to liberty herself, from the teasing impertinence and absurdity of some of her real or affected well-wishers; as a man might become less fond of the company of his best friend, if he found him always attended by a snappish cur, which without provocation was always growling and barking.

But to prove the weakness of such conduct, we have only to call to mind, that the stream of licentiousness perhaps never rose higher than it did some years since in England.—And what were the mighty evils that followed? Many respectable characters were grossly misrepresented in printed publications.—Certain daring scribblers evaded the punishment they deserved:—Many windows were broken, and the chariots of a few members of parliament were bespattered with dirt by the mob.——What are these frivolous disorders when compared to the gloomy regularity produced by despotism; in which men are obliged to the most painful circumspection in all their actions; are afraid to speak their sentiments on the most common occurrences; suspicious of cherishing government spies in their household servants; distrustful of their own relations and most intimate companions, and at all times exposed to the oppression of men in power, and to the insolence of their favourites?—No confusion, in my mind, can be more terrible than the stern disciplined regularity and vaunted police of arbitrary governments, where every heart is depressed by fear, where mankind dare not assume their natural characters, where the free spirit must crouch to the slave in office, where genius must repress her effusions, or, like the Egyptian worshippers, offer them in sacrifice to the calves of power; and where the

human mind, always in shackles, shrinks from every generous effort.

LETTER XLV.

Mentz.

We left Manheim five or six days ago. It is very easy travelling through this part of Germany, the roads being perfectly good, and the country a continued plain. From Basil, to within a few miles of Mentz, the posting road does not make even the most gentle ascent; a vast length of country to be all along a perfect level.

By the great numbers of monks and friars, of all colours and conditions, that are to be met near this city, we were apprized of our entrance into an ecclesiastical state, while the plump persons and rosy complexions of these fathers sufficiently proved, that they did not live in the fertile land of Rhenish for nothing.

However good Christians they might be, many of them had much the appearance of paying occasional homage to the ancient heathen deity Bacchus, without being restrained in their worship like the soldiers on the parade at Manheim.—One of them in particular appeared to have just arisen from his devotion.—He moved along in the most unconcerned manner imaginable, without observing any direct course, or regarding whether he went to the right hand or to the left. He muttered to himself as he went. Does he repeat his pater noster? said I.—I rather imagine he prays from Horace, replied the duke,

——Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum? Qua nemora, aut quos agor in specus
Velox mente nova?*——

On both sides of the Rhine the ground here begins to

* O Bacchus, when by thee possest,
What sacred spirit fills my raving breast?
How am I rapt to dreary glades,
To gloomy caverns, unfrequented shades!
FRANCIS.

become hilly and irregular, forming banks finely exposed to the sun. Here the best Rhenish wine is produced, and even a very small portion of these exuberant banks is of considerable value. A chain of well-inhabited villages runs along from Mentz, by Bacharach, all the way to Coblentz, where the Rhine is joined by the Moselle.

Bacharach is said to derive its name from an altar of Bacchus (Bacchi Ara) supposed to have been erected by the Romans in gratitude for the quantity and quality of the wine produced in the neighbourhood. A little before we entered Mentz, we passed by the Favorita, a beautiful palace belonging to the elector, situated where the Rhine is joined by the Maine.

Mentz is finely situated, built in an irregular manner, and most plentifully provided with churches. The cathedral is but a gloomy fabric. In this there is what they call a treasury, which contains a number of clumsy jewels, some relics, and a mighty rich wardrobe of priests vestments.

There are some troops in this capital, but I do not think the officers have that smart presumptuous air which generally accompanies men of their profession. They seem conscious that the clergy are their masters; and, I have a notion, are a little out of countenance on that account.

The streets swarm with ecclesiastics, some of them in fine coaches, and attended by a great number of servants. I remarked also many genteel airy abbés; who, one could easily see, were the most fashionable people, and give the ton at this place.

Though it is most evident that in this electorate the clergy have taken exceeding good care of themselves; yet, in justice to them, it must be acknowledged, that the people also seem to be in an easy situation. The peasantry appear to be in a state of far greater abundance than those of France, or even those in the elector of Manheim's dominions.

I have some desire to see an ecclesiastical court, and would willingly visit this of Mentz; but the duke of Ha-

milton, who seems to have no excessive fondness for any court, says, a court of clergymen must be more dismal and tedious than any other, and I fear will not be prevailed on to appear at this; in which case we shall leave this place to-morrow morning early, without farther ceremony.

LETTER XLVI.

Frankfort on the Maine.

We have been here two weeks.—To form a proper judgment of the genius and manners of any nation, it is necessary to live familiarly with the inhabitants for a considerable time; but a smaller degree of observation will suffice to give a pretty just idea of the nature of its government. The chilling effects of despotic oppression, or the benign influence of freedom and commerce, strike the eye of the most careless traveller.

The streets of Frankfort are spacious and well-paved; the houses stately, clean, and convenient; the shops well furnished; the dress, the numbers, the air, and general manners of the inhabitants, sufficiently show, without other information, that there is no little despot within their walls, to impoverish them in support of his grandeur, and to put every action of their lives, every movement of their bodies, under restraint by his caprice.

The houses are of brick, but have a better appearance than brick-houses in general, owing chiefly to their being covered with a kind of reddish stucco, which is come into use here of late, and, it is believed, will render the buildings more durable. The fronts of many of the finest are also adorned with bas reliefs of white stucco, in imitation of marble. These white ornaments, on the red ground, form too strong a contrast, and do not please an eye fond of simplicity. But the Germans, in general, have a taste for showy ornament, in their dress, furniture, and houses. Frankfort is a free imperial city, having a small territory belonging to it, and is governed by its own magistracy.

All religions are tolerated here, under certain restrictions; but Lutheranism is the established faith, as the magistrates are of that communion.

The principal church is in the possession of the Roman Catholics, but no public procession of the host is permitted through the streets. All the ceremonies of their religion are confined to the houses of individuals, or performed within the walls of this church. In it there is a chapel, to which the emperor is conducted immediately after his election, in order to be crowned by the elector of Mentz.

The Jews have a synagogue in this city, where they perform their religious rites; but the Calvinists have never been allowed any public house of worship within the territory of Frankfort. They attend divine service at a place called Bockenheim in the county of Hanau, where they have built a church.

This is but unkind treatment; and it seems, at first sight, a little extraordinary, that Martin Luther should show more indulgence to his old enemy Lord Peter, and even to Judas Iscariot himself, than to his fellow-reformer John Calvin.

Though Frankfort is thought a fine town, and the effect produced by the whole is magnificent, yet there are no buildings in particular worthy of attention. It is expected, however, that all strangers should visit the town-house, and see the chamber where the emperor is elected. And it would be reckoned a great want of curiosity, not to see the famous golden bull which is kept there with the utmost care. A sight of this costs a golden ducat; a sufficient price for a glance of an old manuscript, which not one person in a hundred can read, and still fewer can understand.

A countryman of ours, who expected more amusement for his money, complained loudly of this as an imposition; and on hearing a German talk of the high price which every thing bore in England, he retorted on him in these words.—Il n'y a rien en Angleterre si cher que votre *taurcau d'or* à Frankfort.

There is a custom observed here, which I shall mention on account of its singularity, though I inquired in vain for its origin. Two women appear every day at noon on the battlements of the principal steeple, and play some very solemn airs with trumpets. This music is accompanied by vocal psalmody, performed by four or five men, who always attend the female trumpeters for that purpose.

The people here have a violent taste for psalm-singing. There are a considerable number of men and boys, who have this for their only profession. They are engaged by some families to officiate two or three times a-week in the morning, before the master and mistress of the family get out of bed.

When any person in tolerable circumstances dies, a band of these sweet singers assemble in the streets before the house, and chaunt an hour every day to the corpse, till it is interred. The same band accompanies the funeral, singing hymns all the way.

Funerals are conducted with an uncommon degree of solemnity in this town:—A man clothed in a black cloak, and carrying a crucifix, at the end of a long pole, leads the procession:—A great number of hired mourners in the same dress, and each with a lemon in his hand, march after him:—Then come the singers, followed by the corpse in a hearse; and lastly, the relations in mourning coaches.

The crucifix is carried in this manner at all funerals, whether the deceased has died a Roman Catholic, a Lutheran, or a Calvinist. That this custom should be followed by the two latter, surprised me a good deal. I should have imagined that the Calvinists in particular, whatever they did with the lemons, would never have been able to digest the crucifix.

There is a very considerable number of Calvinists in this place; it is generally thought they are the most industrious. They unquestionably are the richest part of the inhabitants. This may be partly owing to a circumstance that some of them consider as a hardship——their

being excluded from any share in the government of the city.—Many of the Calvinist families are descendants of French Protestants, who left their country at the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

There are some villages near Frankfort consisting entirely of French refugees; who, deserting their country at the same time, have settled here in a cluster. Their descendants speak French in their common conversation, and retain many of their original customs to this hour.

Two or three families now living at Frankfort are of English origin. Their predecessors fled first to Holland, during the persecutions in the reign of Mary, and being afterwards driven out of that country by the cruelty of the duke of Alva, they at length found an asylum for themselves, and their posterity, in this free imperial city.

The number of Jews in Frankfort is prodigious, considering one dismal inconvenience they are subjected to, being obliged to live all together in a single street built up at one end:—There is a large gate at the other, which is regularly shut at a certain hour of the night, after which no Jews dare appear in the streets; but the whole herd must remain cooped and crowded together, like so many black cattle, till morning. As this street is narrow, the room allotted for each family small, and as the children of Israel were never remarkable for their cleanliness, and always noted for breeding, the Jews quarter, you will believe, is not the sweetest part of the town. I scarce think they could have been worse lodged in the land of Egypt.

They have several times made offer of considerable sums to the magistrates of Frankfort for liberty to build or purchase another street for their accommodation; but all such proposals have hitherto been rejected.

The Jews in Frankfort are obliged to fetch water when a fire happens in any part of the city; and the magistrates, in return, permit them to choose judges out of their own body for deciding disputes among themselves; but if ei-

ther party refuses to submit to this, an appeal is open to the magistrates.

They must unquestionably enjoy some great advantages by the trade they carry on, to compensate for such inconveniences. During the day-time they are allowed the liberty of walking all over the town; a privilege which they improve with equal assiduity and address. They attack you in the street, ply at the gate of your lodgings, and even glide into your apartments, offering to supply you with every commodity you can have occasion for. And if you happen to pass by the entrance of their street, they entreat your custom with the violence and vociferation of so many Thames watermen.

I was twice at their synagogue. There is nothing magnificent in their worship; but much apparent zeal and fervour. I saw one of their most important rites performed on two children. It was impossible not to feel compassion for the poor infants, thus cruelly initiated into a community, who had formerly the misfortune of being despised by the heathens, and now are execrated by all pious Christians.

LETTER XLVII.

Frankfort on the Maine.

You will be surprised at our remaining so long at a place where there is no court, and few of those entertainments which allure and retain travellers. The truth is, the duke of Hamilton seems fond of this place; and as for my own part, I have formed an acquaintance with some very worthy people here, whose friendship I shall take every occasion to cultivate.

Society here is divided into noblesse and the bourgeois. The first consists of some noble families from various parts of Germany, who have chosen Frankfort for their residence, and a few original citizens of Frankfort, but who have now obtained the rank of nobility. The citi-

zens who connect themselves with strangers, have made their fortunes by commerce, which some of them still follow.

There is a public assembly for the nobility once a week, at which they drink tea, converse, or play at cards from six to ten. On the other nights, the same company meet alternately at each other's houses, and pass the evening in the same manner. None of the bourgeois families are invited to these parties; but they have assemblies of the same kind among themselves, and often entertain their friends, and the strangers with whom they are acquainted, in a very hospitable manner at their tables. The noblemen who reside in Frankfort, and the nobility of all degrees, and of every nation, who accidentally pass through it, cheerfully accept of these invitations to dine with the citizens, but none of the German ladies of quality condescend so far. While their fathers, husbands, and brothers, are entertained at a bourgeois table, they choose rather to dine at home by themselves; and they certainly judge wisely, if they prefer a spare diet to good cheer.

The distinction of ranks is observed in Germany, with all the scrupulous precision that a matter of that importance deserves. There is a public concert in this place supported by subscription. One would imagine that the subscribers would take their seats as they entered the room, that those who came earliest would have their choice.—No such matter.—The two first rows are kept for the ladies of quality, and the wives and daughters of the citizens must be contented to sit behind, let them come at what hour, and pay what money they please.—After all, this is not so bad as in an assembly of nobility, where commons are not permitted to sit, even in the lobby, whatever price they may have paid for their seat in parliament.

Since we arrived, the theatre has been opened for the winter, by a troop of German comedians. I was there the first night; previous to the play, there was a kind of

allegorical prologue, intended as a compliment to the magistrates of Frankfort. This was performed by *Justice*, *Wisdom*, and *Plenty*, each of whom appeared in person, with the usual attributes. The last was very properly personated by a large fat woman, big with child. As to the two former, I hope, for the sake of the good people of Frankfort, that they are better represented in the town-council, than they were on the stage. This prologue was concluded by a long harangue, pronounced by the plumpest Apollo, I dare venture to say, that ever appeared in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath.

After this the play began, which was a German translation of the English play of George Barnwell, with considerable alterations. Barnwell is represented as an imprudent young man; but he does not murder his uncle, as in the English play; or commit any gross crime; the German translator, therefore, instead of hanging, only marries him at the end of the piece.

Most of the plays represented on the German stage, are translations from the English or French; for Germany, so fertile in writers in divinity, jurisprudence, medicine, chymistry, and other parts of natural philosophy, has produced few poets till of late.

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto,*

and the German muse is now admired all over Europe. Her beauties are felt and applauded by men of genius, even through the medium of a translation, which is a strong proof of her original energy. It must, however, be a great discouragement to German poetry in general, and to the dramatic in particular, that the French language prevails in all the courts, and that French plays are represented there in preference to German.

The native language of the country is treated like a vulgar and provincial dialect, while the French is cultivated as the only proper language for people of fashion.—

* Now a new progeny from heaven descend.

Children of the first families are instructed in French, before they acquire their mother-tongue, and pains are taken to keep them ignorant of this, that it may not hurt their pronunciation of the other. I have met with people who considered it as an accomplishment to be unable to express themselves in the language of their country, and who have pretended to be more ignorant in this particular, than they were in reality.

I have been assured by many who understand the German language well, that it is nervous, copious, most expressive, and capable of all the graces of poetry. The truth of this appears by the works of several late writers, who have endeavoured to check this unnatural prejudice in their countrymen, and to restore the language of their ancestors to its native honours.—But what are the efforts of good sense, taste, and genius, in opposition to fashion, and the influence of courts?

Among the winter amusements of this place, traineau parties may be reckoned. These can take place in the time of frost only, and when there is a considerable quantity of snow upon the ground. I had an opportunity of seeing a very splendid entertainment of this kind lately, which was given by some young gentlemen to an equal number of ladies.

A traineau is a machine in the shape of a horse, lion, swan; or in that of a griffin, unicorn, or some other fanciful form, without wheels; but made below like a sledge, for the conveniency of sliding over the snow. Some are gilded, and otherwise ornamented according to the whim of the proprietor.—A pole stands up from one side, to which an ensign or flag is fastened, which waves over the heads of those placed on the machine. The lady, wrapped in fur, sits before, and the gentleman stands behind on a board made for that purpose.

The whole is drawn by two horses, which are either conducted by a postillion, or driven by the gentleman.—The horses are gaudily ornamented, and have bells hanging from the trappings which cover them.

This party consisted of about thirty traineaus, each attended by two or three servants on horseback with flambeaux; for this amusement was taken when it began to grow dark.—One traineau took the lead;—the rest followed at a convenient distance in a line, and drove for two or three hours through the principal streets and squares of Frankfort.—The horses go at a brisk trot or canter; the motion of the traineau is easy and agreeable; the bells, ensigns, and torches, make a very gay and showy appearance, which seemed to be much relished by the parties immediately concerned, and admired by the spectators.

A few days after this exhibition, as we were preparing to set out for Hanau in a traineau, Mr. Stanley, brother to Lord Stanley, arrived at the inn. Though he had travelled for two days and nights, without having been in bed, he was so little fatigued, that he went along with us. Hanau is some leagues distant from Frankfort. We had a full proof of the smooth movement of the traineau, which, in the time of frost, and when there is a proper quantity of snow on the ground, is certainly the most delightful way of travelling that can possibly be imagined.

Hanau is the residence of the hereditary prince of Hesse Cassel. As we entered the town we met the princess, who is sister-in-law to the king of Denmark. She, with some of the ladies of the court, was taking the air also in a traineau.

Besides the troops of Hanau, two regiments of Hanoverians are there at present. The hereditary prince is not on the best terms with his father. He lives here, however, in a state of independency, possessed of the revenues of this country, which is guaranteed to him by the kings of Britain, Denmark, and Prussia: but there is no intercourse between this little court and that of Hesse Cassel.

After dinner we returned to Frankfort. The duke prevailed with Mr. Stanley to remain a longer time at Frank-

fort than he had intended. He is a sensible young man of spirit and ambition. His grandfather, the old earl of Derby, endeavours to seduce him into holy orders, promising him a living of £2,000 a year, which is in the gift of the family. This you will acknowledge to be a temptation which few younger brothers could withstand. Nature, however, seems to have destined this young gentleman for another line in life. My own opinion is, he would rather have the command of a troop of dragoons, than be promoted to the see of Canterbury.

LETTER XLVIII.

Frankfort.

Some of the nobility who reside in this city, take every opportunity of pointing out the essential difference that there is, and the distinctions that ought to be made, between their families and those of the bourgeois; who, though they have, by commerce, or some profession equally ignoble, attained great wealth, which enables them to live in a style of magnificence unbecoming their rank; yet their noble neighbours insinuate, that they always retain a vulgarity of sentiment and manners, unknown to those whose blood has flowed pure through several generations, unmixed with that puddle which stagnates in the veins of plebeians.

The duke of Hamilton does not seem to have studied natural philosophy with accuracy sufficient to enable him to observe this distinction. He mingles in the societies of the citizens, with as much ease and alacrity, as in those of the nobility; dining with the one, and drinking coffee with the other, in the most impartial manner; and between the two, he contrives to amuse himself tolerably well.

The two families with which we are in the greatest degree of intimacy, are those of Mons. de Barkhause, and Mons. P. Gogle. The former is a principal person in the magistracy, a man of learning and worth. His lady is of

a noble family in the dukedom of Brunswick, a woman of admirable good sense and many accomplishments. She is well acquainted with English and French literature. The French language she speaks like a native, and though she cannot converse in English without difficulty, she understands and relishes the works of some of our best authors.

Mr. Gogle has travelled over the greatest part of Europe, and is equally acquainted with men and books. He has made a plentiful fortune by commerce, and lives in a very agreeable and hospitable manner.

In these two houses we occasionally meet with the best company of both the classes of society in this place, and in one or other, when there is no public assembly, we generally pass the afternoon.—The former part of the day (a thaw having lately dissolved the snow) we often pass in jaunts to the environs of this place, which are very beautiful.

As the duke of Hamilton and I were riding one day along the banks of the Maine, near the village of Heix, which is in the territories of the elector of Mentz, we observed a building, which seemed to be the residence of some prince, or bishop at least. We were surprised we never had heard it spoken of, as it had a more magnificent appearance than any modern building we had seen since our arrival in Germany. We rode up, and upon entering it, found that the apartments within, though not laid out in the best taste, seemed to correspond, in point of expense, with the external appearance.

We were informed by the workmen, who were employed in finishing these apartments, that this palace belonged to a tobacconist in Frankfort, where he still kept shop, and had accumulated a prodigious fortune by making and selling snuff.

Near to the principal house, there is another great building, intended for a workhouse, in which tobacco is to be manufactured, with many apartments for the workmen, and vaulted cellars, in which the various kinds of

snuff are to be kept moist, till sent for inland sale to Frankfort, or shipped on the Maine for foreign markets.

The owner informed us, there were exactly three hundred rooms in both buildings, and the greater number of these belonged to the dwelling-house. We did not choose to puzzle the man by difficult questions, and therefore refrained from inquiring what use he intended to make of such an amazing number of rooms, which seemed rather contrived as barracks for two or three thousand soldiers, than any other purpose.

On our return to town, we were informed that this person, who is not a native of Frankfort, though he has been many years established there, had applied to the magistrates for liberty to purchase a certain spot of ground, on which he proposed to build a dwelling-house, &c. which cannot be done by any but citizens, without the consent of the council. This being refused, he bought a little piece of land in the territory of Mentz, immediately beyond that of Frankfort, and on the banks of the Maine; and being highly piqued by the refusal he had met with from the magistrates, he had reared a building greatly larger and more extensive than was necessary, or than he at first had intended, in the full persuasion that the remorse of the magistrates would be in proportion to the size of this fabric.

The tobacconist has already expended fifty thousand pounds on this temple of vengeance, and his wrath against the magistrates seems to be yet unappeased—for he still lavishes his money with a rancour against these unfortunate men, that is very unbecoming a Christian. The inhabitants of Frankfort, while they acknowledge the imprudence of the magistrates, do not applaud the wisdom of their antagonist, in whose brain they assert there must be some apartments as empty as any in the vast structure he is building.

Another day his Grace and I rode to Bergen, a small village which has been rendered eminent by the attempt

made there by Prince Ferdinand on the French army in the year 1759.

We were accompanied by the messrs. de Lessener, two gentlemen, now retired from the service, and living at Frankfort, who had been in the action, one a captain in the Hanoverian army, the other of the same rank in the French.

During the winter of that memorable year, you may remember that the French, with more policy than justice, had seized upon this neutral city, and established their head-quarters here. This was attended by great advantages, securing to them the course of the Maine and Upper Rhine, by which they received supplies from Strasbourg, and all the intermediate cities.

Prince Ferdinand having formed the design of driving them from this advantageous situation, before they could be reinforced, suddenly assembled his army, which was cantoned about Munster, and after three days of forced marches, came in sight of the French army, at that time commanded by the duke de Broglio, who, having received intelligence of the prince's scheme, had made a very judicious disposition.

On the afternoon of the 13th of April, the prince began his attack on the right wing of the French army, which occupied the village of Bergen.—This was renewed with great vivacity three several times. The prince of Isembourg, and about 1500 of the allies, fell in the action, which was prolonged till the evening; Prince Ferdinand then determining to draw off his troops, made such a disposition as persuaded the enemy he intended a general attack next morning—and by this means he accomplished his retreat in the night, without being harassed by the French.

I have heard officers of great merit assert, that nothing could be more judiciously planned and executed, than this enterprise; the only one of importance, however, in which that great general failed during the whole war.

By this misfortune the allied army were reduced to

great difficulties, and the progress of the French, with the continued retreat of the allies, spread such an alarm over the electorate of Hanover, that many individuals sent their most valuable effects to Stade, from whence they might be conveyed to England. The affairs of the allies were soon after re-established by the decisive victory of Minden, which raised the military character of Prince Ferdinand higher than ever; though officers of penetration, who were at both actions, are still of opinion, that his talents were to the full as conspicuous at Bergen, where he was repulsed, as at the glorious field of Minden, by which Hanover and Brunswick were preserved, and the French obliged to abandon almost all Westphalia.

LETTER XLIX.

Frankfort.

I RETURNED a few days since from Darmstadt, having accompanied the duke of Hamilton on a visit which he made to that court.

The reigning prince of Hesse Darmstadt not being there, we were directed to pay our first visit to the princess Maximilian, his aunt.—She invited us the same evening to play at cards and sup with her.—There were about ten people at table.—The princess was gay, affable, and talkative.—The duke confessed he never had passed an evening so agreeably with an old woman in his life.

Next morning we went to the parade, which is an object of great attention at this place. The prince has a most enthusiastic passion for military manœuvres and evolutions.—Drilling and exercising his soldiers are his chief amusements, and almost his sole employment. That he may enjoy this in all kinds of weather, and at every season of the year, he has built a room sufficiently capacious to admit 1500 men, to perform their exercise in it all together.

This room is accommodated with sixteen stoves, by

which it may be kept at the exact degrees of temperature which suits his highness's constitution.—On the morning that we were present, there was only the ordinary guard, consisting of three hundred men, who having performed their exercises, and marched for an hour up and down this spacious gymnasium, were divided into parties and detached to their respective posts.

The Darmstadt soldiers are tall, tolerably clothed, and above all things remarkably well powdered. They go through their manœuvres with that dexterity which may be expected of men who are continually employed in the same action, under the eye of their prince, who is an admirable judge, and severe critic in this part of the military art.

There is no regular fortification round this town; but a very high stone-wall, which is not intended to prevent an enemy from entering, being by no means adequate to such a purpose; but merely designed to hinder the garrison from deserting, to which they are exceedingly inclined; these poor men taking no delight in the warlike amusements which constitute the supreme joy of their sovereign.

Sentinels are placed at small distances all round the wall, who are obliged to be exceedingly alert. One soldier gives the words *all is well* in German, to his neighbour on the right, who immediately calls the same to the sentinel beyond him, and so it goes round till the first soldier receives the words from the left, which he transmits to the right as formerly, and so the call circulates, without any intermission, through the whole night.

Every other part of the garrison duty is performed with equal exactness, and all neglects as severely punished as if an enemy were at the gates.

The men are seldom more than two nights out of three in bed. This, with the attention requisite to keep their clothes and accoutrements clean, is very hard duty, especially at present, when the frost is uncommonly keen, and the ground covered with snow.

There is a small body of cavalry at Darmstadt just now. They are dressed in buff coats, and magnificently accoutred. These are the horse-guards of the prince.—Few as they are, I never saw so many men together of such a height in my life, none of them being under six English feet three inches high, and several of them considerably above that enormous stature.

The prince of Hesse Darmstadt formerly kept a greater number of troops: At present his whole army does not exceed five thousand men. But as the conduct of princes, however judicious it may be, seldom passes uncensured, there are people who blame him for entertaining even this number. They declare that this prince's finances, being in very great disorder, cannot support this establishment; which, though small, may be counted high, considering the extent of his dominions. They insist also upon the loss, which agriculture and manufactures must sustain, by having the stoutest men taken away from these necessary employments, and their strength exhausted in useless parade. For these rigid censors have the assurance to assert, that an army of five thousand men, though burdensome to the country, is not sufficient to defend it; that the number is by far too great for amusement, and infinitely too small for any manner of use.

The same day we dined with the princess Maximilian, and in the afternoon were presented to Prince George's family. He is brother to the reigning prince. He happened to be indisposed; but his princess received the duke with the utmost politeness.

Their two youngest sons and three daughters were at supper. The former are still very young; the latter are well-looking, remarkably accomplished, and do much credit to the great pains their mother has bestowed on their education.

Next morning we were invited to breakfast, by the baron Riedesal, at a pleasant country-house he has near Darmstadt.—His Grace went with him, in a carriage of a very particular construction. The baron sat on a low seat

next the horses, and drove; the duke in a higher place behind him. Each of these is made for one person only; but behind all, there was a wooden seat, in the shape of a little horse, on which two servants were mounted. The usual posting-chaises in this country hold six persons with ease; and people even of the first rank generally have two or three servants in the chaise with them. In point of economy, these carriages are well imagined: and, in the time of frost, not inconvenient; for here travellers take special care to fortify themselves against cold by cloaks lined with fur. But when it rains hard, two of the company at least must be drenched; for the German chaises are never entirely covered above.

I went with Count Cullemberg in his coach. We passed the forenoon very agreeably at this house, which seems to be advantageously situated; but in its present snowy dress, one can no more judge of the natural complexion of the country, than of that of an actress new-painted for the stage.

We dined with Prince George, who was sufficiently recovered to be at table. He is a handsome man, of a soldier-like appearance, and has all the ease and openness of the military character.

His second son, who had been absent for some weeks, arrived while we were at table. He is a fine young man, about eighteen years of age. It was pleasing to observe the satisfaction which this small incident diffused over the faces of father, mother, and the whole family, which formed a group worthy the pencil of Greuse.

Do not suspect that I am prejudiced in favour of this family, merely because they belong to a prince.——An appearance of domestic happiness is always agreeable, whether we find it in a palace or a cottage; and the same symptoms of good humour, though they would not have surprised me so much, would have delighted me equally in the family of a peasant.

LETTER L.

DEAR SIR, *Frankfort.*

SINCE my return from Darmstadt, the weather has been so very bad, that I have passed the time mostly at home. That I may obey your injunctions to write regularly at the stated periods, I will send you the substance of a conversation I had within these few days with a foreigner, a man of letters, with whom I am in a considerable degree of intimacy.

This gentleman has never been in England, but he speaks the language a little, understands it very well, and has studied many of our best authors. He said, that he had found in some English books, a solidity of reasoning, and a strength of expression, superior to any thing he had met with elsewhere;—that the English history furnished examples of patriotism and zeal for civil liberty, equal to what was recorded in the Greek or Roman story;—that English poetry displayed a sublimity of thought, and a knowledge of the human heart, which no writings, ancient or modern, could surpass; and in philosophy it was pretty generally allowed, that the English nation had no rival.—He then mentioned the improvements made by Englishmen in medicine and other arts, their superiority in navigation, commerce, and manufactures; and even hinted something in praise of a few English statesmen. He concluded his panegyric by saying, that these considerations had given him the highest idea of the English nation, and had led him to cultivate the acquaintance of many Englishmen whom he had occasionally met on their travels. But he frankly acknowledged, that his connection with these, had not contributed to support the idea he had formed of their nation.

As I had heard sentiments of the same kind insinuated by others, I replied at some length, observing, that if he had lived in the most brilliant period of Roman grandeur, and had accidentally met with a few Romans in Greece or

Asia, and had formed his opinion of that illustrious commonwealth from the conduct and conversation of these travellers, his ideas would, in all probability, have been very different from those which the writings of Livy, Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, had given him of the Roman people:—That the manners and behaviour of the few English he might have met abroad, so far from giving him a just view of the character of the whole nation, very possibly led him to false conclusions with regard to the character of those very individuals. For that I myself had known many young Englishmen, who, after having led a dissipated, insignificant kind of life while on their travels, and while the natural objects of their ambition were at a distance, had changed their conduct entirely upon their return, applied to business as eagerly as they had formerly launched into extravagance, and had at length become very useful members of the community.

But, continued I, throwing this consideration out of the question, the real character of a people can only be discovered by living among them on a familiar footing, and for a considerable time. This is necessary before we can form a just idea of any nation; but perhaps more so with respect to the English, than any other: for in no nation are the education, sentiments, and pursuits of those who travel, so different from those of the people who remain at home.

The first class is composed of a few invalids, a great many young men raw from the university, and some idle men of fortune, void of ambition, and incapable of application, who, every now and then, saunter through Europe, because they know not how to employ their time at home.

The second class is made up of younger brothers, who are bred to the army, navy, the law, and other professions; —all who follow commerce, are employed in manufactures or farming;—and, in one word, all who, not being born to independent fortunes, endeavour to remedy that inconveniency by industry, and the cultivation of their talents.

England is the only country in Europe whose inhabitants never leave it in search of fortune. There are, moderately speaking, twenty Frenchmen in London for every Englishman at Paris. By far the greater part of those Frenchmen travel to get money, and almost all the English to spend it. But we should certainly be led into great errors, by forming an idea of the character of the French nation from that of the French fiddlers, dancing-masters, dentists, and valet-de-chambres to be met with in England, or other parts of Europe.

The gentleman acknowledged, that it would be unfair to decide on the French character from that of fiddlers and dancing-masters; but added, that he did not perceive that the English could reasonably complain, should foreigners form an opinion of their national character from the men of fortune, rank, and the most liberal education of their island.

I answered, they certainly would, because young men of high rank and great fortune carry a set of ideas along with them from their infancy, which very often disappoint the purposes of the best education.——Let a child of high rank be brought up with all the care and attention the most judicious parents and masters can give;—let him be told, that personal qualities alone can make him truly respectable;—that the fortuitous circumstances of birth and fortune afford no just foundation for esteem;—that knowledge and virtue are the true sources of honour and happiness;—that idleness produces vice and misery;—that without application he cannot acquire knowledge;—and that without knowledge he will dwindle into insignificance, in spite of rank and fortune:——Let these things be inculcated with all the power of persuasion; let them be illustrated by example, and insinuated by fable and allegory;—yet, do we not daily see the effect of all this counteracted by the insinuations of servants and base sycophants, who give an importance to far different qualities, and preach a much more agreeable doctrine?——

They make eternal allusions in all their discourse and

behaviour to the great estate the young spark is one day to have, and the great man he must be, independent of any effort of his own. They plainly insinuate, if they do not directly say it, that study and application, though proper enough for hospital boys, is unnecessary, or perhaps unbecoming a man of fashion. They talk with rapture of the hounds, hunters, and race-horses of one great man; of the rich liveries and brilliant equipage of another; and extol, above all others, those who possess that first of virtues, liberality to their servants. They tell their young master, that his rank and estate entitle him to have finer hounds, horses, liveries, and equipage than either, and to be more liberal to his servants; and consequently a greater man in every respect. This kind of poison being often poured upon the young sprouts of fortune and quality, gradually blasts the vigour of the plants, and renders all care and cultivation ineffectual.

If we suppose that domestics of another character could be placed about a boy of high rank, and every measure taken to inspire him with other sentiments; he cannot stir abroad, he cannot go into company, without perceiving his own importance, and the attention that is paid to him. His childish pranks are called spirited actions; his pert speeches are converted into bon mots; and when reproved or punished by his parent or master, ten to one but some obsequious intermeddler will tell him that he has suffered great injustice.

The youth, improving all this to the purposes of indolence and vanity, arrives at length at the comfortable persuasion, that study or application of any kind would in him be superfluous;—that he ought only to seek amusement, for, at the blessed age of twenty-one, distinction, deference, admiration, and all other good things, will be added unto him.

A young man, on the other hand, who is born to no such expectations, has no sycophants around him to pervert his understanding;—when he behaves improperly, he instantly sees the marks of disapprobation on every

countenance:—He daily meets with people who inform him of his faults without ceremony or circumlocution.—He perceives that nobody cares for his bad humour or caprice, and very naturally concludes that he had best correct his temper.—He finds that he is apt to be neglected in company, and that the only remedy for this inconveniency will be the rendering himself agreeable.—He loves affluence, distinction, and admiration, as well as the rich and great; but becomes fully convinced that he can never obtain even the shadow of them, otherwise than by useful and ornamental acquirements. The truth of those precepts, which is proved by rhetoric and syllogism to the boy of fortune, is *experimentally* felt by him who has no fortune; and the difference which this makes is infinite.

So that the son of a gentleman of moderate fortune has a probability of knowing more of the world at the age of sixteen, and of having a juster notion of people's sentiments of him, than a youth of very high rank at a much more advanced age; for it is very difficult for any person to find out that he is despised while he continues to be flattered.

So far, therefore, from being surprised that dissipation, weakness, and ignorance, are so prevalent among those who are born to great fortunes and high rank, we ought to be astonished to see so great a number of men of virtue, diligence, and genius, among them as there is. And if the number be proportionably greater in England than in any other country, which I believe is the case, this must proceed from the impartial discipline of our public schools, and the equitable treatment which boys of the greatest rank receive from their comrades. Sometimes the natural, manly sentiments they acquire from their school companions, serve as an antidote against the childish, sophistical notions with which weak or designing men endeavour to inspire them in after-life.

The nature of the British constitution contributes also to form a greater number of men of talents among the wealthy and the great, than are to be found in other

countries; because it opens a wider field for ambition than any other government;—and ambition excites those exertions which produce talents.

But, continued I, you must acknowledge that it would be improper to form a judgment of the English genius, by samples taken from men who have greater temptations to indolence, and fewer spurs to application, than others.

My disputant still contested the point, and asserted, that high birth gave a native dignity and elevation to the mind;—that distinctions and honours were originally introduced into families by eminent abilities and great virtues;—that when a man of illustrious birth came into a company, or even when his name was mentioned, this naturally raised a recollection of the great actions and shining qualities of the eminent person who had first acquired those honours;—that a consciousness of this must naturally stimulate the present possessor to imitate the virtues of his ancestors;—that his degenerating would subject him to the highest degree of censure, as the world could not, without indignation, behold indolence and vice adorned with the rewards of activity and virtue.

I might have disputed this assertion, that honours and titles are always the rewards of virtue; and could have produced abundance of instances of the opposite proposition. But I allowed that they often were so, and that hereditary honours in a family always ought to have, and sometimes had, the effect which he supposed: but these concessions being made in their fullest extent, still he would do injustice to the English, by forming a judgment of their national character, from what he had observed of the temper, manners, and genius of those Englishmen with whom he had been acquainted in foreign counties; because three-fourths of them were, in all probability, men of fortune, without having family or high birth to boast of; so that they had the greatest inducements to indolence, without possessing the motives to virtuous exertions, which influence people of high rank.—For, though it rarely happened in other countries, it was very

common in England for men of all the various professions and trades to accumulate very great fortunes, which, at their death, falling to their sons, these young men, without having had a suitable education, immediately set up for gentlemen, and run over Europe in the characters of Milords Anglois, game, purchase pictures, mutilated statues, and mistresses, to the astonishment of all beholders: And, conscious of the blot in their escutcheon, they think it is incumbent on them to wash it out, and make up for the impurity of their blood, by plunging deeper into the ocean of extravagance than is necessary for a man of hereditary fashion.

Here our conversation ended, and the gentleman promised that he would abide by the idea he had formed of the English nation, from the works of Milton, Locke, and Newton, and the characters of Raleigh, Hambden, and Sidney.

LETTER LI.

Frankfort.

Among the remarkable things in Frankfort the inns may be reckoned. Two in particular, the Emperor and the Red House, for cleanliness, conveniency, and number of apartments, are superior to any I ever saw on the continent, and vie with our most magnificent inns in England.

At these, as at all other inns in Germany and Switzerland, there is an ordinary, at which the strangers may dine and sup. This is called the Table d'Hôte, from the circumstance of the landlord's sitting at the bottom of the table, and carving the victuals. The same name for an ordinary is still retained in France, though the landlord does not sit at the table, which was the case formerly in that country, and still is the custom in Germany.

There are no private lodgings to be had here, as in London, nor any hôtels garnis, as in Paris. Strangers therefore retain apartments at the inn during the whole

time of their residence in any of the towns. And travellers of every denomination in this country, under the rank of sovereign princes, make no scruple of eating occasionally at the table d'hôte of the inn where they lodge, which custom is universally followed by strangers from every country on the continent of Europe.

Many of our countrymen, however, who despise economy, and hate the company of strangers, prefer eating in their own apartments to the table d'hôte, or any private table to which they may be invited.

It would be arrogance in any body to dispute the right which every free-born Englishman has to follow his own inclination in this particular: Yet when people wish to avoid the company of strangers, it strikes me, that they might indulge their fancy as completely at home as abroad; and while they continue in that humour, I cannot help thinking that they might save themselves the inconveniency and expense of travelling.

The manners and genius of nations, it is true, are not to be learnt at inns; nor is the most select company to be found at public ordinaries; yet a person of observation, and who is fond of the study of character, will sometimes find instruction and entertainment at both. He there sees the inhabitants of the country on a less ceremonious footing than he can elsewhere, and hears the remarks of travellers of every degree.

The first care of a traveller certainly should be, to form an acquaintance and some degree of intimacy with the principal people in every place where he intends to reside;—to accept invitations to their family parties, and attend their societies;—to entertain them at his apartments, when that can be conveniently done, and endeavour to acquire a just notion of their government, customs, sentiments, and manner of living.—Those who are fond of the study of man, which, with all due deference to the philosophers who prefer that of beasts, birds, and butterflies, is not unnatural philosophy, will mix occasionally with all degrees of people, and, when not other-

wise engaged, will not scruple to take a seat at the table d'hôte.

It is said that low people are sometimes to be found at these ordinaries. This to be sure is a weighty objection; but then it should be remembered, that it is within the bounds of possibility that men, even engaged in commerce, may have liberal minds, and may be able to give as distinct accounts of what is worthy of observation, as if they had been as idle as people of the highest fashion through the whole of their lives. A man must have a very turgid idea of his own grandeur, if he cannot submit, in a foreign country, to dine at table with a person of inferior rank; especially as he will meet, at the same time, with others of equal, or superior rank to himself: For all etiquette of this nature is waved even in Germany at the tables d'hôtes.

A knowledge of the characters of men, as they appear varied in different situations and countries—the study of human nature indeed in all its forms and modifications, is highly interesting to the mind, and worthy the attention of the greatest man. This is not to be perfectly attained in courts and palaces. The investigator of nature must visit her in humbler life, and put himself on a level with the men whom he wishes to know.

It is generally found, that those who possess real greatness of mind, never hesitate to overleap the obstacles, and despise the forms, which may stand in the way of their acquiring this useful knowledge.

The most powerful of all arguments against entirely declining to appear at the public table of the inn, is that in this country it is customary for the ladies themselves, when on a journey, to eat there; and my partiality for the table d'hôte may possibly be owing in some degree to my having met, at one of them, with two of the handsomest women that I have seen since I have been in this country, which abounds in female beauty.

There is more expression in the countenances of French women; but the ladies in Germany have the advantage in

the fairness of their skin, and the bloom of their complexion. They have a greater resemblance to English women than to French: yet they differ considerably from them both.—I do not know how to give an idea of the various shades of expression, which, if I mistake not, I can distinguish in the features of the sex in these three countries.

A handsome French woman, besides the ease of her manner, has commonly a look of cheerfulness and great vivacity.—She appears willing to be acquainted with you, and seems to expect that you should address her.

The manner of an English woman is not so devoid of restraint; and a stranger, especially if he be a foreigner, may observe a look which borders on disdain in her countenance. Even among the loveliest features, something of a sulky air often appears. While their beauty allures, this in some degree checks that freedom of address which you might use to the French woman, and interests your vanity more, by giving the idea of the difficulties you have to conquer.

A German beauty, without the smart air of the one, or the reserve of the other, has generally a more placid look than either.

LETTER LII.

Frankfort.

Several individuals here are fond of distinguishing themselves by their passion for the fine arts, and strangers are informed, that it is well worth while to visit certain private collections of paintings which are to be seen at Frankfort.

You know I am no connoisseur; and if I were, should not take up your time in describing them, or giving a criticism on their subject. For though I have seen them, you have not; and nothing, in my opinion, can be more unintelligible and tiresome to the reader, than criticisms on paintings which he has not seen. I shall only observe

that as all these collections have acquired the esteem and approbation of the proprietors, which I presume was the chief end of their creation, they are certainly entitled to respect from every unconcerned spectator.—One of them in particular must be very valuable, on account of the prodigious sum of money which the present possessor was offered for it, and which he refused as inadequate to its worth; though the sum offered would have at once made the gentleman easy in his circumstances, which, I am sorry to say, is far from being the case. This anecdote cannot be doubted, for I had it from his own mouth.

It is still more the fashion here to form cabinets of natural curiosities. Besides the repositories of this kind, which are to be seen at the courts of the princes, many individuals all over Germany have museums in their houses, and strangers cannot pay their court better, than by requesting permission to see them. This would be an easy piece of politeness, if the stranger were allowed to take a view, and walk away when he thought proper. But the misfortune is, that the proprietor attends on these occasions, and gives the history of every piece of ore, petrifaction, fossil-wood, and monster that is in the collection. And as this lecture is given gratis, he assumes the right of making it as long as he pleases: so that requesting a sight of a private collection of natural curiosities, is a more serious matter than people are aware of.

The duke of Hamilton has brought himself into a scrape, out of which I imagine it will be difficult to extricate him. Being unacquainted with the trouble which these gentlemen give themselves on such occasions, he has expressed an inclination to three or four virtuosi to see their cabinets. I attended him on his first visitation yesterday. The gentleman made an unusual exertion to please his grace. He said, being fully convinced of his taste for natural philosophy, in which people of his high rank were never deficient, he would therefore take pleasure to explain every particular in the collection with the greatest deliberation. He had kept himself disengaged

the whole forenoon on purpose, and had given orders not to be interrupted. He then descanted on each particular in the collection, with such minuteness and perseverance, as completely satiated his Grace's curiosity, and gave him such a knowledge of earths, crystals, agates, pyrites, marcasites, petrifactions, metals, semi-metals, &c. &c. as will, I dare swear, serve him for the rest of his life.

Cassel.

I began this letter at Frankfort, not suspecting that our departure would be so sudden. But as the day approached on which we had been promised the sight of another cabinet of curiosities, I found the duke's impatience to be gone increase every moment. So sending our apology to the proprietors of two or three which he had asked permission to visit, we passed one day with Madame de Barkhause's family, and another with Mr. Gogle's, and then bidding a hasty adieu to our other acquaintances at Frankfort, we set out for this place. We slept the first night at Marburg, and on the second, about midnight, arrived at Cassel.

As the ground is quite covered with snow, the roads bad, and the posts long, we were obliged to take six horses for each chaise, which, after all, in some places moved no faster than a couple of hearses. The duke bore this with wonderful serenity, contemplating the happy evasion he had made from the cabinets at Frankfort. A slave who had escaped from the mines could not have shown greater satisfaction. His good-humour remained proof against all the phlegm and obstinacy of the German postillions, of which one who has not travelled in the extremity of the winter, and when the roads are covered with snow, through this country, can form no idea.

The contrast of character between the French and Germans is strongly illustrated in the behaviour of the postillions of the two countries.

A French postillion is generally either laughing, or fretting, or singing, or swearing, all the time he is on the road. If a hill or a bad road oblige him to go slow, he will of a

sudden fall a cracking his whip above his head for a quarter of an hour together, without rhyme or reason; for he knows the horses cannot go a bit faster, and he does not intend they should. All this noise and emotion, therefore, means nothing; and proceeds entirely from that abhorrence of quiet which every Frenchman sucks in with his mother's milk.

A German postillion, on the contrary, drives four horses with all possible tranquillity. He neither sings, nor frets, nor laughs: he only smokes;—and when he comes near a narrow defile, he sounds his trumpet to prevent any carriage from entering at the other end till he has got through. If you call to him to go faster, he turns about, looks you in the face, takes his pipe from his mouth, and says, Yaw, mynheer,—yaw, yaw; and then proceeds exactly in the same pace as before. He is no way affected whether the road be good or bad; whether it rains, or shines, or snows:—And he seems to be totally regardless of the people whom he drives, and equally callous to their reproach or applause. He has one object of which he never loses sight, which is, to conduct your chaise and the contents from one post to another, in the manner he thinks best for himself and the horses. And unless his pipe goes out, (in which case he strikes his flint and rekindles it), he seems not to have another idea during the whole journey.

Your best course is to let him take his own way at first, for it will come to that at last.—All your noise and bluster are vain.

> Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
> Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ
> Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.*

* Not the proud tyrant's fiercest threat,
Nor storms that from their dark retreat
The lawless surges wake;
Not Jove's dread bolt that shakes the pole,
The firmer purpose of his soul,
With all its power can shake.

BLACKLOCK.

LETTER LIII.

Cassel.

The attention and civilities which are paid to the duke of Hamilton by this court, have induced us to remain longer than we intended at our arrival.

As you seem curious to know how we pass our time, and the style of living here, I shall give you a sketch of one day, which, with little variation, may give you an idea of all the rest.

We generally employ the morning and forenoon in study. We go to the palace about half an hour before dinner is served, where we find all the officers, who have been invited, assembled in a large room. The landgrave soon appears, and continues conversing with the company till his consort arrives with the princess Charlotte, and such ladies as they have thought proper to invite.

The company then walk to the dining parlour, where there are about thirty covers every day, and the same number in a room adjoining. The doors being left open between these apartments, the whole forms in a manner but one company. The strangers, and such officers as are not under the rank of colonel, dine at their highnesses table.

The repast continues about two hours, during which the conversation is carried on with some little appearance of constraint, and rather in a low voice, except when either of their highnesses speaks to any person seated at a little distance.

After dinner the company returns to the room where they first assembled. In this they remain till the landgrave retires, which he usually does within about a quarter of an hour. Soon after, the company separates till seven in the evening, when they again assemble.

The landgrave plays constantly at cavaniolle, a kind of lottery, where no address or attention is requisite, and which needs hardly interrupt conversation. It requires about a dozen players to make his party.

The landgravine plays at quadrille, and chooses her

own party every night.—Other card-tables are set in the adjoining rooms, for the conveniency of any who choose to play. The gaming continues about a couple of hours. The landgrave then salutes her highness on both cheeks, and retires to his own apartments, while she and the rest of the company go to supper. At this repast there is less formality, and of consequence more ease and gaiety, than at dinner.

When her highness rises from table, most part of the company attend her up stairs to a spacious antichamber, where she remains conversing a few minutes, and then retires.

These general forms are sometimes varied by a concert in the landgrave's apartments. There are also certain days of gala, which are only distinguished by the company's being more numerous, and better dressed, than usual: two circumstances which do not add a vast deal to the pleasure of the entertainment.

During the carnival, there were two or three masquerades. On these occasions the court assemble about six in the evening, the men being all in dominos, and the ladies in their usual dress, or with the addition of a few fanciful ornaments, according to the particular taste of each.

They amuse themselves with cards and conversation till the hour of supper. During this interval, a gentleman of the court carries a parcel of tickets in his hat, equal to the number of men in company. These are presented to the ladies, each of whom draws one. Tickets in the same manner are presented to the men, who take one a-piece, which they keep till the card-playing is finished.

The officer then calls number one, upon which the couple who are possessed of that number come forward, and the gentleman leads the lady into the supper-room, sits by her, and is her partner for the rest of the evening. In the same manner every other number is called.

After supper, all the company put on their masks. Her highness is led into the masquerade room. The rest fol-

low, each lady being handed by her partner. The landgravine and her partner walk to the upper end of the room.—The next couple stop at a small distance below them; the third next to the second, and so on till this double file reaches from the top to the bottom of the hall. If there are any supernumeraries, they must retire to the sides.—From this arrangement you expect a country dance:—a minuet however is intended:—the music begins, and all the maskers on the floor, consisting of twenty or thirty couple, walk a minuet together. This, which is rather a confused affair, being over, every body sits down, the landgravine excepted, who generally dances nine or ten minuets successively with as many different gentlemen. She then takes her seat till the rest of the company have danced minuets, which being over, the cotillons and country-dances begin, and continue till four or five in the morning.

Her highness is a very beautiful woman, graceful in her person, and of a gay and sprightly character. She is in danger of growing corpulent, an inconveniency not uncommon in Germany, but which she endeavours to retard by using a great deal of exercise.

Besides the company who sup at court, the rooms were generally crowded with masks from the town, some of whom are in fancy dresses, and keep themselves concealed all the time. And although those who came from the court are known when they enter the masquerade rooms, many of them slip out afterwards, change their dress, and return to amuse themselves, by teasing their friends in their assumed characters, as is usual at masquerades.

The country-dances are composed of all persons promiscuously, who incline to join in them.—Two women of pleasure, who had come to pass the carnival at Cassel in the exercise of their profession, and were well known to many of the officers, danced every masquerade night in the country-dance, which her highness led down; for the mask annihilates ceremony, puts every body on a footing,

and not unfrequently, while it conceals the face most effectually, serves so much the more to discover the real character and inclinations of the wearer.

LETTER LIV.

Cassel.

NEXT to the electors of the empire, the landgrave of Hesse Cassel is one of the greatest princes in Germany; and even of those, the electors of Bohemia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Hanover, only are richer and more powerful than he. His country is in general hilly, with a great deal of wood, but interspersed with fertile valleys and corn-fields. The large subsidies this court received from Britain during the two last wars, with what is given in the time of peace, by way of retaining fee, have greatly contributed to the present flourishing state of its finances.

The reigning prince forsook the Protestant faith about twenty years ago, and made a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion, in the lifetime of the late landgrave, his father. This gave great uneasiness to the old prince, and alarmed his subjects, who are all Protestants.

The states of the Landgraviate were assembled on this important occasion, and such measures were taken as were judged necessary to maintain the religion and constitution of the country against any future attempt to subvert them. The hereditary prince was excluded from all share in the education of his sons, who were put under the tuition of the princess Mary of Great Britain, his first wife, living at that time separate from her husband. The eldest son, upon his father's accession to the Landgraviate, was put in possession of the county of Hanau; so that the inhabitants have felt no inconveniency from the change of their prince's religion. And as he himself has reaped no earthly advantage, either in point of honour or profit, by his conversion, it is presumable, that his highness's hopes are now limited to the rewards which may await him in another world.

This prince keeps on foot 16,000 men in time of peace, disciplined acording to the Prussian plan, the landgrave himself having the rank of field-marshal in the Prussian army. The prince is fond of exercising them; but not having a house on purpose, as the prince of Hesse Darmstadt has, he takes that amusement when the weather is very bad in the dining-room of his palace, where I have frequently seen two or three hundred of the first battalion of guards perform their manœuvres with all possible dexterity.

The prince of Saze Gotha, brother to the late princess of Wales, has a regiment in the landgrave's service, and resides at Cassel.

The person who has the chief management in military affairs, is General Scliven, a man of an exceeding just and accurate understanding, which he has finely cultivated by reading and reflection.

I have the happiness to be intimately acquainted with many other officers in this service.—An open manner, and undesigning civility, distinguish the German character; qualities which naturally banish reserve, and inspire confidence. And what makes the conversation of these gentlemen still more agreeable and interesting to me, is, the justice they seem fond of rendering to the bravery of the British troops with whom they served. They always mention the names of Granby, Waldgrave, and Kingsley, with the highest encomiums, and speak with affectionate regard of some officers with whom they were more intimately acquainted, particularly Mr. Keith, now at Vienna, and Colonel John Maxwell, whom they applaud as one of the bravest and most active officers that served in the allied army; and seem fond of mentioning instances of the amazing intrepidity of the British grenadiers whom he commanded.

Besides those actually in the landgrave's service, there are some other persons of note who reside at Cassel. I sometimes pass an afternoon with old General Zastrow, who had the command of the garrison of Schweidnitz,

when it was surprised by the Austrian general Laudohn.

If you recollect, that important place had been taken from the Prussians in the year 1757, by Count Nadasti. It was blockaded by the king of Prussia in the winter of that same year, and surrendered to him in spring 1758, after one-half of the garrison had fallen in defending the place. In the year 1761 Laudohn retook it, almost in sight of the Prussian monarch, by the most brilliant coup-de-main that perhaps ever was struck.

The king's army and Laudohn's were both in the neighbourhood of Schweidnitz. The latter could not attempt a regular siege, while he was watched by such an enterprising enemy. But observing that the king had moved at a greater distance than usual from the town, and knowing that more than one-half of the garrison had been drafted, he resolved on an enterprise as bold as it was sagacious. One morning early this vigilant commander, taking the advantage of a thick fog, marched his army to the town of Schweidnitz in four divisions. Scaling-ladders were applied to the ramparts, and some of the Austrians had actually entered the town, before they were observed by the sentinels.

The garrison, being at last roused, attacked the assailants in a furious manner.—The confusion was increased by the blowing up of a powder magazine, which destroyed great numbers on both sides. The governor was taken prisoner, fighting sword in hand on the ramparts, and the town surrendered.

This exploit established the reputation of Laudohn, while poor Zastrow, according to the usual fate of the unfortunate, became a prey to the calumny of the unfeeling and ungenerous. He demanded a trial by a court martial.—The king said there was no occasion for that, as he did not accuse him of any crime.—But he did not judge it expedient to employ him in any command after this misfortune.

I have heard the old man relate all the particulars of

that affair, and the account he gave has been confirmed to me by officers well informed, and unconnected with him.

A company of French comedians are lately arrived here, which forms a new resource for the court. They remain six weeks, or two months. The landgrave pays them a stipulated sum for acting twice a week during that time: and they have scarcely any emolument beside; for the inhabitants of Cassel, who are Calvinists, shew no great passion for dramatic entertainments.

The playhouse is neat, though small. The front gallery, with a convenient room behind, is appropriated to the court. When the prince or princess stands up, whether between the acts, or in the time of the representation, all the audience, pit, box, and gallery, immediately arise, and remain in a standing posture till their sovereign sit down.

Since the arrival of these players, the court has been uncommonly brilliant, and the gala days mere frequent. Yesterday was a very splendid one. I then observed in the drawing-room two persons, neither of whom is a Hessian, saluting each other with great politeness and apparent regard. A little after, one of them touched my shoulder, and, pointing to the other, whispered in my ear,—Prenez garde, monsieur, de cet homme; c'est un grand coquin.

The other within a few minutes came to me, saying,—Croyez vous, monsieur, que vouz puissiez reconnoitre un fou si je vous le montrois?—Le voilà, added he, showing the person who had whispered me before.

I have been since told, by those who know both, that each had hit exactly upon the other's character.

This little trait I have mentioned merely on account of its singularity, and to show you how very different the manners of this court, and the sentiments of the courtiers here with regard to each other, are from those at St. James's.

LETTER LV.

Cassel.

The city of Cassel is situated on the river Fulda. It consists of an old and new town. The former is the largest and most irregular. The new town is well built; and there, as you may believe, the nobility and officers of the court have their houses. The streets are beautiful, but not over-crowded with inhabitants.

Besides the large chateau in the town of Cassel, which is the landgrave's winter residence, he has several villas and castles in different parts of his dominions. Immediately without the town, there is a very beautiful building, in which he dwells for the most part of the summer. The apartments there are neat and commodious, some of them adorned with antique statues of considerable value.

None of the rooms are spacious enough to admit of exercising any considerable number of the troops within their walls; but his highness sometimes indulges in this favourite recreation on the top of this villa, which has a flat roof, most convenient for that purpose.

Around this are some noble parks and gardens, with a very complete orangery. There is also a menagerie, with a considerable collection of curious animals. I saw there a very fine lioness, which has lately lost her husband—an elephant—three camels in fine condition, one of them milk-white, the other two grey, and much taller than the elephant;—an African deer, a fierce and lively animal, with a skin beautifully spotted;—a very tall rein-deer—several leopards—a bear, and a great variety of monkies. The collection of birds is still more complete, a great many of which are from the East Indies.

In the academy of arts, which is situated in the new town, are some valuable antiques, and other curiosities, among which is a St. John in Mosaic, done after a picture of Raphaël's, with the following inscription below it.—

IMAGINEM S. JOHANNES
EX ITALIA ADVENAM
IN RARUM RARÆ INDUSTRIÆ HUMANÆ MONUMENTUM
HANC COLLOCARI JUSSIT
FREDRICUS II HASSIÆ LANDGR.
A. M.D.CCLXV.

But this art of copying paintings in Mosaic work, I understand has of late been brought to a much greater degree of perfection at Rome.

In the vestibule is placed the trunk of a laurel tree, with this inscription on the wall behind it.—

QUÆ
PER OCTO PRINCIPUM CATTORUM ÆTATIS
IN AMÆNIS INCLYTI CASSEL.
VIRIDARII SPATIUM FLORUIT
LAURUS
ALT. CIRCITER LIV. LAT. IV. PED. RHÆNAN.
AD TEMPORA HEROUM
SERENISS. DOMUS HASSIÆ
CORONIS CINGENDA,
SENIO, SED NON IMPLORIS, EMORTUA EST
NE VERO TOTA PERIRET
ARBOR APOLLINI SACRA
TRUNCUM IN MUSEO SERVARI JUSSIT
FREDERICUS II H. L.
A. M.D.CCLXIII.

They also show a sword, which was consecrated by the Pope, and sent to one of the princes of this family at his setting out on an expedition to the Holy Land. What havoc this sacred weapon made among the infidels I cannot say. It has a very venerable appearance for a sword, and yet seems little the worse for wear.

Near the old chateau, and a little to one side, is a colonnade of small pillars, lately built and intended as an ornament to the ancient castle, though in a very different

style of architecture. The slimness of their form appears the more remarkable on account of their vicinity to this Gothic structure.

Sometime since, a mountebank came to Cassel, who, besides many other wonderful feats, pretended that he could swallow and digest stones. A Hessian officer walking before the chateau with an English gentleman, who then happened to be at Cassel, asked him, What he thought of the fine new colonnade?—It is very fine indeed, replied the stranger: but if you wish it to be durable, you ought to take care not to allow the mountebank to walk this way before breakfast.

Nothing in the county of Hesse is more worthy the admiration of travellers, than the Gothic temple and cascade at Wasenstein. There was originally at this place an old building, which was used by the princes of this family as a kind of hunting-house. It is situated near the bottom of a high mountain, and has been enlarged and improved at different times. But the present landgrave's grandfather, who was a prince of equal taste and magnificence, formed, upon the face of the mountain opposite to this house, a series of artificial cataracts, cascades, and various kinds of water-works, in the noblest style that can be imagined.

The principal cascades are in the middle, and on each side are stairs of large black stones of a flinty texture, brought from a rock at a considerable distance. Each of these stairs consists of eight hundred steps, leading from the bottom to the summit of the mountain; and when the works are allowed to play, the water flowing over them forms two continued chains of smaller cascades. At convenient distances as you ascend, are four platforms with a spacious bason in each; also grottos and caves ornamented with shell-work statues of Naïads, and sea divinities. —One grotto, in particular, called the Grotto of Neptune and Amphitrite, is happily imagined, and well executed.

The water rushes from the summit of this mountain in various shapes:—Sometimes in detached cascades, some-

times in large sheets like broad crystalline mirrors; at one place it is broken by a rock consisting of huge stones, artificially placed for that purpose.—There are also fountains which eject the water in columns of five or six inches diameter to a considerable height.

All this must have a very brilliant effect when viewed from the bottom. This sight, however, I did not enjoy: for there has been a continued frost ever since we have been at Cassel; and when I visited Wasenstein, the fields were covered with snow, which did not prevent my going to the top, though it made the ascent by the stairs exceedingly difficult.

On the highest part of the mountain, a Gothic temple is built, and upon the top of that an obelisk, which is crowned by a colossal statue of Hercules leaning on his club, in the attitude of the Farnese Hercules. This figure is of copper, and thirty feet in height. There is a staircase within the club by which a man may ascend, and have a view of the country from a window at the top.

Wasenstein, upon the whole, is infinitely the noblest work of the kind I ever saw. I have been assured there is nothing equal to it in Europe. It has not the air of a modern work, but rather conveys the idea of Roman magnificence.

We think of leaving this within a few days for Brunswick.—I shall not close my letter till we get to Gottingen, where we may probably stay a short time.

P. S. The duke and I took our leave of the court and our friends yesterday, and actually set out from Cassel this morning; but finding the roads entirely overflowed by the extraordinary swelling of the Fulda, we were obliged to return. A great thaw for some days past dissolving the snow and ice, has occasioned this swelling, and rendered the roads impassable.

After taking leave we could not appear again at court, but dined at one of the messes with the officers.—From

this party I am just returned, and finding it uncertain when we may get to Gottingen, I send this to-night. Adieu.

LETTER LVI.

Brunswick.

As soon as the roads were passable, we left Cassel, and arrived, not without difficulty and some risk, at Munden, a town situated in a vale, where the Fulda, being joined by another river, takes the name of the Weser.

This town seems to run some danger from inundations. The road, for a considerable way before we entered it, and the streets nearest the river, were still overflowed when we passed.

We went on the same night to Gottingen, an exceedingly neat and well-built town, situated in a beautiful country. The university founded here by George II has a considerable reputation. We made but a short stay at Gottingen, and arrived about a month since at Brunswick.

The duke of Hamilton had been expected here for some time, and was received by this court with every mark of attention and regard. He was pressed to accept of apartments within the palace, which he thought proper to decline. We sleep every night at private lodgings; but may be said to live at court, as we constantly dine, pass the evening, and sup there, except two days in every week that we dine with the hereditary prince and princess at their apartments.

The family of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle derives not greater lustre from its antiquity, from having given empresses to Germany, and from having a younger branch on the throne of Britain, than from some living characters now belonging to it.

The reigning duke has that style of conversation, those manners and dispositions, which, in an inferior station of

life, would acquire him the character of a sensible, worthy gentleman.

The duchess is the favourite sister of the king of Prussia. She is fond of study, and particularly addicted to metaphysical inquiries, which, happily, have not shaken, but confirmed her belief in Christianity.

The military fame and public character of Duke Ferdinand are known to all Europe.—In private life, he is of a ceremonious politeness, splendid in his manner of living, attentive even to the minutiæ of his toilet, and fond of variety and magnificence in dress.

He has lived constantly at his brother's court since the duke of Hamilton came to Brunswick; but he generally passes the summer in the country.

The hereditary prince served under his uncle during the last war, and commanded detached parties of the army with various success. His activity, courage, and thirst of glory, were always conspicuous; but his youthful ardour has been since mellowed by time, study, and reflection; and if he should again appear in the field as a general, it is imagined that he will be as much distinguished for prudence, policy, and judgment, as he ever was for spirit and enterprise. He has at present the rank of lieutenant-general in the king of Prussia's service, and the command of the garrison at Halberstadt.

I say nothing of his princess:—Her open cheerful character is well known in England, and her affection for her native country is in no degree diminished by absence.

The prince Leopold is a very amiable young man. He seems much attached to the duke of Hamilton, with whom he lives on an intimate and friendly footing.

His sister, the princess Augusta, is greatly beloved by every body, on account of her obliging temper and excellent disposition.

These illustrious persons always dine and sup together, except two days in the week, as I have already said. With them the officers of the court, and the strangers who are

invited, make a company of about twenty or thirty at table.

In the evening the assembly is more numerous. There is a large table for vingtun, the duchess preferring this game, because a great number of people may be engaged in it together. The reigning duke and Prince Ferdinand always join in this game.

The hereditary princess forms a quadrille party for herself: Her husband never plays at all. The whole is intended merely for pastime, all kinds of gaming being discouraged. The duchess in particular always puts a very moderate stake on her cards. A man must have very bad luck to lose above twenty pistoles in an evening; so we are in no danger from gaming while at this court.

One wing of the palace is occupied by the hereditary prince's family. He has at present three sons and as many daughters, all of the fair complexion, which distinguishes every branch of the Brunswick line.

A few days ago, I accompanied Prince Leopold and the duke of Hamilton on a visit to Duke Ferdinand, who was then at his house in the country, about six miles from this place. In that retreat he passes the greatest part of his time. He is fond of gardening, and is now employed in laying out and dressing the ground, in what is called the English taste.

His serene highness conducted the duke round all his park, and shewed him his plans and improvements. The greatest obstacle to the completely beautifying this place, arises from the surface of the country being a dead flat, and incapable of great variety.

The house is surrounded by a fossé, and contains a great number of apartments. The walls of every room are hung with prints, from the roof to within two feet of the floor. Perhaps there is not so complete a collection of framed ones in any private house or palace in the world. While Prince Ferdinand played at billiards with the duke of Hamilton, I continued with Prince Leopold examining

these prints, and could scarcely recollect a good one that I did not find here.

His highness said it was equally difficult and expensive to have a collection of good paintings, and nothing could be more paltry than a bad one: he had therefore taken the resolution to adorn his house with what he certainly could have good of its kind; and, next to fine pictures, he thought fine prints the most amusing of all ornaments. But, added he, with a smile, every tolerable room is now perfectly covered, and I have lately received a reinforcement of prints from England, which will oblige me to build new apartments to place them in, puisque je suis toujours accoutumé à donner un poste honorable aux Anglois.

The company had been invited to breakfast; but the repast was a very magnificent dinner, served a little earlier than usual. There were only six persons at table; but the number of attendants might without difficulty have served a company of thirty. The prince, who is always in the utmost degree polite, was on this occasion remarkably affable and gay. He called toasts after the English custom, and began himself by naming General Conway; he afterwards gave Sir H. Clinton, and continued to toast some British officer, as often as it came to his turn.—You may believe it afforded me satisfaction to have had an opportunity of observing a little of the private life of a person who has acted so conspicuous a part on the theatre of Europe.

As he has not returned to the Prussian service, and seems to enjoy rural amusements, and the conversation of a few friends, it is thought he will not again take a part in public affairs, but for the rest of his life repose, in this retreat, on the laurels he gathered in such abundance during the last war.

LETTER LVII.

Brunswick.

The town of Brunswick is situated in a plain, on the banks of the Ocker. The houses in general are old, but many new buildings have been erected of late, and the city acquires fresh beauty every day.

Fortifications have been the cause of much calamity to many towns in Germany, having served not to defend them, but rather to attract the vengeance of enemies. For this reason, Cassel, and some other towns, which were formerly fortified, are now dismantled. But the fortifications at Brunswick were of great utility last war, and on one occasion they saved the town from being pillaged, and afforded Prince Frederick, who is now in the Prussian service, an opportunity of performing an action, which, I imagine, gave him more joy than twenty victories. This happened in the year 1761, soon after the battle of Kirch Denkern, when Duke Ferdinand protected Hanover, not by conducting his army into that country and defending it directly, as the enemy seemed to expect, and probably wished; but by diversion, attacking with strong detachments, commanded by the hereditary prince, their magazines in Hesse, and thus drawing their attention from Hanover to that quarter.

While the duke lay encamped at Willhemsthall, watching the motions of Broglio's army, the marechal being greatly superior in numbers, sent a body of 20,000 men, under Prince Xavier of Saxony, who took possession of Wolfenbuttle, and soon after invested Brunswick.

Prince Ferdinand, anxious to save his native city, ventured to detach 5000 of his army, small as it was, under his nephew, Frederick, assisted by General Luckener, with orders to harass the enemy, and endeavour to raise the siege. The young prince, while on his march, sent a soldier with a letter to the governor, which was wrapped round a bullet, and which the soldier was to swallow in

case of his being taken by the enemy.—He had the good fortune to get safe into the town.—The letter apprized the commander of the garrison of the prince's approach, and particularized the night and hour when he expected to be at a certain place near the town, requiring him to favour his entrance.

In the middle of the night appointed, the prince fell suddenly on the enemy's cavalry, who, unsupicious of his approach, were encamped carelessly within a mile of the town. They were immediately dispersed, and spread such an alarm among the infantry, that they also retreated with considerable loss.

Early in the morning, the young prince entered Brunswick, amidst the acclamations of his fellow-citizens, whom he had relieved from the horrors of a siege.—The hereditary prince, having destroyed the French magazines in Hesse, had been recalled by his uncle, and ordered to attempt the relief of Brunswick. While he was advancing with all possible speed, and had got within a few leagues of the town, he received the news of the siege being raised. On his arrival at his father's palace, he found his brother Frederick at table, entertaining the French officers, who had been taken prisoners the preceding night.

The academy of Brunswick has been new-modelled, and the plan of education improved, by the attention, and under the patronage of the hereditary prince. Students now resort to this academy from many parts of Germany; and there are generally some young gentlemen from Britain, who are sent to be educated here.

Such of them as are intended for a military life, will not find so many advantages united at any other place on the continent, as at the academy of Brunswick. They will here be under the protection of a family, partial to the British nation;—every branch of science is taught by masters of known abilities;—the young students will see garrison duty regularly performed, and may, by the interest of the prince, obtain liberty to attend the reviews of the Prussian troops at Magdeburg and Berlin:—They

will have few temptations to expense, in a town where they can see no examples of extravagance,—have few opportunities of dissipation, and none of gross debauchery.

I passed a day lately at Wolfenbuttle, which is also a fortified city, the ancient residence of this family.—The public library here is reckoned one of the most complete in Germany, and contains many curious manuscripts. They showed us some letters of Luther, and other original pieces in that reformer's own handwriting.

Having dined with Colonel Riedesel, who commands a regiment of cavalry in this town, I returned by Saltzdahlen. This is the only palace I ever saw built almost entirely of wood. There are, nevertheless, some very magnificent apartments in it, and a great gallery of pictures, some of which are allowed by the connoisseurs to be excellent. I will not invade the province of these gentlemen, by presuming to give my opinion of the merits or defects of the pictures, though I have often heard those, who are as ignorant as myself, decide upon the interesting subject of painting, in the most dogmatic manner. The terms Contour, Attitude, Casting of Draperies, Charging, Costumé, Passion, Manner, Groupe, Outline, Chiaro Scuro, Harmony, and Repose, flowed from their tongues, with a volubility that commanded the admiration of all those who could not discover, that in the liberal use of these terms consisted all those gentlemen's taste and knowledge of the fine arts.

Conscious of my ignorance in the mysteries of connoisseurship, I say nothing of the pictures, and presume only to give my opinion, that the gallery which contains them is a very noble room, being two hundred feet long, fifty broad, and forty high.

In this palace there is also a cabinet of china porcelain, containing, as we were told, seven or eight thousand pieces;—and in another smaller cabinet, we were shown a collection of coarse plates, valuable only on account of their having been painted after designs of Raphaël.

The country about Brunswick is agreeable. I was particularly pleased to see some gentlemen's seats near this town; a sight very rare in Germany, where if you avoid towns and courts, you may travel over a great extent of country, without perceiving houses for any order of men between the prince and the peasant.

I spent yesterday very agreeably, fourteen miles from Brunswick, at the house of Mr. de Westphalen. This gentleman attended Duke Ferdinand during the late war in the character of his private secretary; an office which he executed entirely to the satisfaction of that prince, whose friendship and confidence he still retains.

Mr. de Westphalen has written the history of those memorable campaigns, in which his patron had the command of the allied army, and baffled all the efforts of France in Westphalia. Though this work has been finished long since, the publication has hitherto been delayed for political reasons. It is to appear, however, at some future period, and is said to be a masterly performance. Indeed, one would naturally suppose this from the remarkable acuteness and sagacity of the author, who was present at the scenes he describes, and knew the secret intentions of the general, whose assistance he has probably had in finishing the work.

LETTER LVIII.

Brunswick.

We have had some masquerade balls here of late.—The court do not go in procession to these as at Cassel.—Those who choose to attend, go separately when they find it convenient.

There is a gallery in the masquerade-room for the reigning family, where they sometimes sit without masks, and amuse themselves by looking at the dancers. But in general they go masked, and mix in an easy and familiar manner with the company.

I am not surprised that the Germans, especially those

of high rank, are fond of masquerades, being so much harassed with ceremony and form, and cramped by the distance which birth throws between people who may have a mutual regard for each other. I imagine they are glad to seize every opportunity of assuming the mask and domino, that they may taste the pleasures of familiar conversation and social mirth.——In company with the duke of Hamilton, I once had the honour of dining at the house of a general officer. His sister did the honours of the table; and on the duke's expressing his surprise that he never had seen her at court, he was told she could not possibly appear there, because she was not noble. This lady, however, was visited at home by the sovereign, and every family of distinction, all of whom regretted, that the established custom of their country deprived the court of a person whose character they valued so highly.

The general's rank in the army was a sufficient passport for him, but was of no service to his sister; for this etiquette is observed very rigidly with respect to the natives of Germany, though it is greatly relaxed to strangers, particularly the English, who they imagine have less regard for birth and title than any other nation.

Public diversions of every kind are now over for some time, and the court is at present very thin.—Duke Ferdinand resides in the country. The hereditary prince went a few days since to Haberstadt, where he will remain at least a month, to prepare the garrison, and his own regiment in particular, for the grand reviews which are soon to take place. Diligence in duty, and application to the disciplining of the forces, are indispensable in this service. Without these, not all the king's partiality to this prince, or his consanguinity, could secure to him his uncle's favour for one day, personal talents and vigorous exertion being the sole means of acquiring and retaining the favour of this steady and discerning monarch.

The hereditary princess has left Brunswick, and is gone to Zell, and will remain during the absence of her husband with her sister the queen of Denmark.

The young prince, Leopold, has also left the court. He goes directly to Vienna, and it is thought he intends to offer his services to the emperor. If proper encouragement be given, he will go entirely into the Austrian service. In this case, he will probably, when a war happens, find himself in opposition to his two brothers; a circumstance not much regarded in Germany, where brothers go into different services, with as little hesitation as into different regiments with us.

The strictest friendship has always subsisted between this young man and his sister, who has been crying almost without intermission since he went away.

His mother bears this with more composure, yet her uneasiness is easier perceived. Independent of the absence of her son, she is distressed at the idea of his going into a service, where he may be obliged to act in opposition to her brother,* for whom I find she has the greatest affection, as well as the highest admiration.

I was not surprised to hear her speak of him as the greatest man alive; but she extends her eulogium to the qualities of his heart, in which she is not joined by the opinion of all the world.—She, however, dwells particu-

* Prince Leopold did not enter into the Austrian service; but after having visited Vienna, and made the tour of Italy, he returned to Brunswick. ——His uncle, the king of Prussia, soon after offering him the command of a regiment, he went into the service of that monarch, in which he remained till the spring of the year 1785, when being witness to the devastation occasioned by the overflowing of a river, unmoved by the entreaties of those who endeavoured to dissuade him from so hazardous an enterprise, he embarked in a small boat with three watermen, to relieve the inhabitants of a village surrounded by the waters. But before he reached them the boat was drove with violence against a tree, and overset; the three boatmen were saved. This amiable prince alone, being carried down by the impetuosity of the current, perished in the sight of those he attempted to preserve, displaying in his death an heroic instance of that benevolence which had appeared conspicuous through the whole of his life.

That ingenious artist Mr. Northcote, who so successfully painted the wonderful escape of Captain Inglefield, has since, with equal, if not superior energy, finished a picture representing the death of Prince Leopold of Brunswick.

larly on this, calling him the worthiest of men, the firmest friend, and the kindest of brothers:—and as she founds her opinion on her own experience alone, she has the greatest reason to think as she does; for by every account, the king has always behaved with high regard and undeviating tenderness to her.

The departure of Prince Leopold has revived this princess's affliction for the untimely fate of two of her sons. One died in the Russian camp at the end of the campaign of 1769, in which he had served with great distinction as a volunteer; the other was killed in a skirmish towards the end of the last war; having received a shot in his throat, he died of the wound fifteen days after, much regretted by the army, who had formed a high idea of the rising merit of this gallant youth.

He wrote a letter to his mother in the morning of the day on which he died. In this letter he regrets, that he should be stopped so soon in the course of honour, and laments that he had not been killed in some memorable action, which would have saved his name from oblivion, or in achieving something worthy of the martial spirit of his family. He expresses satisfaction, however, that his memory would at least be dear to some friends, and that he was certain of living in his mother's affections while she should exist. He then declares his gratitude to her for all her care and tenderness, and concludes with these expressions, which I translate as near as I can remember.—I wished the duchess to repeat them; but it was with difficulty, and eyes overflowing, that she pronounced them once.—'My eyes grow dim—I can see no longer—happy to have employed their last light in expressing my duty to my mother.'

LETTER LIX.

Hanover.

THE duke of Hamilton having determined to pay his respects to the queen of Denmark, before he left this coun-

try, chose to make his visit while the hereditary princess was with her sister.

I accompanied him to Zell, and next day waited on the count and countess Dean, to let them know of the duke's arrival, and to be informed when we could have the honour of being presented to the queen. They both belong to the princess of Brunswick's family, and while I was at breakfast with them, her royal highness entered the room and gave me the information I wanted.

Before dinner, I returned with the duke to the castle, where we remained till late in the evening. There was a concert of music between dinner and supper, and the queen seemed in better spirits than could have been expected.

Zell is a small town, without trade or manufactures; the houses are old, and of a mean appearance, yet the high courts of appeal for all the territories of the electoral house of Brunswick Lunenburg are held here; the inhabitants derive their principal means of subsistence from this circumstance.

This town was severely harassed by the French army at the beginning of the late war, and was afterwards pillaged, in revenge for the supposed infraction of the treaty of Closter-Seven. The duke de Richlieu had his headquarters here, when Duke Ferdinand reassembled the troops who had been disarmed and dispersed immediately after that convention.

The castle is a stately building, surrounded by a moat, and strongly fortified. It was formerly the residence of the dukes of Zell, and was repaired lately by order of the king of Great Britain for the reception of his unfortunate sister. The apartments are spacious and convenient, and now handsomely furnished.

The officers of the court, the queen's maids of honour, and other attendants, have a very genteel appearance, and retain the most respectful attachment to their ill-fated mistress. The few days we remained at Zell were spent entirely at court, where every thing seemed to be arranged

in the style of the other small German courts, and nothing wanting to render the queen's situation as comfortable as circumstances would admit. But by far her greatest consolation is the company and conversation of her sister. Some degree of satisfaction appears in her countenance while the princess remains at Zell; but the moment she goes away, the queen, as we were informed, becomes a prey to dejection and despondency. The princess exerts herself to prevent this, and devotes to her sister all the time she can spare from the duties she owes to her own family. Unlike those who take the first pretext of breaking connections which can no longer be of advantage, this humane princess has displayed even more attachment to her sister since her misfortunes, than she ever did while the queen was in the meridian of her prosperity.

The youth, the agreeeble countenance, and obliging manners of the queen, have conciliated the minds of every one in this country. Though she was in perfect health, and appeared cheerful, yet, convinced that her gaiety was assumed, and the effect of a strong effort, I felt an impression of melancholy, which it was not in my power to overcome all the time we remained at Zell.

From Zell we went to Hanover, and on the evening of our arrival had the pleasure of hearing Handel's Messiah performed. Some of the best company of this place were assembled on the occasion, and we were here made acquainted with old Field-Marshal Sporken, and other people of distinction. Hanover is a neat, thriving, and agreeable city. It has more the air of an English town than any other I have seen in Germany, and the English manners and customs gain ground every day among the inhabitants. The genial influence of freedom has extended from England to this place. Tyranny is not felt, and ease and satisfaction appear in the countenances of the citizens.

This town is regularly fortified, and all the works are in exceeding good order. The troops are sober and regu-

lar, and perform every essential part of duty well, though the discipline is not so rigid as in some other parts of Germany. Marshal Sporken, who is the head of the army, is a man of humanity; and though the soldiers are severely punished for real crimes by the sentence of a court-martial, he does not permit his officers to order them to be caned for trifles. Caprice is too apt to blend itself with this method of punishing, and men of cruel dispositions are prone to indulge this diabolical propensity, under the pretence of zeal for discipline.

The Hanoverian infantry are not so tall as some of the other German troops, owing to this, that nobody is forced into the service; the soldiers are all volunteers; whereas, in other parts of Germany, the prince picks the stoutest and tallest of the peasants, and obliges them to become soldiers. It is allowed, that in action no troops can behave better than the Hanoverians; and it is certain, that desertion is not so frequent among them as among other German troops, which can only be accounted for by their not being pressed into the service, and their being more gently used when in it.

It is not the mode here at present, to lay so much stress on the tricks of the exercise as formerly. The officers in general seem to despise many minutiæ, which are thought of the highest importance in some other services. It is incredible to what a ridiculous length this matter is pushed by some.

At a certain parade, where the sovereign himself was present, and many officers assembled, I once saw a corpulent general officer start suddenly, as if he had seen something preternatural. He immediately waddled towards the ranks with all the expedition of a terrified gander. I could not conceive what had put his excellency into a commotion so little suitable to his years and habit of body. While all the spectators were a-tiptoe to observe the issue of this phenomenon, he arrived at the ranks, and in great wrath, which probably had been augmented by the heat acquired in his course, he pulled off

one of the soldier's hats, which it seems had not been properly cocked, and adjusted it to his mind. Having regulated the military discipline in this important particular, he returned to the prince's right hand, with a strut expressive of the highest self-approbation.

Two days after our arrival here, I walked to Hernhausen, along a magnificent avenue, as broad, and about double the length of the mall at St. James's. The house itself has nothing extraordinary in its appearance; but the gardens are as fine as gardens planned in the Dutch taste, and formed on ground perfectly level, can be. The orangery is reckoned equal to any in Europe. Here is a kind of rural theatre, where plays may be acted during the fine weather. There is a spacious amphitheatre cut out in green seats for the spectators; a stage in the same taste, with rows of trees for side-scenes, and a great number of arbours and summer-rooms, surrounded by lofty hedges, for the actors to retire and dress in.

When the theatre is illuminated, which is always done when masquerades are given, it must have a very fine effect. The groves, arbours, and labyrinths, seem admirably calculated for all the purposes of this amusement.

In these gardens are several large reservoirs and fountains, and, on one side, a canal above a quarter of a mile in length. I have not seen the famous jet d'eau, as the water-works have not been played off since I came to Hanover. On the whole, we pass our time very agreeably here. We have dined twice with Baron de Lenth, who has the chief direction of the affairs of this electorate, and at his house have met with the principal inhabitants. I make one of Marshal Sporken's party every night at whist, and pass most of my time in the society at his house.

The duke of Hamilton having promised to meet some company at Brunswick by a certain day, we shall set out for that place to-morrow—but have engaged to pay another visit to Hanover before we go to Berlin.—My next therefore will be from Brunswick, or possibly from this place after our return.

LETTER LX.

Hanover.

We remained a week at Brunswick, and returned to this town about ten days ago. None of the family are there at present, except the duke and duchess, and the young princess, their daughter.

The character of the sovereign, at every court, has great influence in forming the taste and manners of courtiers. This must operate with increased force in the little courts of Germany, where the parties are brought nearer to each other, and spend the most part of their time together. The pleasure which the duchess of Brunswick takes in study, has made reading very fashionable among the ladies of that court: of this her royal highness gave me a curious instance the last time I had the honour of seeing her.

A lady, whose education had been neglected in her youth, and who had arrived at a very ripe age without perceiving any inconveniency from the accident, had obtained, by the interest of some of her relations, a place at the court of Brunswick. She had not been long there till she perceived that the conversation in the duchess's apartments frequently turned on subjects of which she was entirely ignorant, and that those ladies had most of her royal highness's ear, who were best acquainted with books. She regretted, for the first time, the neglect of her own education; and although she had hitherto considered that kind of knowledge, which is derived from reading, as unbecoming a woman of quality, yet, as it was now fashionable at court, she resolved to study hard, that she might get to the top of the mode as fast as possible.

She mentioned this resolution to the duchess, desiring, at the same time, that her highness would lend her a book to begin. The duchess applauded her design, and promised to send her one of the usefullest books in her library —It was a French and German dictionary. Some days after, her highness inquired how she relished the book.

Infinitely, replied this studious lady.—It is the most delightful book I ever saw.—The sentences are all short and easily understood, and the letters charmingly arranged in ranks, like soldiers on the parade: whereas in some other books which I have seen, they are mingled together in a confused manner, like a mere mob, so that it is no pleasure to look at them, and very difficult to know what they mean. But I am no longer surprised, added she, at the satisfaction your royal highness takes in study.

Since our return to Hanover, we have dined twice at the palace. There is a household established with officers and servants, and the guard is regularly mounted, as at the time when the electors resided here constantly. The liveries of the pages and servants are the same with those worn by the king's domestic servants at St. James's. Strangers of distinction are entertained at the palace in a very magnificent manner. The first of the entertainments I saw was given to the duke of Hamilton, and the other to young Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, who arrived here a few days since, with Prince Ernest and Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, brothers to the queen of Great Britain, both of whom are in the Hanoverian service.

Most of my time is spent, as formerly, at Marshal Sporken's. The conversation of a man of sense, who has been fifty years in the service, and in high rank during a considerable part of that time, which led him into an intimacy with some of the most celebrated characters of the age, you may be sure is highly interesting. It affords me satisfaction to be informed from such authority of many transactions in the last war, the common accounts of which are often different, and sometimes contradictory. The marshal's observations are sensible and candid, and his manner of conversing unreserved. He served with the late Marshal Daun in the allied army, opposed to Marshal Saxe, in the war 1741, and has many curious anecdotes illustrating the characters of some of the commanders who conducted the armies during that memorable pe-

riod. He has a very high opinion of Duke Ferdinand's military character, and declares, that of all the generals he ever served under, that prince seemed to him to have the best talents for conducting an army. He says, that as Prince Ferdinand had seldom held councils of war, or communicated to the generals of his army any more of his plans than they were to execute, it was difficult for them to form a just opinion of his capacity, while they remained with the army immediately under his command; but that he (Marshal Sporken) had sometimes commanded a detached army, which obliged the prince to be more communicative, and afforded the marshal the strongest proofs of the depth of his judgment. Above all things, he admired the perspicuity of his written instructions.—These, he said, were always accompanied with the most accurate and minute description of the country through which he was to march, every village, rivulet, hollow, wood, or hill on the route, being distinctly particularized, and the most judicious conjectures concerning the enemy's designs added, with directions how to act in various probable emergencies.

Upon the whole, Marshal Sporken seemed convinced that great part of the success of the allies, during the late war in Westphalia, was owing to the foresight, prudence, and sagacity of their general. One memorable event, however, which has been cited as the most striking proof of all these, he imagined was not so much owing to any of them, as to the personal valour of a few regiments, and the good conduct of some inferior officers. The marshal added, that his praises of Duke Ferdinand's military abilities did not proceed from private attachment, for he could claim no share in his friendship; on the contrary, a misunderstanding had happened between them, on account of an incident at the siege of Cassel, the particulars of which he recapitulated, and this misunderstanding was of a nature never to be made up.

The liberal, candid sentiments of this venerable man carry conviction and command esteem. He is respected

by people of all ranks, and listened to like an oracle. In the society generally to be found at the marshal's, there are some nearly of his own age, who formed the private parties of George II as often as he came to visit his native country. The memory of that monarch is greatly venerated here. I have heard his contemporaries of this society relate a thousand little anecdotes concerning him, which at once evinced the good disposition of the king, and their own gratitude. From these accounts it appeared, that he was naturally of a very sociable temper, and entirely laid aside, when at Hanover, the state and reserve which he retained in England, living in that familiar and confidential manner which princes, as well as peasants, will assume in the company of those they love, and who love them.

Not only the personal friends of that monarch speak of him with regard; the same sentiments prevail among all ranks of people in the electorate. Nothing does more honour to his character, or can be a less equivocal proof of his equity, than his having governed these subjects, over whom he had an unlimited power, with as much justice and moderation, as those whose rights are guarded by law and a jealous constitution.

The two visits I have made to Hanover, have confirmed the favourable impression I had before received of the German character. One of the most disagreeable circumstances which attend travelling, is the being obliged to leave acquaintances after you have discovered their worth, and acquired some degree of their friendship. As the season for the Prussian reviews now approaches, we have already taken leave of our friends, and are to set out tomorrow morning on our return to Brunswick, that after remaining a few days there, we may still get to Potsdam in proper time.

I shall not leave behind me every valuable acquaintance I have acquired since I came to Hanover.—We met, on our last arrival here, with Mr. Fortescue, son of Lord

Fortescue. He has been of our parties ever since, and will accompany us to Brunswick and Potsdam.

LETTER LXI.

Potsdam.

On returning to Brunswick, we found the hereditary princess had come from Zell a few days before, having left the queen of Denmark in perfect health. The princess resided with her children at Antonettenruche, a villa a few miles from Brunswick. She invited the duke of Hamilton, Mr. Fortescue, and me, to dine with her the day before we were to set out for Potsdam. That morning I chanced to take a very early walk in the gardens of the palace.—The duke of Brunswick was there.—He informed me, that an express had arrived with news of the queen of Denmark's death.—They had received accounts a few days before that she had been seized with a putrid fever.—He said that nobody in the town or court knew of this except his own family, and desired that I would not mention it to the princess, who, he knew, would be greatly affected; for he intended to send a person, after her company should be gone, who would inform her of this event, with all its circumstances.

When we went, we found the princess in some anxiety about her sister;—yet rather elated with the accounts she had received that day by the post. She showed us her letters.—They contained a general description of the symptoms, and conveyed some hopes of the queen's recovery. Unable to bear the idea of her sister's death, she wrested every expression into the most favourable sense, and the company met her wishes, by confirming the interpretation she gave. To me, who knew the truth, this scene was affecting and painful.

As we returned to Brunswick in the evening, we met the gentleman who was commissioned by the duke to impart the news of the queen's death to her sister.—We

supped the same night at court, and took leave of this illustrious family.—The duchess gave me a letter to her son, Prince Frederick, at Berlin, which she said would secure me a good reception at that capital.

On coming to the inn, we found a very numerous company, and the whole house resounded with music and dancing. It is customary all over Germany, after a marriage of citizens, to give the wedding-feast at an inn. As there was no great chance of our being much refreshed by sleep that night, instead of going to bed, we ordered post-horses, and left Brunswick about three in the morning.

We arrived the same afternoon at Magdeburg. The country all the way is perfectly level. The duchy of Magdeburg produces fine cattle, and a considerable quantity of corn, those parts which are not marshy, and overgrown with wood, being very fertile. I have seen few or no inclosures in this, or any part of Germany, except such as surround the gardens or parks of princes.

The king of Prussia has a seat in the diet of the empire, as duke of Magdeburg. The capital, which bears the same name with the duchy, is a very considerable town, well-built and strongly fortified. There are manufactories here of cotton and linen goods, of stockings, gloves, and tobacco; but the principal are those of woollen and silk.

The German woollen cloths are, in general, much inferior to the English and French. The Prussian officers, however, assert, that the dark blue cloth made here, and in other parts of the king of Prussia's dominions, though coarser, wears better, and has a more decent appearance when long worn, than the finest cloth manufactured in England or France.—Thus much is certain, that the Prussian blue is preferable to any other cloth made in Germany.—The town of Magdeburg is happily situated for trade, having an easy communication with Hamburg by the Elbe, and lying on the road between Upper and Lower Germany. It is also the strongest place belonging to his Prussian majesty, and where his principal ma-

gazines and founderies are established. In time of war, it is the repository of whatever he finds necessary to place out of the reach of sudden insult.

Places where any extraordinary event has happened, even though they should have nothing else to distinguish them, interest me more than the most flourishing country, or finest town which has never been the scene of any thing memorable. Fancy, awakened by the view of the former, instantly gives shape and features to men we have never seen.—We hear them speak, and see them act; the passions are excited, the mind amused; the houses, the rivers, the fields around supplying the absence of the poet and historian, and restoring with new energy the whole scene to the mind.

While crossing the Elbe at this town with the duke of Hamilton, I recalled to his memory the dreadful tragedy which was acted here by the Austrian general Tilly, who, having taken this town by storm, delivered up the citizens, without distinction of age or sex, to the barbarity and lust of his soldiers. Besides the general massacre, they exhibited such acts of wanton cruelty, as disgrace human nature. We viewed, with a lively sympathy, that part of the river where three or four hundred of the inhabitants got over and made their escape:—all that were saved out of twenty thousand citizens!

This sad catastrophe supplied us with conversation for great part of this day's journey. It is unnecessary to comment on an event of this kind to a person of the duke's sensibility.—Proper reflections arise spontaneously in a well-formed mind from the simple narrative.

The country is well cultivated, and fertile, for about two leagues beyond Magdeburg; afterwards it becomes more barren, and within a few leagues of Brandenburg, it is as naked and sandy as the deserts of Arabia.

Brandenburg, from which the whole electorate takes its name, is but a small town, divided into old and new by a river, which separates the fort from both. The principal trade is carried on by some French woollen manufac-

turers, whom the king has encouraged to reside at this town. The whole number of inhabitants does not amount to more than 1500.

On entering the Prussian garrison towns, you are stopped at the gate; the officer of the guard asks your name, whence you come, whither you are going? and takes your answers down in writing. This is done in the French garrisons also, but not with the same degree of form and accuracy.

When the title of duke is given, the guard generally turns out under arms. As for milord, it is a title treated with very little ceremony, either in France or Germany. It is often assumed in foreign countries by those who have no right to it, and given to every Englishman of a decent appearance. But duke, in Germany, implies a sovereign, and is more respectable than prince. Every son of a duke in this country, is called prince, although he had as many as old king Priam.

We arrived last night at Potsdam, which important piece of news, you will please to observe, I have taken the earliest opportunity of communicating.

LETTER LXII.

Potsdam.

The day after our arrival here, I waited on the count Finkenstein, and desired to know when the duke of Hamilton and I could have the honour of being presented to the king, requesting, at the same time, the liberty of attending at the reviews. I was not a little surprised when this minister told me, that I must write a letter to his majesty, informing him of that request, and that I should certainly receive an answer the day following. It appeared very singular to write to so great a prince upon an affair of such small importance; but the count told me this was the established rule. So I immediately did as I was desired.

Next morning one of the court-servants called for me

at the inn, and delivered a sealed letter addressed to me, and signed by the king, importing, that as the court would soon be at Berlin, the minister in waiting there would let the duke of Hamilton and Mr. Moore know when they might be presented, and that they were very welcome to attend at all the reviews.

In the evening we were presented to the prince and princess of Prussia, who reside almost constantly at Potsdam. He is a tall, stout-made, handsome man, of about thirty-five years of age. The princess is of the family of Hesse Darmstadt, and has a great resemblance to her aunt, whom we had seen at Carlsruche. We have had the honour of supping with them twice during the few days we have been at Potsdam.

The prince and all the officers have been employed every morning in preparing for the reviews. Yesterday, for the second time, there were seven thousand men reviewed by the king. The prince of Prussia's son, a child of six or seven years old, was present on foot with his tutor, and unattended by any officer or servant. They mingled without any mark of distinction among the other spectators. I mentioned my surprise at this to the tutor. In France, said he, it would be otherwise: the dauphin, at the age of this child, would be carried to the review in a coach, with a troop of musqueteers to attend him; but here, the king and prince are equally desirous that their successor should be brought up in a hardy manner, and without any strong impression of his own importance. Sentiments of that kind will come soon enough, in spite of all the pains that can be taken to exclude them.

The troops were drawn up in one line along the summits of some hills. From this situation they descended over very unequal and rough ground, firing in grand divisions all the way, till they came to the plain, where they went through various evolutions. But as we were to set out in a little time for Berlin, where the grand reviews of that garrison are to take place, I shall say no more on the subject of reviews till then.

Our mornings, since we came hither, have always been passed with the troops in the field. The forenoons we have spent in looking at every thing curious in the town. The houses are built of a fine white freestone, almost all of them new, and nearly of the same height. The streets are regular and well paved, and there are some very magnificent public buildings; so that Potsdam has every requisite to form an agreeable town, if by that word is meant the streets, stone-walls, and external appearance. But if a more complex idea be annexed to the word, and if it be thought to comprehend the finishing, furniture, and conveniences within the houses, in that case Potsdam is a very poor town indeed.

The king having expressed a great inclination to see this town increase, several monied people built houses, partly to pay their court to his majesty, and partly because, by letting them, they found they would receive very good interest for their money. But as the town did not augment so quickly as he wished, his majesty ordered several streets to be built at once, at his own expense. This immediately sunk the value of houses, and the first builders found they had disposed of their money very injudiciously.

Towns generally are formed by degrees, as the inhabitants increase in numbers; and houses are built larger and more commodious as they increase in riches; for men's ideas of conveniency enlarge with their wealth. But here the matter is reversed; the houses are reared in the first place, in hopes that their fair outsides, like the nymphs of Circe, will allure travellers, and attract inhabitants. Hitherto their power of attraction has not been strong; for few towns are worse inhabited than Potsdam, though the houses are let to merchants and tradespeople at very small rents.

I was not a little surprised, while I walked through the town, to see buff-belts, breeches, and waistcoats, hanging to dry from the genteelest looking houses, till I was informed, that each housekeeper has two or more soldiers

quartered in his house, and their apartments are, for the most part, on the first floor, with windows to the street; which I am told is also the case at Berlin. The king chooses that his soldiers should be quartered with the citizens, rather than in barracks. This ought to be a sufficient answer to those military gentlemen, who insist on building barracks for the soldiers in Britain, upon the supposition, that our army cannot be well disciplined without them. For it could scarcely be expected, or wished, that the British army were under more rigid discipline than the Prussian.

I imagine the Prussian soldiers are quartered in private houses rather than barracks from considerations diametrically opposite to those which produce the same effect in England.—The British parliament have always shown an aversion to lodging the military in barracks, and have preferred quartering them in the citizens houses, that a connection and good-will may be cultivated between the soldiers and their fellow-citizens; and that the former may not consider themselves as a distinct body of men, with a separate interest from the rest of the community, and whose duty it is implicitly to obey the will of the crown at all times, and upon all occasions.

Whereas here it may not be thought expedient to lodge great bodies of armed men together in barracks, lest they should, during the night, form combinations destructive of discipline, and dangerous to government. This cannot happen in the day-time, because then the officers are present, and the soldiers are not allowed even to speak to each other when under arms; and while off duty, their time is wholly filled up in cleaning their arms, accoutrements, and clothes, and preparing for the next guard.—I imagine these may be part, at least, of the reasons which induce the king of Prussia to prefer quartering his men in private houses; for in all other respects, lodging them together in barracks would be more convenient, and more agreeable to the genius of his government.

The palace at Potsdam, or what they call the castle,

is a very noble building, with magnificent gardens adjacent. I shall not trouble you with a description of either, only it struck me as a thing rather uncommon in a palace, to find the study by far the finest apartment in it. The ornaments of this are of massy silver. The writing-desk, the embellishments of the table, and the accommodations for the books, were all in fine taste.

The person who attended us, asked if we had any desire to see his majesty's wardrobe?—On being answered in the affirmative, he conducted us to the chamber where the monarch's clothes are deposited; it had a very different appearance from his library. The whole wardrobe consisted of two blue coats, faced with red, the lining of one a little torn;—two yellow waistcoats, a good deal soiled with Spanish snuff;—three pair of yellow breeches, and a suit of blue velvet, embroidered with silver, for grand occasions.

I imagined at first, that the man had got a few of the king's old clothes, and kept them here to amuse strangers; but, upon inquiry, I was assured, that what I have mentioned, with two suits of uniform which he has at Sans-Souci, form the entire wardrobe of the king of Prussia. Our attendant said, he had never known it more complete. As for the velvet suit, it was about ten years of age, and still enjoyed all the vigour of youth. Indeed, if the moths spared it as much as his majesty has done, it may last the age of Methusalem.—In the same room, are some standards belonging to the cavalry. Instead of the usual square flag, two or three of these have the figures of eagles in carved silver fixed on a pole.

In the bed chamber where the late king died, at the lower part of the window which looks into the garden, four panes have been removed, and a piece of glass, equal in size to all the four, supplies their place. We were informed that his late majesty's supreme delight through life had been to see his troops exercise, and that he had retained this passion till his last breath. When he was confined to his room by his last illness, he used to sit and view them through the window, which had been framed in

this manner, that he might enjoy these dying contemplations with the greater conveniency. Becoming gradually weaker, by the increasing distemper, he could not sit, but was obliged to lie on a couch through the day. When at any time he was uncommonly languid, they raised his head to the window, and a sight of the men under arms was perceived to operate like a cordial, and revive his spirits.—By frequent repetition, however, even this cordial lost its effect.—His eyes became dim—when his head was raised, he could no longer perceive the soldiers, and he expired.

This was feeling the ruling passion as strong in death as any man ever felt it.

LETTER LXIII.

Potsdam.

I HAVE been twice or thrice at Sans-Souci, which is at a small distance from Potsdam. The king lives constantly at the old palace, except when some people of very great distinction come to reside with him for some days. He then receives them at the new palace, and remains there himself during their stay.

The gallery contains a great collection of paintings, some of them originals, highly esteemed.—The most valuable are of the Flemish school.—Some people who pass for connoisseurs, and for aught I know may be what they pretend, assert, that the king has not a just taste in painting, which appears by his purchasing a great many very indifferent pictures. Whatever may be in that, it is certain that his majesty does not give the least importance to the opinion of these connoisseurs; but buys, admires, and avows his admiration of such pieces as appear excellent in his own eyes, without regarding what they or others may think. It has no weight with him, that the piece is said to be by Raphael, Guido, or Corregio. If he sees no beauty in it, he says so, and without ceremony prefers the work of a modern or obscure painter.

This is considered by many critics in painting as blasphemy, and shocks them more than any other species of impiety. A painter and great connoisseur, whom the king had disgusted, by rejecting some pictures of his recommending, and by purchasing others which he had condemned, said, (speaking of the king), The man imagines, because he can play on the German flute, and has been praised by a parcel of poets and philosophers, and has gained ten or a dozen battles, that therefore he understands painting: but fighting battles is one thing, and a true knowledge of painting is another, and that he will find to his cost.

A few years after the late war, the king of Prussia began to build the new palace of Sans-Souci, which is now completely finished, and is certainly a very noble and splendid work. The offices are at a considerable distance, and are joined to the body of the palace by a double colonnade, which has a very grand effect. The front of the palace seems rather crowded, by the great number of statues which are intended to ornament it. These are generally in groups, representing some story from Ovid. This building has a cupola, terminated by a large crown, supported by the three Graces. The duke of Hamilton observed, that three Prussian grenadiers would have been more suitable. On the ground floor in the middle, there is a large hall, whose floor, sides, and roof, are all of marble. It is called the grotto, and the ornaments correspond with that name. This room can be agreeable only when the weather is excessively hot. In Italy it would be delightful. The roof of this hall is low, and vaulted, and supports another room in all respects of the same dimensions, only higher. This second room is also lined with beautiful marble. The other apartments are adorned with rich furniture and paintings, all very showy. Many people think them gaudy.—It must be owned that the gilding is laid on with a very lavish hand.

Opposite to the old palace of Sans-Souci, and immedi-

ately without the gardens, Lord Marechal has built a house, where he constantly resides. You are well acquainted with the amiable character of this nobleman. We waited on him soon after our arrival, and have dined with him several times since. On the front of his house is this inscription.—

FREDERICUS II NOBIS HÆC OTIA FECIT.

Adjoining to this house is a small garden, with a door which communicates with the king's garden of Sans-Souci, so that his lordship has the full enjoyment of these gardens. The king has also a key to my lord's little garden, and frequently walks by this passage to visit him.

We set out for Berlin to-morrow. Adieu.

LETTER LXIV.

Berlin.

We arrived here in the height of the preparation for the reviews. Nothing was to be seen in the streets but soldiers parading, and officers hurrying backwards and forwards. The town looked more like the cantonment of a great army, than the capital of a kingdom in the time of profound peace. The court itself resembled the levee of a general in the field—except the foreign ministers, and a few strangers, every man there (for there were no women) was dressed in a military uniform.

Mr. Harris, the British minister, attended the duke of Hamilton the day we were presented to the king. A son of Prince Kaunitz's, and some other strangers, were presented at the same time. The count Reuse, chamberlain of the court, named each person to his majesty as he approached. He conversed a considerable time with the duke, and spoke a few words to every person who was presented.—His countenance and manner are exceedingly animated.—He seemed that day in very high spirits, and spoke to all his officers in an easy style, and with a kind of gay affability. On their part, they appear before their

master with an erect military boldness, free from that cringing address which prevails in many courts, but would not succeed here.

The king was three days at Berlin before the reviews began, and passed some hours every morning in the park, where there were four or five thousand men ordered daily, not to be exercised, but simply that the king might examine the state of each corps in particular: and it is incredible with what accuracy and minute attention he did examine them, the colonel of the regiment under scrutiny walking along with him, to answer any question, and hear his directions and remarks. By this exactness, he not only knows the condition of the army in general, but the appearance, degree of discipline, and strength of each regiment.

The whole number reviewed was about thirty-six or thirty-eight thousand, consisting of the garrison of Berlin, and troops from some of the adjacent towns and villages. This army was in the field three mornings successively, and the operations were different each day. I shall endeavour to give you an idea of the plan of the last day's review, which is freshest in my memory.

At break of day, about eight thousand men marched out of Berlin, under the command of a general officer, and took possession of a village, situated on a rising ground, at the distance of two or three miles. About an hour after, the king himself joined the army, which was assembled without the gates. He divided it into three columns. Two general officers took the command of two of them; he himself led the third. The whole marched by three different routes towards the village, where the former detachment had now taken post. In the attack and defence of this village the review consisted.

As the army advanced, they were cannonaded from the village, but could not be supposed to suffer much, because the leader of each column advanced with caution, taking such circuits as exposed the men very little.

At length the three columns met on a large plain near

the village, but protected from the batteries by a rising of the ground. Here the king formed the army into two lines. While this was doing, they were perfectly secure; but they could not advance towards the village otherwise than by going over the swell in the ground, and being exposed to all the cannon of the enemy. This was to be performed, therefore, with as much expedition as could be consistent with good order. The right wing of the army made the attack. As soon as the signal was given, all the drums and fifes struck up at once. The soldiers advanced with a rapid pace. A numerous train of large field-pieces, placed at proper intervals, advanced with equal velocity, and kept in a line with the front rank. The rapidity with which they were charged and discharged, as they advanced, was quite astonishing. When the line came within a proper distance of the village, the soldiers began to use their firelocks. In the meantime there was a furious cannonade, and discharge of small shot from the village. The king was between the advancing line and the village during the attack. When they had got very near the hedges, a new battery opened from the village. The king gave a signal, and the first line broke, fell into an artificial confusion, and gave back towards the second line, which opened at several places, and closed again the moment the retreating line had pierced through. The second line then moved to the attack, as the former had done. This also seemed to be repulsed—a retreat was sounded, and the whole wing began to retire. A body of cavalry then appeared from the village, and were advancing to charge the retreating army, but were themselves charged, and driven back, by the cavalry of the right wing.

A body of hussars pursued also from the village, and harassed the retreating army. These were sometimes repulsed by the soldiers, who turned and fired on them, and sometimes by detached parties of cavalry, which drove them away.

These various operations lasted from five in the morning till noon, when the troops returned to Berlin.—It is

hardly possible for any words of mine to convey an adequate idea of the perfect manner in which these evolutions were executed. The charges made by the cavalry were praised by the king himself. I had never seen so great a body together, and had no idea that it was possible to charge at full gallop, and keep the ranks and distances so exactly as they did.

Upon the principle, that velocity is equal to weight, they endeavour to compensate for the lightness of the horses by the quickness of their motion. The hussars in the Prussian army are taught, not only to harass a retreating army in detached parties, but to charge like heavy cavalry in a large body. The late General Seidlitz, who had the reputation of being the best officer of cavalry in Europe, brought the Prussian dragoons to a wonderful degree of perfection, and it is said that he gained the battle of Rosbach by one brisk charge. Ever since, the king of Prussia has bestowed great attention on his cavalry. They are now habituated to charge in large bodies, and at full speed.

The cuirassiers are the flower of the Prussian army. They are dressed in buff coats, and wear very heavy iron breast-plates, which cover all the fore part of the body, and have been tried by musket-shot before they are delivered to the men.

I neglected to mention, that the infantry were ordered to shout as they advanced to the attack on the village, and that this practice is adopted by the Prussians in actual service. The king, as I am informed, is of opinion, that this keeps up the spirits of the men, and prevents them from reflecting on the danger of their situation. There are a greater proportion of drummers in the Prussian service than in most others: a regulation, in all probability, founded on the same principle.

The evening after the reviews, there were a concert and supper at Prince Henry's palace. The queen was present, and the king's brothers, Henry himself, and Ferdinand, with their princesses; also the prince and princess of Prus-

sia, Prince Frederick of Brunswick and his princess, and a numerous company. I here delivered to Prince Frederick the letter I had brought from his mother, who I found had before apprized him of my intention to go to Berlin.

The king himself was not present. He seldom appears at festivals. All his hours, not employed in business, he spends in reading, or in the society of a few people whom he esteems. The hereditary prince of Brunswick is at present the king's most constant companion, a choice which does not more honour to the prince than to the king's discernment.

Prince Henry's palace is one of the most magnificent buildings in Berlin. No subject of the king of Prussia lives in a more sumptuous manner than this prince, who keeps a numerous establishment of servants, mostly handsome young men, very richly dressed. The entertainment on this occasion was remarkably splendid.

LETTER LXV.

Berlin.

The day after the reviews, the king, attended by his nephew, the prince of Prussia, and the hereditary prince of Brunswick, set out for Magdeburg, where there is a camp of 15,000 men. He afterwards will proceed to Silesia, and his new-acquired dominions in Poland, and is not expected at Potsdam for six weeks at least.

His majesty makes the same circuit twice every year. —Surely no king in Europe can have such a thorough knowledge of his dominions and subjects as this monarch.—His absence from Berlin has made but little relaxation in the duty, and none in the discipline, of the troops. The reviews were scarcely over, when field-days began. There are 1500 or 2000 of the troops belonging to this garrison exercised in the park almost every morning, besides those who appear on the parade for the ordinary guards.

A review, such as that which I endeavoured to de-

scribe, is undoubtedly one of the finest shows that can be exhibited: but when a spectator of sensibility reflects on the means by which these poor fellows are brought to this wonderful degree of accuracy, he will pay a severe tax for this splendid exhibition.—The Prussian discipline on a general view is beautiful; in detail it is shocking.

When the young rustic is brought to the regiment, he is at first treated with a degree of gentleness; he is instructed by words only how to walk, and to hold up his head, and to carry his firelock, and he is not punished, though he should not succeed in his earliest attempts:—they allow his natural awkwardness and timidity to wear off by degrees:—they seem cautious of confounding him at the beginning, or driving him to despair, and take care not to pour all the terrors of their discipline upon his astonished senses at once. When he has been a little familiarized to his new state, he is taught the exercise of the firelock, first alone, and afterwards with two or three of his companions. This is not intrusted to a corporal or serjeant: it is the duty of a subaltern officer. In the park at Berlin, every morning may be seen the lieutenants of the different regiments exercising, with the greatest assiduity, sometimes a single man, at other times three or four together; and now, if the young recruit shows neglect or remissness, his attention is roused by the officer's cane, which is applied with augmenting energy, till he has acquired the full command of his firelock.—He is taught steadiness under arms, and the immobility of a statue;—he is informed, that all his members are to move only at the word of command, and not at his own pleasure:—that speaking, coughing, sneezing, are all unpardonable crimes; and when the poor lad is accomplished to their mind, they give him to understand, that now it is perfectly known what he can do, and therefore the smallest deficiency will be punished with rigour. And although he should destine every moment of his time, and all his attention, to cleaning his arms, taking care of his clothes, and practising the manual exercise, it is but barely

possible for him to escape punishment; and if his captain happens to be of a capricious or cruel disposition, the ill-fated soldier loses the poor chance of that possibility.

As for the officers, they are not indeed subjected to corporal punishment, but they are obliged to bestow as unremitting attention on duty as the men. The subalterns are almost constantly on guard, or exercising the recruits; the captain knows, that he will be blamed by his colonel, and can expect no promotion, if his company be not as perfect as the others; the colonel entirely loses the king's favour if his regiment should fail in any particular: the general is answerable for the discipline of the brigade, or garrison, under his immediate command. The king will not be satisfied with the general's report on that subject, but must examine every thing himself; so that from his majesty, down to the common sentinel, every individual is alert. And as the king, who is the chief spring and primum mobile of the whole, never relaxes, the faculties of every subordinate person are kept in constant exertion: the consequence of which is, that the Prussian army is the best disciplined, and the readiest for service at a minute's warning, of any now in the world, or perhaps that ever was in it. Other monarchs have attempted to carry discipline to the same degree of perfection, and have begun this plan with astonishing eagerness. But a little time and new objects have blunted their keenness, and divided their attention. They have then delegated the execution to a commander in chief, he to another of inferior rank, and thus a certain degree of relaxation having once taken place, soon pervades the whole system; but the perseverance of the king of Prussia is without example, and is perhaps the most remarkable part of his extraordinary character.

That degree of exertion which a man of a vigorous mind is capable of making on some very important occasion, the king of Prussia has made for thirty years at a stretch, without permitting pleasure, indolence, disgust, or disappointment, to interrupt his plan for a single day. —And he has obliged every person through the various

departments of his government to make, as far as their characters and strength could go, the same exertions.—I leave you to judge in what manner such a man must be served, and what he is capable of performing.

LETTER LXVI.

Berlin.

No condition in life can be more active, and at the same time have less variety in it, than that of a Prussian officer in the time of peace. He is continually employed in the same occupation, and continually occupied in the same place. There is no rotation of the troops as in the British service. The regiments which were placed in Berlin, Magdeburg, Schweidnitz, and the other garrisons at the conclusion of the war, remain there still. It is dreaded, that if they were occasionally moved from one garrison to another, the foreigners in the service, who are exceedingly prone to desertion, might then find opportunities, which according to the present plan they cannot: for however desirous a Prussian soldier may be to desert, the thing is almost impossible. The moment a man is missing, a certain number of cannons are fired, which announce the desertion to the whole country. The peasants have a considerable reward for seizing a deserter, and are liable to severe penalties if they harbour, or aid him in making his escape, and parties from the garrisons are sent after him in every direction.

As none of the soldiers are ever allowed to go without the walls of the town, it requires great address to get over this first difficulty; and when they have been so far fortunate, many chances remain against their escaping through the Prussian dominions; and even when they arrive safe in any of the neighbouring states,

> Nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos
> Insequitur.*

* The same fate awaits them there, after all the dangers they have escaped.

For there they will probably be obliged to inlist again as soldiers: so that on the whole, however unhappy they may be, it is absurd to attempt desertion in any other way than by killing themselves, which method, as I am told, begins to prevail.

In consequence of their remaining constantly in the same place, conversing always with the same people, and being employed uniformly in the same business, the Prussian officers acquire a staid, serious appearance, exceedingly different from the gay, dissipated, degagé air of British or French officers. Their only amusement, or relaxation from the duties of their profession, seems to be walking on the parade, and conversing with each other. The inferior officers, thus deprived of opportunities of mixing in general society, and not having time for study, can have no very extensive range of ideas. Their knowledge, it must be confessed, is pretty much confined to that branch of tactics in which they are so much employed; and many of them at length seem to think, that to stand firm and steady, to march erect, to wheel to the right and left, and to charge and discharge a firelock, if not the sole use of human creatures, is at least the chief end of their creation.

The king, as I have been informed, has no inclination that they should reason on a larger compass of thought, which might possibly lead them to despise their daily employment of drilling soldiers, counting the buttons of their coats, and examining the state of their spatterdashes and breeches. For as soon as men's minds become superior to their business, the business will not be so well performed. Some application to other studies, and opportunities of mixing with a more general society, might make them more agreeable men, but not better captains, lieutenants, and adjutants.

His majesty imagines he will always find a sufficient number of men of a more liberal turn of mind, and more extensive notions, for officers of great trust and separate commands, where the general must act according to emergencies, and the light of his own understanding. He be-

lieves also, that this general system will not deprive him of the advantage of particular exceptions, or prevent genius from being distinguished, when it exists in the humblest spheres of his service. As often, therefore, as he observes any dawnings of this kind; when any officer, or even soldier, discovers uncommon talents, or an extensive capacity, he is sure to be advanced, and placed in a situation where his abilities may have a full power of exertion; while those must stand still, or be moved by a very slow gradation, who have no other merit to depend on for promotion but assiduity alone, which, in the Prussian service, can never conduct to that rank in the army, where other qualifications are wanted.

As to the common men, the leading idea of the Prussian discipline is to reduce them, in many respects, to the nature of machines; that they may have no volition of their own, but be actuated solely by that of their officers; that they may have such a superlative dread of those officers as annihilates all fear of the enemy; and that they may move forwards when ordered, without deeper reasoning or more concern than the firelocks they carry along with them.

Considering the length to which this system is carried, it were to be wished that it could be carried still further, and that those unhappy men, while they retained the faculties of hearing and obeying orders, could be deprived of every other kind of feeling.

The common state of slavery in Asia, or that to which people of civil professions in the most despotic countries are subject, is freedom in comparison of this kind of military slavery. The former are not continually under the eyes of their tyrants, but for long intervals of time may enjoy life without restraint, and as their taste dictates; but all the foreign soldiers in this service, and those of the natives, who are suspected of any intention to desert, and consequently never allowed furloughs, are always under the eye of somebody, who has the power, and too often

the inclination, to controul every action of their bodies, and every desire of their hearts.

Since such a number of men all over Europe are doomed to this state of constraint, it is much to be lamented that, from the nature of the service, the doom should fall on the useful, industrious peasantry, who, when uncontrolled by cruel and absurd policy, pass their days in cheerfulness, tasting every real pleasure without the nausea of satiety, or the stings of remorse, and perhaps, of all mankind, have the greatest enjoyment of life. The sum-total of happiness, destroyed by removing men from this situation into a state of misery, must be infinitely greater than if many of the useless, wealthy, and luxurious could be translated into the same state. This would not be annihilating happiness, but only shifting the scene of the wretched. Such recruits would only be harassed by the caprices of others instead of their own;—plagued with the manual exercise, instead of being tortured by peevishness and disgust;—laid up in consequence of running the gantlet, instead of being laid up with the gout;—and, finally, knocked down by a cannon-ball, instead of being killed by a fit of the apoplexy or a surfeit.

LETTER LXVII.

Berlin,

Instead of troubling you with any more observations of my own, on the nature of the Prussian discipline, or the principles on which it is founded, I shall give you the substance of some conversations I have had on that subject with a Prussian officer of character.

Walking one morning in the park, we saw a poor fellow smartly caned, for no other reason, but because he did not return the ramrod into his piece with so much celerity as the rest of the platoon. I turned away with indignation from the sight, which the officer observing, said, you think the punishment too severe for the crime!—There

was no crime, said I: the ramrod slipt through his fingers by accident, and it is not possible to imagine, that the man had any intention to perform this important motion less rapidly than his comrades. Every thing must be considered as of importance by a soldier, replied my Prussian acquaintance, which his officer orders him to do. In all probability, the fault was involuntary; but it is not always possible to distinguish involuntary faults from those that happen through negligence. To prevent any man from hoping that his negligence will be forgiven as involuntary, all blunders are punished, from whatever cause they happen; the consequence of which is, that every man is more attentive and alert than he would otherwise be. I remember, added he, that it was very usual on field-days for the dragoons to have their hats blown off. Nobody suspected that they had bribed the wind to play this trick; yet a general officer being put out of humour by the frequency of the accident, gave orders to punish every man to whom it should happen; and since that order was put in force, the hats have been much seldomer blown off.

I then mentioned a fact which appeared to me still more extraordinary. A hussar, at the last review, had fallen from his horse at full gallop, and was so much bruised, that it was found necessary to carry him to the hospital; and I had been assured, that as soon as the man should be perfectly recovered, he would certainly be punished for having fallen. Now, continued I, though a man may be a little careless about his hat, it cannot be imagined, that this hussar was not seriously inclined to keep his seat; for by falling, he might have broke his neck, or have been trod to death: or, even if you choose to suppose that he did not ride with all the attention he ought, yet, as he received one severe punishment by the fall, it would be cruel to inflict another. I have nothing to oppose to the solidity of your argument, replied the Prussian, but that General Seidlitz, who was the best officer of cavalry in the world, first introduced this piece of cruelty, since which it is certain, that the men have not fallen so often. The king imagines,

continued the Prussian, that discipline is the soul of an army; that men in the different nations of Europe are, in those qualities which are thought necessary for a soldier, nearly on a par; that in two armies of equal numbers, the degrees of discipline will determine how far one is superior to the other. His great object, therefore, is to keep his own army at the highest possible degree of perfection in this essential point. If that could be done by gentle means, undoubtedly he would prefer them.—He is not naturally of a cruel disposition.—His general conduct to officers of rank proves this.—Finding that the hopes of promotion, and a sense of honour, are sufficient motives to prompt them to their duty, he never has had recourse, except in cases of treachery, to any higher punishment than dismissing them. In some remarkable instances, he has displayed more mildness than is usual in any other service. Some of his generals have allowed towns of the greatest importance to be taken by surprise; others have lost entire armies; yet he never was influenced by popular clamour, or by the ruinous condition of his own affairs in consequence of those losses, to put any of the unfortunate generals to death. And when any of them have been suspended for a certain time, or declared, by the decree of a court-martial, incapable of a military command under him, he has never aggravated the sentence by any opprobrious commentary, but has rather alleviated it by some clause or message, which spared the honour of the condemned general.

The common soldiers cannot be kept to their duty by mild treatment. Severe and immediate corporal punishment is found absolutely necessary.—Not to use it at all, or to use it in a degree incapable of producing the full effect, would be weakness. Soldiers are sometimes punished for slips, which perhaps all their atttention cannot prevent; because, though it is impossible to ascertain, that any particular man could have avoided them, yet experience has taught, that, by punishing every blunder, fewer are committed on the whole. This sufficiently just-

ifies the practice of what you call cruelty, but which is in reality salutary discipline; for an individual suffering unjustly is not so great an evil in an army, as the permitting negligence to pass unpunished. To allow ten guilty men to escape, rather than risk the punishment of one innocent person, may be a good maxim in morality, or in civil government, but the reverse will be found preferable in military discipline.

When the Prussian had finished his discourse, I said, You seem to neglect all those incitements which are supposed to influence the minds of soldiers; the love of glory, the love of country, you count as nothing. You address yourself to no passion but one. Fear is the only instrument by which you compel your common men to deeds of intrepidity. Never mind the instrument, replied the Prussian, but look to the effect.

I am convinced, answered I, that British soldiers, with that degree of discipline which subsists in our army, which is not near so rigid as yours, animated by their native courage, and the interest which even the common men take in all their country's quarrels, are at least equal to any other troops.

I hope, said he, the experiment will not be made soon, for I esteem your nation, and should be sorry to see your troops opposed to ours in the field: but till they are, you cannot be sure of the justness of your assertion. The advantages you gained over the French in the late war rather makes for my argument, because the French army is more remiss in the article of discipline than yours.

I then returned to my old ground, the cruelty of harassing and tormenting men without intermission; and asserted, that the advantages arising from such excessive severity, even though they should be as great as he represented, could not form a sufficient reason for rendering the lives of so many men miserable.

I do not know that they are miserable, replied he.—When men are but indifferently fed, forced to perform very hard duty, certain of being severely punished for the small-

est faults, and sometimes even for their misfortunes, can you doubt, said I, that these men are miserable?—They do not seem miserable, replied he, they bear it very well. ——And would you, added I, have the less remorse in tormenting men, because they have the strength of mind to bear it well?

I then told him a story I had heard of an English sailor, who was tried for a robbery he had committed on the highway. While his doom was pronouncing, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth till he heard the sentence of death passed on him. He then bit off a piece of the tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern. Sirrah, said the judge, piqued at the man's indifference, do you know that you are to be hanged in a very short time?—So I hear, said the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth.—Do you know, rejoined the judge, where you will go when you die?—I cannot tell indeed, an't please your honour, said the sailor.—Why, then, cried the judge, with a tremendous voice, I will tell you; you will go to hell, you villain, and there be burnt to all eternity.—If I should, replied the sailor, with perfect tranquillity, I hope, my lord, I shall be able to bear it.

LETTER LXVIII.

Berlin.

Berlin is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. The streets are built in a very regular manner, and of a commodious breadth. In the new town they are perfectly straight. Frederick-street is reckoned two English miles and a half, or a French league, in length. Others, which go off at right angles from that, are a mile, or a mile and a half long.

Some people assert, that Berlin covers as much ground as Paris. These are not Frenchmen, as you will readily believe; neither am I of that opinion, but it certainly approaches much nearer to Paris in size than in number of

inhabitants. Berlin is undoubtedly more than half the size of Paris, yet I am convinced it does not contain above a fifth of the inhabitants.

There are a few very magnificent buildings in this town. The rest are neat houses, built of a fine white free-stone, generally one, or at most two storeys high. Here, as at Potsdam, the finishing within does not correspond with the elegance of the outside, and the soldiers are quartered on the ground-floor in rooms looking to the street. The principal edifices are the king's palace, and that of Prince Henry. Both of these are very magnificent. The arsenal, which is a noble structure, is built in the form of a square. We were informed, that at present it contains arms for 200,000 men. I am convinced this is no exaggeration.

The new Roman Catholic church is by far the most elegant place of worship in the city. The king allows the free exercise of every religion over all his dominions. He thinks the smallest controul over men's consciences highly unjust. He even has the delicacy not to influence them by his example, and offends no religion, by giving a preference to any one in particular.

On the front of the opera-house, which is a very beautiful structure, is this inscription.——

FREDERICUS REX, APOLLINI ET MUSIS.

After observing the inscriptions and ornaments of the palaces and other public buildings, the new method of decorating the churches, the number of Mercuries, Apollos, Minervas, and Cupids, that are to be met with in this country, a stranger might be led to suspect, that the Christain religion was exploded from the Prussian dominions, and old Jupiter and his family restored to their ancient honours.

There is an equestrian statue of William, the great elector, on the new bridge over the Spree. This is highly esteemed as a piece of fine workmanship.—In the corner of one of the squares, is a statue of Marshal Schwerin,

He is represented holding the ensign with which he advanced at the famous battle of Prague.—Perceiving his troops on the point of giving way, he seized this from the officer's hands whose duty it was to carry it, and marched towards the enemy, calling out, let all but cowards follow me. The troops, ashamed to abandon their general, charged once more, and turned the fortune of the day.—But the brave old marshal was killed, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.—Do not you think the trouble of living so long was amply repaid by such a death?

Instead of saints or crucifixes, the king intends that the churches of Berlin shall be ornamented with the portraits of men who have been useful to the state. Those of the marshals Schwerin, Keith, Winterfield, and some others, are already placed in the great Lutheran church.

The society into which strangers may be admitted in this capital, is not various or extensive. The Prussian officers of the higher ranks, whose time is not entirely engrossed, like that of their inferiors, by the duties of their profession, live mostly with their own families, or with each other. Exclusive of other reasons which might determine them to this, it is understood, that the king does not approve of their forming intimacies with foreign ministers, or with strangers.

The duke of Hamilton followed the king to Magdeburg to see the reviews there, and has since made a tour as far as Leipsic, with two English gentlemen. My connection with him, and the letter I brought from the duchess of Brunswick, have procured me invitations, which I should otherwise have had but a small chance of receiving. I passed a day lately at a very pleasant villa, about six miles from Berlin, belonging to the king's brother, Prince Ferdinand. He is married to a sister of the princess of Hesse Cassel's. The princess of Prussia was there at the same time, and Prince Frederick of Brunswick with his princess, who is remarkably pretty. I have the honour of supping sometimes with Prince Frederick, who lives constantly at Berlin. To the spirit and vivacity common to all his fa-

mily, he adds a taste for poetry, and has composed some dramatic pieces in the French language, which have been represented on a little theatre in his own house, and in private societies at Berlin.—There has been a continued round of feasting all the last week.

The princess of Prussia gave a breakfast at a garden in the park, to which a large company was invited. There was dancing, which continued all the forenoon. Upon all these occasions, I saw none of that state and ceremony of which the Germans are accused. Those of the highest rank behaved with the greatest ease and affability to every person present, and joined in the country dances, without observing any form or etiquette.

The minister, Count Finkenstein, gave a great dinner and ball, on account of the marriage of one of his sons. The count Reuse, and some others, have also given entertainments; but the chief and permanent society is to be found at the houses of the foreign ministers who reside here. I have been introduced to all of them by Mr. Harris, his majesty's envoy extraordinary, who lives here in a style which does honour to his country and himself.

We have received very great civilities also from Baron Van Swieten, minister from the court of Vienna, a man of wit and erudition. He is son to the celebrated physician, whose works are so highly esteemed all over Europe. There are two or three general officers who are pretty often at the houses of these ministers, and entertain strangers occasionally at home.—Besides those I have named, there are very few of the king of Prussia's servants who have any connection with the strangers that come to Berlin. I have had the happiness of forming an acquaintance here with two very agreeable French gentlemen, the marquis de Laval, son of the duke of that name, and the count de Clermont, grandson of that mons. de Saint Hillaire, whose arm was carried off by the same bullet which killed Marshal Turenne. You remember the sentiment which Saint Hillaire expressed to his son, who lamented his wound—A sentiment which proved, that his magnani-

mity was equal to that of the hero whom he so greatly preferred to himself. Adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

Berlin.

When we arrived here first, the queen lived at Mont Bijou, a small palace just without the gates. Her majesty had a public day twice a week while she remained there; but she has lately removed to Shoenhausen, another palace, situated two leagues from Berlin, where she passes the summer. Here she has a public day only once a week. The princes, the nobility, the foreign ministers, and strangers, generally attend on these occasions at five in the evening. After her majesty has walked round the circle, and spoke a few words to every one, she sits down to cards. There is a table for the queen, and one for each of the princesses, all of whom choose their own parties. The rest of the company present themselves for a few minutes at each of these card-tables, after which the duty of the day is over, and they walk in the garden, or form parties at cards in the other apartments, as they think proper, and return to Berlin when it begins to grow dark. On some particular nights, her majesty invites a considerable number of the company to supper, who then remain till midnight.

The queen's court resembles the other courts of Europe; whereas that at Sans-Souci is upon quite a new plan. No strangers are received there, nor any other persons, except such as have real business with the king. There his majesty is employed in his affairs from morning till evening, and spends the hours he destines for relaxation in the company of two or three men of letters, and a few officers, who dine with him daily.—When he has business with any of his servants, or with the foreign ministers, which cannot be executed by letter, they attend him at Sans-Souci, and come away as soon as that business is transacted.

Those assemblies at Shoenhausen are the only established amusement for the ladies of quality at Berlin during the summer; but you have frequent opportunities of meeting with the court ladies at the houses of the foreign ministers.

The French manners and turn of thinking certainly prevail very little among the Prussian officers: but the ladies of the court of Berlin have more the air of French women, than those of any court I have seen. Mademoiselle de Hartfield, first lady of honour to the queen, with an infinite deal of wit, has all the ease and elegance which distinguish the ladies of the court of Versailles.

His majesty very seldom appears at the queen's court, or at any place where women form part of the assembly. When he inclines to unbend, his amusements are of a nature in which they can take no share. I once said to a lady of this court, that it was a pity his majesty did not love women.—Considering his time of life, said she, we could dispense with his love; but it is hard that he cannot endure us.

Notwithstanding this humour of the king's, the ladies here are by no means neglected by the men in general. Many of the married women particularly, have avowed admirers, who attend them on all occasions, are invited with them to all entertainments, sit next them at table, and whom the master or mistress of the feast takes care to place in the same party with them at cards. When a lady is not provided with an attendant of this kind, her husband, as well as herself, is generally a little out of countenance, and both seem rather in an awkward situation, till this necessary concomitant be found.

A misfortune of a very serious nature happened lately to a certain gentleman here; instead of expressing concern about him or his wife, (for he was a married man), every body sympathized, in the tenderest manner, with another lady, between whom and this unfortunate gentleman the most intimate connection was thought to subsist: they said she was one of the worthiest women in the world, and of such delicate feelings, that her health might be injured by the impression the gentleman's misfortune would make upon her

mind.—Being surprised that no mention was made of his wife all this time, I asked if she might not also be in some measure affected by her husband's disaster?—I was told that she was otherwise occupied, and that any thing which could happen to her husband was of little or no importance to her. I then inquired if she and her husband lived on bad terms; I was informed, that, on the contrary, they were on the best footing in the world, for that he was much attached to another woman, (the very lady they so greatly lamented), and that his wife was entirely devoted to another man: so the account between them being perfectly balanced, they lived free of all domestic debates, in a state of mutual neglect, and engrossed with separate passions.

In this country, when both parties are willing, and when there are no children, a divorce may be obtained with very little trouble or expense; we are frequently in companies, where a lady, her present and former husband, are at table, and all parties behave in the most polite and friendly manner to each other.

I have heard of one gentleman, who having lived in a state of domestic jarring with his wife, got her persuaded to concur with him in applying for a divorce.—This was soon obtained.—He then married another woman, with whom he was violently in love, and expected, as usual, eternal happiness. After marriage, however, this passion cooled rather sooner than common, and within a few months he became the professed admirer of his first wife. He now saw a thousand charms in her person and conversation, which had entirely escaped his notice, while the bonds of wedlock subsisted. He also discovered, that certain peculiarities in her manner, which he had formerly thought exceedingly awkward, were in reality graceful. He expressed his remorse for his former blindness in the most pathetic terms: the lady was softened, and at length gave the most perfect marks of forgiveness; and it was universally thought, that he thus contrived to live in adultery with the very woman to whom he had been lawfully married.

Here jealousy is held in equal contempt and detestation, and scandal is very little known. People seem so fully occupied with their own private affairs, that they seldom trouble their heads about the business of their neighbours. If, in the course of conversation, an intimacy of a particular kind is hinted at between people of different sexes, it is mentioned accidentally as a fact of no importance, and without the smallest blame or ill-natured reflection on either of the parties. One reason of this may be, that there is scarce such a thing (I am assured) as an old maid in his Prussian majesty's dominions.

The most fashionable walk in Berlin is in the middle of one of the principal streets.—Before the houses on each side there is a causeway, and between these two causeways are fine gravel walks, planted with limetrees.—Tents are pitched under these, and ice, lemonade, and other refreshments sold. The bands of music belonging to the regiments practise here in the summer.—The company generally are in the greatest number in the evening, and often walk till it is very late.

——Nunc et campus, et areæ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri,
Composita repetantur hora. *

LETTER LXX.

Berlin.

NOTHING surprised me more, when I first came to Berlin, than the freedom with which the people spoke of the measures of government, and the conduct of the king. I have heard political topics, and others which I should have thought still more ticklish, discussed here with as little ceremony as at a London coffeehouse. The same freedom appears in the booksellers shops, where literary productions

* Beneath the grateful evening shade,
The public walks, the public park,
Are assignations duly made,
With gentle whispers in the dark.

of all kinds are sold openly. The pamphlet lately published on the division of Poland, wherein the king is very roughly treated, is to be had without difficulty, as well as other performances, which attack some of the most conspicuous characters with all the bitterness of satire.

A government, supported by an army of 180,000 men, may safely disregard the criticisms of a few speculative politicians, and the pen of the satirist. While his majesty retains the power of disposing of the lives and properties of his subjects as his wisdom shall direct, he allows them the most perfect freedom to amuse themselves with as many remarks or jokes on his conduct as they please.

The mind of this monarch is infinitely superior to that gossiping disposition, by which the despicable race of whisperers and retailers of scandal thrive at some courts. Convinced that the same perfidy which can betray a real conversation, may invent a false one, he listens to no little malicious tales of what has passed in private companies, or during the hours of convivial mirth. Any person who should attempt to repeat anecdotes of this kind to him, would be driven from his presence with disgrace. He treats with equal contempt all anonymous letters, and every kind of injurious information, when the informer declines appearing openly in support of his assertions.

This great prince is so perfectly devoid of suspicion and personal fear, that he resides at Sans-Souci without any guard whatever. An orderly serjeant, or corporal only, attends there in the day-time to carry occasional orders to the garrison at Potsdam, whither he always returns in the evening. In this house, where the king sleeps every night, there are not above ten or a dozen persons, the servants included. When you recollect that Sans-Souci is a solitary mansion, about half a league from Potsdam, where all the guards are shut up, and therefore could be of no manner of use, in case of any attempt on the king's person during the night; when you consider that he who lies thus defenceless and exposed, is a despotic monarch, who governs by the dictates of his own will and under-

standing, without minding the ill-humour or discontent of any man, or any set of men, and who, no doubt, has many inveterate enemies, you must confess that all these circumstances argue great magnanimity.

Berlin, though not a fortified, is certainly a very military town. When all the soldiers of the garrison are present, they amount to 30,000. In their general conduct they are quiet, and the police of the town is pretty well regulated. Yet there are some kinds of irregularities which prevail in the highest degree. Public courtezans are more numerous here than in any town in Europe, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. They appear openly at the windows in the day-time, beckon to passengers as they walk in the streets, and ply for employment in any way they please, without disturbance from the magistrate.

It seems to be a received opinion here, that the peace and happiness of the community are not interrupted by this species of licentiousness; or perhaps it is believed, that an attempt to restrain it would be attended with consequences worse than the thing itself. Therefore nobody is allowed to molest or abuse those who have chosen this for a trade, and as little attention is paid to customers, who frequent the chambers of those ladies, as if they stept into any other house or shop, to purchase any other commodity.

Another species of debauchery is said to prevail in this capital.—I imagine, however, that what is related on that nauseous subject is greatly exaggerated.

The better kind of citizens and manufacturers live entirely among those of their own rank, and without affecting the manners of the courtiers, or stooping to the mean debauchery of the commonalty, maintain the decency, plainness, and honesty of the German character.

His Prussian majesty has applied his attention to no object with so much zeal, and so little success, as to the establishing of commerce in his dominions. All his efforts, in order to this, have been rendered

abortive by injudicious taxes, by monopolies, and other restrictions. Commerce, like the wild commoners of the air and the forest, when confined or shackled, immediately droops and dwindles, or being alarmed, like Love,

'——————— at sight of human ties,
'Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies.'

LETTER LXXI.

Berlin.

I THANK you, sir, for the poem and pamphlet you sent me by ——. I own I do not think the former a very capital performance; yet am not surprised at the great run it has had. For though it had contained still a smaller proportion of wit, it would have been a good deal relished on account of the malignity and personal abuse with which it abounds.

The English nation have always had a great appetite for political writings; but those who cater for them have of late served up such messes of mere politics, as seem at length to have turned their stomachs. A little wit or personal satire is now found necessary to make even a newspaper go down. The first is not always at the command of the caterer; he therefore uses the other in its place, which answers his purpose as well.

I never had any delight in contemplating or exposing the dark side of human nature; but there are some shades so obvious, that you cannot open your eyes without observing them. The satisfaction that many people enjoy in reading libels, wherein private characters are traduced, is of that number. If to be abused in pamphlets and newspapers is considered as adversity, the truth of Rochefoucault's maxim is incontrovertible.—Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelquechose qui ne nous déplait pas.

The common scribblers of the age have turned to their own account this malevolent disposition, which they per-

ceive to be so prevalent among men.—Like the people who provide bulls and other animals to be baited by dogs for the amusement of the spectators, these gentlemen turn out a few characters every week to be mangled and torn in the most cruel manner in the public newspapers.

It is the savage taste of those who pay for these amusements which keeps them in use. The writers of scurrilous books in London often bear no more malice to the individuals they abuse, than the people at Paris and Vienna, who provide the other horrid amusement, bear to the boars, bulls, and other animals which they expose to the fury of dogs.

As for the scribblers, they seldom have any knowledge of the persons whose characters they attack. It is far from being impossible, that the author of the severe verses you sent me, has no more acquaintance with the lords and gentlemen against whom he writes with such bitterness, than the weaver who wove their pocket-handkerchiefs. The motive for the fabrication of the one as well as the other commodity most probably was daily bread, and this poetaster has preferred satire to panegyric, merely because he knew the first was most to the taste of his customers.

I remember once to have been in a certain bookseller's shop, when a letter was delivered to him, inclosing a paper, which, after he had thrown his eyes over it, he presented to me, telling me it was a character of Lord S——, which he intended to insert in a certain work then publishing.—I fancy, added he, it will do pretty well; the author is a sharp blade, I assure you ;—none of my boys carry such an edge, or cut so deep, as that little gladiator.

I found this a most bitter invective against the above-mentioned nobleman, written with all the inveteracy of malice and personal enmity, branding him as a prodigy of sensuality, and accusing him of every villanous disposition and propensity that ever tainted the most corrupt heart.

This, said I, is a much more harmless production than is intended. The violence of this poison will prove its own antidote. The most voracious stomach for slander and defamation will not be able to bear such a dose, but must reject it with disgust. Every reader of common understanding will clearly perceive, that all this abuse has been dictated by malice and personal resentment.

Then, replied the bookseller, every reader of common understanding will clearly perceive what does not exist; for the writer of that paper, to my certain knowledge, never had the smallest intercourse or connection with Lord S——: never bore him any ill-will, and has not the most distant wish to injure that noble lord; as a proof of which, added he, taking another paper out of his drawer, here is a character of the same nobleman, written by the same author, which is to appear about a week after the publication of the former, by way of answer to it.

This second paper was a continued eulogium on Lord S—— from beginning to end, in which the *candid* author, having compared him to some of the greatest and most celebrated men, and having collected many of the brightest flowers, with which Plutarch has adorned his worthies, he forms them into one large wreath, which he very seriously binds round the English nobleman's brow, concluding with this observation, That as his lordship resembled them in their virtues, so like them he had been distinguished by the most virulent attacks of envy and malice, which was a tax that had always been paid for superior talents.

How comes my Lord S——, said I to the bookseller, to be selected from his brethren of the peerage, and distinguished so remarkably by the obloquy and the praise of your ingenious friend?

Because, replied he, that nobleman is at the head of an active department, and is one of those vigorous and decisive characters, which never fail to create a number of enemies and of friends. His enemies are delighted to see him abused, and it is expected, that his friends will be

charmed to hear him praised; and, between the two, my friend's productions will find a brisk sale, and I hope to make a tolerable job of his lordship; which, let me tell you, cannot be done with every man of rank.—Lord, sir! there are some of them of such mawkish, water-gruel characters, as to interest no mortal. There is ----------, a man of such high rank and such a known name, that I thought something might have been made of him:—And so I employed my litttle Drawcansir for and against him, and two very pretty pamphlets he produced;—but just as I was going to send them to the press, I happened to shew them to a friend of mine, who is an admirable judge in these matters.—These pamphlets, says he, are very well wrote; but they'll never pay the printing. The person who is the subject of them is of such a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has balanced so exactly through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged or disobliged any one. He has neither friend nor foe in the world:—Every body says, he is a good enough sort of a man; but were he to break his neck to-night, no human creature would feel either sorrow or satisfaction at the event, and a satire or panegyric on his grandmother would be as much read as those written on him.

In faith, sir, concluded the bookseller, I took the hint, and so the pamphlets never appeared.

Though I was a good deal entertained with my friend the bookseller's reasoning, yet I could not help feeling indignation at the literary bravo, who lived in this infamous manner, by wounding and murdering, or at least attempting to murder, people's reputations. And those are not entirely free from blame, who, detesting the writer, take pleasure in the writings. He has very possibly the plea of necessitous circumstances to urge in alleviation of his wickedness:—but the pleasure they take seems to proceed from a pure, disinterested fondness of seeing others abused. Many of those who cry shame on the licentiousness of the press, and exclaim against the injustice and cruelty of tearing private characters to pieces in public pa-

pers, have the most virulent of these productions served up every morning as regularly as their toast and butter. If they would forego the pleasure of reading the most malicious of those compositions, the evil they complain of would cease directly.

But it is ridiculous, and seems ungrateful, for people to affect an appearance of indignation against those who provide for them one of the greatest enjoyments of their lives. To chuckle over scandal all the forenoon with every mark of pleasure, and decry it in the evening with affected anger, is as preposterous as it would be in a judge, first, to seduce a poor wench to fornication, and then punish her for the sin.

You may possibly retort upon me, by putting me in mind of the admiration I expressed of the style of certain celebrated letters, wherein some eminent characters are dissected, and tortured with the scientific skill of an anatomist, and the refined cruelty of an inquisitor. I answer, that I admired the wit and genius, but not the disposition displayed in those letters.

Malice, when introduced by genius and wit, is often tolerated on account of the respect due to the introducers; but when the wretch comes alone, or is accompained by dulness, which often happens, she will be expelled with infamy from all good company.

LETTER LXXII.

Berlin.

THE Prussian army at present, according to my information, consists of 180,000 men. If twenty, or even thirty thousand are deducted from this account, on the supposition that it is exaggerated, still the remainder will be very great; and the expense of such an establishment, in time of peace, seems to many almost incompatible with the king of Prussia's resources. Although the revenues of this monarch are much greater than is generally imagined, yet the armies he has supported, and continues to support;

the palace he has built, and other expensive undertakings which he has completed, are not such proofs of the greatness of his revenue, as of the prudence with which it has been managed. Many other princes have greater revenues, which, like water spilt on uncultivated land, and assisting the growth of useless weeds, are dissipated, without taste or magnificence, on the trumpery of a court and their dependents. Perhaps it was never known what miracles economy and assiduity, through all the departments of government, could perform, till this monarch made it apparent.

In the king of Prussia's dominions, there are none of those posts which enrich individuals at the expense of the public; places suited to the abilities and the luxury of the great, where the salary is large, because the application and talents requisite are small. If those who hold the most lucrative places in this court, can support a becoming dignity by the emoluments of their office, and lay up a very moderate provision for their families, it is the utmost they ever expect.

All commodities are highly taxed in the Prussian dominions. At Berlin, though money is a great deal scarcer than at London or Paris, a stranger will find very little difference in the ordinary expense of living. There are no means by which his revenue can be angmented, which this king has not tried. He has taxed even the vanity of his subjects, and drawn considerable supplies since the beginning of his reign from that plentiful source. The rage which the Germans, above all men, have for titles, prompts many of the wealthy citizens to purchase that of some office about court; and although the king employs no person void of abilities, he never scruples to permit this kind of traffic. The title, however, is literally all that is sold, for with regard to the real business of the office, the purchaser has as little connection with it after the bargain as before. Though his majesty scarcely ever consults with any body, he has more nominal privy-counsellors than any king in Christendom.

The taxes in general are invariably fixed; but methods are found of drawing contributions from the proprietors of the very great estates, which do not affect the smaller landlords, or the rest of the subjects. The spirit of the government is not favourable to great and independent lords. But both the great and the small landlords are prevented from squeezing or oppressing the peasants. As the soldiery are drawn from them, care is taken that they shall not be deprived of the chief scource of health and vigour, and their is no peasantry in Europe better fed than the Prussian.

The army is chiefly composed of provincial regiments. The whole Prussian dominions being divided into circles or cantons; in each of these, one or more regiments, in proportion to the size and populousness of the division, have been originally raised, and from it the recruits continue to be taken; and each particular regiment is always quartered, in the time of peace, near the canton from which its recruits are drawn.

Whatever number of sons a peasant may have, they are all liable to be taken into the service except one, who is left to assist in the management of the farm. The rest wear badges from their childhood, to mark that they are destined to be soldiers, and ready to serve when the state requires them. If a peasant has only one son, he is not forced into the service, except he has the misfortune to be uncommonly stout and well made. The king, however, endeavours to save his own peasantry, and draw as many recruits as he can from other countries:—For this purpose, there are Prussian officers employed at Hamburgh, Frankfort, and other free towns of Germany. I have seen them also at Neufchatel, and at places near French garrisons, attempting to inlist men, and pick up deserters. The recruits procured in this manner, remain continually with the regiments in which they are placed; but the native Prussians have every year eight or nine months of furlough, during which they return to their fathers or brothers houses, and work at the business of the farm, or gain their livelihood in any other way they please,

Here is at once an immense saving in the expense of the army, and a great gain to the state from the labour of so many men.

From this it appears, that the Prussian army is neither more nor less than a standing militia, embodied for two or three months every year, and then dispersed to their usual labours as farmers.

I think this decides our old dispute on the subject of standing armies and militia. I expect therefore that you will, by the return of post, fairly and candidly acknowledge that I was in the right, and that all your arguments to prove, that a militia could not be depended on in the time of actual service, are built on false principles, and that my opinion was just and well-founded.

Before closing this letter, I will inform you of a very singular incident, the circumstances of which I relate, not so much with a design to illustrate the character or sentiments of the vulgar of this place in particular, as to furnish you with a curious fact in the history of human nature in general.

I went a few days since with Mr. Fortescue to see a man executed for the murder of a child.—His motives for this horrid deed were much more extraordinary than the action itself. He had accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow who assumed the character of a fortune-teller, and having disobliged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied, that this man should die on a scaffold.—This seemed to make little impression at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creature's memory, and became every day more troublesome to his imagination. At length the idea haunted his mind so incessantly, that he was rendered perfectly miserable, and could no longer endure life.

He would have put himself to death with his own hands, had he not been deterred by the notion, that God Almighty never forgave suicide; though, upon repentance, he is very ready to pardon every other crime. He resolv-

ed, therefore, to commit murder, that he might be deprived of life by the hands of justice; and mingling a sentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected, that if he murdered a grown person, he might possibly send a soul to hell. To avoid this, he determined to murder a child, who could not have committed any sin which deserved damnation, but dying in innocence, would go immediately to heaven. In consequence of these ideas, he actually murdered an infant of his master's, for whom he had always shewn an uncommon degree of fondness. Such was the strange account which this infatuated creature gave on his trial;—and thus the random prophecy proved, as in many other cases, the cause of its own completion.

He was executed about two miles from Berlin. As soon as he ascended the scaffold, he took off his coat and waistcoat;—his shirt was rolled down below his shoulders;—his night-cap was pulled over his eyes;—he was placed on his knees, and the executioner, with a single stroke of a broad sword, severed his head from his body.—It was the first time this executioner had performed:—there were two others of the same trade on the scaffold, who exhibited an instance of insensibility more shocking than the execution.—While the man's head rolled on the scaffold, and the arteries of the trunk poured out their blood, those men, with the gayest air you can imagine, shook their brother by the hand, wished him joy, and clapped him on the back, congratulating him on the dexterous and effectual manner in which he had performed his office.

LETTER LXXIII.

Berlin.

THE duke of Hamilton having expressed an inclination to visit the court of Mecklenburg Strelitz, I accompanied him thither soon after his return from Magdeburg and Leipsic. The weather being sultry, his Grace thought that travelling in the night would be most agreeable.

We did not set out therefore till about six or seven in the evening. The first post-house is four German miles from Berlin; but as great part of the road is through a large wood, and the night became very dark, the postillions lost their way. In a short time we were perfectly bewildered, and without the smallest notion which direction we should follow. After many ineffectual attempts to find out the path, we thought it would be most prudent to unyoke the horses, and allow them to graze around, while we slept in the chaise till day-break. This plan was literally followed: as soon as the servants, by the light of the rising sun, had discovered the path, we proceeded by Oranienburg and Seidneek to Reinsburg, which is a magnificent castle belonging to Prince Henry of Prussia.

The gardens here are very extensive, and have been highly improved and ornamented by this prince, who has a good taste, and a magnificent turn of mind.

When we arrived at the town of New Strelitz, we were informed that the court was at Brandenburg. The ducal residence was formerly at Old Strelitz; but the palace there, with all the magnificent furniture and effects, was burnt to ashes about fifty years ago. The fire having broke out in the night-time, the family themselves had a very narrow escape.

A new palace has been since built at the distance of two English miles from where the former stood, but in a much more agreeable situation, being placed on a gentle eminence near a fine lake; and the town of New Strelitz has gradually arisen in the neighbourhood.

After a short stay at Strelitz, we proceeded to New Brandenburg, which is some leagues farther north, and within a small distance of the Baltic. We arrived there in the morning of the third day after we had left Berlin. When the chamberlain of the court was informed of the duke of Hamilton's arrival, we received an invitation to dinner, and a coach and equipage were ordered to attend his Grace.

The reigning duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz is unmar-

ried, as well as the princess, his sister, who lives constantly with him. They are both of a darker complexion than the queen of Great Britain, and neither of them so tall: nor have they much external resemblance of her majesty, except in the affability of their manner. The duke is beloved by his subjects, on account of the humanity and benevolence of his disposition, which seem to be characteristic of the whole family.—After dinner there was a concert of music, and card-playing till supper.

The whole country of Mecklenburg was for many centuries under the government of one prince. In the year 1592, on the death of the sovereign, it was divided between his two sons: The eldest retaining the duchy of Mecklenburg Schwerin, which is considerably the largest share; the younger obtained the duchy of Mecklenburg Strelitz. This last branch became extinct in the year 1695, and Duke Frederic William, of the eldest branch, laid claim to the inheritance of the duchy of Strelitz. But he was opposed by Adolphus Frederic, his father's younger brother, and the contest was settled by compromise between the parties in 1701. The right of primogeniture, and the lineal succession, were then established in both houses, and this final agreement was ratified by the emperor.

The country here is not a sandy flat, as around Berlin; but the soil becomes gradually better as you move from that city, and around New Brandenburg it is remarkably fertile. Though the southern border of this duchy is flat, sandy, and barren, yet all the northern part is of a rich verdure, finely diversified with hills, meadows, woods, and several beautiful lakes, from four to ten miles in length. The country yields plenty of corn, hemp, flax, excellent pasture for numerous flocks of sheep, and a good breed of horses.—New Brandenburg is a neat and thriving town, very agreeably situated. The inhabitants carry on a considerable trade in hops, which grow in great abundance all around.

This country, which seems to be happy in its prince

and other particulars, cannot rank among its blessings the neighbourhood of so great and warlike a monarch as the king of Prussia. In the course of the late war, both the Mecklenburgs suffered very severely from this circumstance. The Russians and Austrians, who pillaged the middle Mark of Brandenburg, did not ascertain with nicety where the king of Prussia's dominions ended, and the duke of Strelitz's began; but as often as there was any thing valuable to carry away, plundered both without distinction. And when that monarch himself was driven to extremity, and obliged to use every means of recruiting his army, the Mecklenburghers were cajoled and seduced by every art into the Prussian service; and when these methods failed, they were, as it is said, taken by force. Even at present, whenever the Prussian recruiting officers know of a strong well-looking peasant belonging to the duchy of Mecklenburg, they use every means they can devise to seduce him into their master's service.—Complaints are frequently made of these practices to his Prussian majesty, and redress will be given when it shall please the Lord.

The second day after our arrival, we spent the forenoon in viewing every thing worthy of notice in the town, and dined again at court, where there was a more numerous company than had been the first day. After dinner we accompanied his highness and the princess to an assembly in the town, and returned to sup at the court. During supper there was a concert of vocal and instrumental music.

Having received every mark of polite attention from this prince, we took leave of him and the princess, and left the town early next morning, and returned by Old Strelitz, which is not in such a flourishing condition, or situated in so fine a country, as New Brandenburg. While British subjects pass through this country, they will naturally reflect with gratitude and veneration on the character of a princess whose virtues are an ornament to the British throne, and whose amiable manners and pru-

dent conduct have united the affections of a people divided by party, and irreconcilable in sentiment on almost every other subject.

On our return to Berlin, I found a letter from Lord Marechal, informing me, that the king was expected at Potsdam within a very few days; that great preparations were making for the reception of the princess of Hesse and the duchess of Wurtemberg, who were then both at Berlin, and were to pay a visit to the king at Sans-Souci; that they would be accompanied by the princess Amelia, the king's unmarried sister, and his two sisters-in-law, for all of whom apartments were preparing at the new palace, where his majesty also was to reside all the time that his illustrious guests should remain. My lord added, that the celebrated Le Kain, and a company of French comedians, were already arrived, and also a company of Italian actors and singers for the opera; and that both companies were to perform at the theatre within the palace; that a great concourse of company was expected at Potsdam on the occasion; that most of the apartments in the town were already bespoke, and, as he imagined we should incline to be there, he had engaged lodgings for us.

The duke was extremely pleased with this obliging behaviour of Lord Marechal. I afterwards spoke to Mr. Harris on this subject, and inquired if he intended to be at Potsdam on the occasion? He told me, that as the plays, operas, and other entertainments, were to be given in the palace, nobody could attend them except those who had particular invitations; that neither he nor any of the foreign ministers had been, or, as he understood, were to be invited, nor did he hear that any strangers were expected;—and that he imagined it would be unbecoming the duke of Hamilton to be at Potsdam at that time, except he could with propriety attend the entertainments at Sans-Souci.

His Grace, on hearing this account, determined to remain here; but some days after, I received a letter from Count Finkenstein, acquainting me, that he had orders

to invite the duke of Hamilton and me to attend the entertainments to be given at Sans-Souci. This afforded us great satisfaction, not so much on account of the public entertainments, as because it will give us opportunities, which we could not otherwise have, of seeing the king of Prussia, and probably in an easier way than at Berlin. As for the usual amusements and splendour of courts, his Grace displays more coolness about them than one would naturally imagine, considering the manner in which he is received, his time of life, and his personal appearance.

——— Namque ipsa decoram
Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpurem, et lætos oculis afflârat honores.

Since our return from Mecklenburg, we have passed our time almost constantly with Mr. Harris, who accompanied the duke yesterday on his last visit to Shoenhausen; for we shall probably not return to this place from Potsdam. Mr. Fortescue set out a few days ago for Frankfort on the Maine; his easy humour, and original turn of thought, make his absence felt with pain by all who have tasted the pleasure of his conversation. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

Potsdam.

We have been here about a fortnight. His majesty arrived at the new palace of Sans-Souci about the same time that we came to Potsdam. The princess Amelia, who is mistress of the ceremonies, was there to receive him. The company I formerly mentioned are all lodged in the palace. I will give you a short sketch of what has passed.

There has been a theatrical entertainment every second or third day. His Grace and I attend at Sans-Souci on these days only. We drive from Potsdam about five in the evening. The company assemble in one of the apartments of the palace about that time, and walk to the playhouse a little before six. The theatre is very well

contrived for the accommodation of a small audience. There are neither boxes nor pit; but semicircular benches in the front of the stage. The foremost bench is upon the floor; the others rise gradually behind, that all the spectators may see equally well.

A few minutes after the company are placed, the royal family arrive. The princess Amelia is led in by Prince Frederick of Brunswick, and the princess of Hesse by the king. The duchess of Wurtemberg, and the other princesses, are led in after: they, and the ladies their attendants, sit in the first rows. The king generally seats himself in the third or fourth. The piece then begins, and is usually finished about nine, after which all the company return to the large apartment, where the king remains conversing in a familiar manner till supper is ready. He then retires, and goes to bed at ten.

Those whom the princess Amelia orders to be invited, stay to supper; and there is generally a pretty numerous company.—We have been at this repast three or four times, and usually get to our lodgings at Potsdam about midnight.

Hitherto there have been no comedies acted, and I understand there are to be none, because Le Kain never acts in comedy; and for another reason, which is equivalent to a thousand,—his majesty loves tragedy better.

Le Kain has already appeared in some of his principal characters.—You need not doubt of his exerting all his powers before such an audience—I might have said, such an auditor. The king seemed pleased with his acting, and of consequence the courtiers were in raptures, and vied with each other who should praise him most.

The tragedy of Oedipus is his majesty's favourite piece. This has been represented twice, and he seemed to enjoy it very much on both occasions; particularly when the following speech against priests was pronounced.—

Tandis que par vos soins vous pouves tout apprendre,
Quel besoin que le Ciel ici se fasse entendre?
Ces Dieux, dont le pontife a promis le secours,
Dans leurs temples, Seigneur, n'habitent pas toujours;

On ne voit point leur bras si prodigue en miracles;
Ces antres, ces trépieds, qui rendent leur oracles,
Ces organes d'airain que nos mains ont formés,
Toujours d'un souffle pur ne sont point animés.
Ne nous endormons point sur la foi de leurs prêtres;
Au pied du sanctuaire il est souvent des traîtres,
Qui nous asservissant sous un pouvoir sacré,
Font parler les destins, les font taire à leur gré.
Voyez, examinez, avec un soin extrême,
Philoctète, Phorbas, & Jocaste elle-même.
Ne nous fions qu'à nous, voyons tout par nos yeux,
Ce sont là nos trépieds, nos oracles, nos Dieux.

And afterwards, when Jocasta pours forth another tirade of the same kind, which terminates with these lines,—

Nos Prêtres ne sont point ce qu'un vain peuple pense;
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science;

happened to sit next to the abbé Bastiani, and, while the actress spoke this, the king started up, coughed, and laughed, with very significant gestures, to the ecclesiastic.

But though these passages, and some others, seem at first sight to be severe against priests, the tragedy of Oedipus, upon the whole, does them great honour. For all that is said against them, turns out to be unjust, and it appears that the oracle, which had been treated in such severe terms, was true, and that the high-priest had acted throughout like an honest and virtuous man. It surprises me, therefore, that Voltaire should have taken the plot of his play from the Greek tragedy on this subject, which constrained him, like Balaam the son of Barak, to do honour to those whom he would have been better pleased to have cursed.—And the king on his part (if I may presume to say it) could not have pitched upon a tragedy more à-propos, if his intention was to turn the clergy into ridicule.

I have no objection to this piece, on account of the honour done to the clergy; because I cannot help forming my opinion of men from my own experience: And I have known so many good men of that profession, that I should respect it on their account, exclusive of other reasons.

But I own I have the misfortune not to follow this great monarch, and many other respectable critics, in their admiration of the tragedy of Oedipus.—The fable, in my poor opinion, is too horrible.—The circumstance of Oedipus being married to his mother, and having children by her, is highly disgusting; and the idea it gives of providence and the conduct of the gods, cannot have a good effect on the mind. Nothing could be more unjust, than that heaven should send a plague among the inhabitants of Thebes, and pour such vengeance on poor Oedipus and Jocasta, for crimes of which it knew them to be innocent. We cannot help admitting the justice of Oedipus's reproaches against the gods, when he says,

Le voilà donc rempli cet oracle exécrable,
Dont ma crainte a pressé l'effet inévitable:
Et je me vois enfin, par un mélange affreux,
Inceste, & parricide, & pourtant vertueux.
Miserable vertu, nom stérile & fûneste,
Toi par qui j'ai réglé des jours que je déteste,
A mon noir ascendant tu n'as pû resister:
Je tombais dans le piége, en voulant l'éviter.
Un Dieu plus fort que moi m'entraînait vers le crime;
Sous mes pas fugitifs il creusait un abîme;
Et j'etais, malgré moi, dans mon aveuglement,
D'un pouvoir inconnu l'esclave & l'instrument.
Voilà tous mes forfaits, je ne'en connais point d'autres.
Impitoyables Dieux, mes crimes sont les vôtres,
Et vous m'en punissez . . . . .

We must suspect, however, that Jocasta was mistaken in the opinion she utters in the concluding lines of the tragedy.—

Prêtres, & vous Thébains, qui futes mes sujets,
Honorez mon bucher, & songez à jamais,
Qu'au milieu des horreurs du destin qui m'opprime,
J'ai fait rougir les dieux, qui m'ont forcé au crime.

For those, who could force innocent people to commit criminal actions, and then punish them on that account, were not capable of blushing for any thing.

A French tragedy and Italian opera are represented at this theatre alternately; the king attends the latter as punctually as the former, and displays in his countenance that

extreme sensibility to music, which forms part of his character. I imagine this prince would succeed better in any thing than in simulation, if he should ever think it worth his while to attempt that part of hypocrisy,—his features are so expressive of his feelings, that the first would be constantly in danger of betraying the other. When there is no representation at the theatre, his majesty has a private concert in his own apartment, where he himself performs on the German flute, in which instrument he has attained the highest degree of excellence.—To these concerts no stranger is admitted.

LETTER LXXV.

Potsdam.

When we first arrived here, there was nothing I was so eager to see as the Prussian troops at their exercise; but the reviews at Berlin have completely satiated my curiosity. And though the gardens of the palace are just opposite to the windows of our inn, I hardly ever go to look at the guards, who are paraded there every forenoon.—A few days ago, however, I happened to take a very early walk about a mile out of town, and seeing some soldiers under arms, in a field at a small distance from the road, I went towards them. An officer on horseback, whom I took to be the major, for he gave the word of command, was uncommonly active, and often rode among the ranks to reprimand, or instruct the common men. When I came nearer, I was much surprised to find that this was the king himself. He had his sword drawn, and continued to exercise the corps for an hour after. He made them wheel, march, form the square, and fire by divisions, and in platoons, observing all their motions with infinite attention; and, on account of some blunder, put two officers of the prince of Prussia's regiment in arrest.—In short, he seemed to exert himself with all the spirit of a young officer, eager to attract the notice of his general by uncommon alertness.

I expressed my surprise to an officer present, that the king was not willing to take some repose, particularly from that kind of employment of which he had had so very much of late, and that he could take so much pains with a mere handful of men immediately after he had come from exercising whole armies.

This gentleman told me, that, on this particular day, the king had been trying some new evolutions; but though this had not been the case, he might very possibly have been in the field:—for his maxim was, that his troops should display as much briskness on a common field-day as if they were to engage in battle; and therefore it was never known when he intended to be present, or when not:—that as for repose, he took it between ten at night and four in the morning, and his other hours were all devoted to action, either of body or mind, or both; and that the exercise he had just taken, was probably by way of relaxation after three hours previous labour in his cabinet.

The more I see and hear of this extraordinary man, the more am I astonished. He reconciles qualities which I used to think incompatible. I once was of opinion, that the mind, which stoops to very small objects, is incapable of embracing great ones;—I am now convinced, that he is an exception; for while few objects are too great for his genius, none seem too small for his attention.

I once thought that a man of much vivacity was not capable of entering into the detail of business.—I now see that he, who is certainly a man of wit, can continue methodically the necessary routine of business, with the patience and perseverance of the greatest dunce that ever drudged in a counting-house,

Since my last, we have seen the Italians perform; but neither the plays nor the operas, nor any part of the entertainments, interest me half so much, or could draw m so assiduously to Sans-Souci, as the opportunity this attendance gives of seeing the king. Other monarchs acquire importance from their station; this prince gives im-

portance to his. The traveller in other countries has a wish to see the king, because he admires the kingdom:—here the object of curiosity is reversed:—and let us suppose the palaces, and the towns, and the country, and the army of Prussia ever so fine, yet your chief interest in them will arise from their belonging to Frederic II;—the man, who, without an ally but Britain, repelled the united force of Austria, France, Russia, and Sweden.

Count Nesselrode, talking with me on this subject, had an expression equally lively and just: C'est dans l'adversité qu'il brille, lorsqu'il est bien comprimé il a un ressort irrésistible.

The evening of the day on which I had seen the king in the field, I was at Sans-Souci; for I wish to neglect no opportunity of being present where this monarch is. I like to stand near him, to hear him speak, and to observe his movements, attitudes, and most indifferent actions. He always behaves with particular affability to the duke of Hamilton. One evening, before the play began, his Grace and I were standing accidentally with Count Finkenstein, in a room adjoining to the great apartment where the company were. The king entered alone, when he was not expected, and immediately began a conversation with the duke.

He asked several questions relating to the British constitution; particularly at what age a peer could take his seat in parliament?—When the duke replied, At twenty-one—It is evident from that, said the king, that the English patricians acquire the necessary talents for legislation much sooner than those of ancient Rome, who were not admitted into the senate till the age of forty.

He then inquired about the state of Lord Chatham's health, and expressed high esteem for the character of that minister.—He asked me, if I had received letters by the last post, and if they mentioned any thing of the affairs in America? He said, there were accounts from Holland, that the English troops had been driven from Boston, and that the Americans were in possession of that

place.——I told him, our letters informed us, that the army had left Boston to make an attack with more effect elsewhere.

He smiled, and said,—If you will not allow the retreat to have been an affair of necessity, you will at least admit, that it was *taut-à-fait à-propos.*

He said he heard that some British officers had gone into the American service, and mentioned Colonel Lee, whom he had seen at his court. He observed, that it was a difficult thing to govern men by force at such a distance; that if the Americans should be beat, (which appeared a little problematical), still it would be next to impossible to continue to draw from them a revenue by taxation; that if we intended conciliation with America, some of our measures were too rough; and if we intended its subjection, they were too gentle. He concluded by saying,—*Enfin, messieurs, je ne comprends pas ces choses là; je n'ai point de colonie:—j'espère que vous vous tirerez bien d'affaire, mais elle me paroit un peu épineuse.*——Having said this, he walked into the princess's apartment, to lead her to the playhouse, while we joined the company already assembled there.—The tragedy of Mahomet was performed, which, in my opinion, is the finest of all Voltaire's dramatic pieces, and that in which Le Kain appears to the greatest advantage.

LETTER LXXVI.

Potsdam.

You express such an earnest desire to be made acquainted with every thing which regards the king of Prussia, that I am in danger of lengthening my description with a tedious minuteness. Yet I will risk it, rather than give you reason to complain that I have not gratified your curiosity as fully as is in my power.

Do not imagine, however, that I presume to draw a complete portrait of this monarch. That must be the work of much able painters, who have seen him in a more

familiar manner, and whose colours can give an expression worthy of the original. I shall only attempt to give a faithful sketch of such features as I was able to seize during the transient views I myself had, or which I have learnt from those who have passed with him many of the hours which he dedicates to free conversation, and the pleasures of the table.

The king of Prussia is below the middle size, well made, and remarkably active for his time of life. He has become hardy by exercise and a laborious life; for his constitution originally seems to have been none of the strongest. His look announces spirit and penetration. He has fine blue eyes; and, in my opinion, his countenance upon the whole is agreeable. Some who have seen him are of a different opinion. All who judge from his portraits only, must be so; for although I have seen many which have a little resemblance of him, and some which have a great deal, yet none of them do him justice. His features acquire a wonderful degree of animation while he converses.—This is entirely lost upon canvass.

He stoops considerably, and inclines his head almost constantly to one side.

His tone of voice is the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard.

He speaks a great deal; yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a great deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just, and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.

He hardly ever varies his dress, which consists of a blue coat, lined and faced with red, and a yellow waistcoat and breeches. He always wears boots, with hussar tops, which fall in wrinkles about his ancles, and are oftener of a dark brown than a black colour.

His hat would be thought extravagantly large in England, though it is of the size commonly used by the Prussian officers of cavalry. He generally wears one of the large side corners overs his forehead and eyes, and the front cock at one side

He wears his hair cued behind, and dressed with a single buckle on each side. From their being very carelessly put up and unequally powdered, we may naturally conclude, that the friseur has been greatly hurried in the execution of his office.

He uses a very large gold snuff-box, the lid ornamented with diamonds, and takes an immoderate quantity of Spanish snuff, the marks of which very often appear on his waistcoat and breeches. These are also liable to be soiled by the paws of two or three Italian greyhounds, which he often caresses.

He dresses as soon as he gets up in the morning. This takes up but a few minutes, and serves for the whole day. —You have often heard that the king of Prussia's hours from four or five in the morning, till ten at night, are all dedicated methodically to particular occupations, either of business or amusement. This is certainly true; and the arrangement has not sustained such an interruption for many years, as since the present company came to Potsdam.

Some who pretend to more than common penetration assert, that at present they can perceive marks of uneasiness in his countenance, and seem convinced, that there will not be such another company at Sans-Souci during this reign.

All business with the king is transacted by letters. Every petition or proposal must be made in this form, which is adhered to so invariably, as I have been assured, that if any of his generals wished to promote a cadet to the rank of an ensign, he would not venture to make his proposal in any other manner, even though he had daily opportunities of conversing with his majesty.

The meanest of his subjects may apply to him in writing, and are sure of an answer. His first business every morning is the perusing the papers addressed to him. A single word wrote with his pencil in the margin, indicates the answer to be given, which is afterwards made out in form by his secretaries.—This method affords the king

time to deliberate on the justice and propriety of every demand, and prevents the possibility of his being surprised into a promise, which it might be inconvenient to perform.

He sits down to dinner precisely at noon. Of late he allows more time to this repast than formerly. It is generally after three before he leaves the company. Eight or nine of his officers are commonly invited to dine with him. Since our coming to Potsdam, Count Nesselrode, and the abbé Bastiani, two men of letters, were the only company, besides the officers, who dined with the king, while he lived in his usual way at the old palace of Sans-Souci; and those two were then of his party almost every day. The count has now left this court; the abbé has an apartment in the palace. He is an Italian by birth, a man of wit, and an excellent companion.

At table, the king likes that every person should appear to be on a footing, and that the conversation should be carried on with perfect freedom. The thing, by the way, is impossible. That confidential unrestrained flow of the heart, which takes place in a society of equals, is a pleasure which a despotic prince can never taste. However, his majesty desires that it may be so, and they make the best of it they can.

At one of these meetings, when the king was in a gay humour, he said to Bastiani,—When you shall obtain the tiara, which your exemplary piety must one day procure you, how will you receive me when I arrive at Rome to pay my duty to your holiness?—I will immediately give orders, replied the abbé, with great readiness, *Qu'on fasse entrer l'agle noir—qu'il me couvre de ses ailes, mais—qu'il m'épargne de son bec.*

Nobody says more lively things in conversation than the king himself. Many of his bon mots are repeated here. I shall only mention one, which is at once an instance of his wit, and greatness of mind, in rendering justice to the merit of a man who has caused him more vexation than perhaps any other person alive.—When the king

of Prussia had a personal meeting some years since with the emperor; they always dined together, a certain number of their principal officers being with them. One day, General Laudohn was going to place himself at the bottom of the table, when the king, who was at the head, called to him, *Venez, je vous en prie, Monsieur Laudohn, placez vous ici. J' aime infiniment mieux vous avoir de mon coté que vis-à-vis.*

Though all the cordiality of friendship, and the full charms of unreserved society, cannot exist where the fortune of every other individual depends on the will of one of the company; yet the king endeavours to put every one as much at his ease as the nature of the case will admit, and I have heard of his bearing some very severe retorts with perfect good-humour. He has too much wit himself, and is too fond of it in others, to repel its attacks with any other weapons than those which it furnishes. None but the most absurd of dunces could attempt to rally, without being able to allow of raillery: and only the meanest of souls would think of revenging the liberties taken with a companion by the power of a king.

A very striking instance of the freedom which may be used with him occurred a little before the late reviews, and what makes it more remarkable, it happened, not during the gaiety of the table, but on the very scene of military strictness.

Two regiments were in the field. That of General —— was one of them. This officer is fond of company, and passes more of his time in the society of strangers, and with the foreign ministers, than most others in the Prussian service.—Something, it is probable, had chagrined the king that morning. While the regiment advanced in a line, he said to the general, who stood near him, Votre regiment n'est pas aligné, Monsieur ——, et ce n'est pas surprenant, vous jouez tant aux cartes. The general called out instantly with a loud voice to the regiment, Alte ! and they immediately stopped: then, turning to the king, he said, Il n'est pas question, sire, de

mes cartes—Mais, ayez la bonté de regarder si ce regiment n'est pas aligné.—The régiment was in a very straight line, and the king moved away without speaking, and seemingly displeased, not with the general, but with himself.—This manly officer never had reason afterwards to believe that the king had taken his freedom amiss.

I have already said, that it is absolutely impossible for any man to enjoy an office in the king of Prussia's service without performing the duty of it. He is himself active and assiduous, and he makes it a point that all his ministers and servants shall be so too. But to those who know their business, and perform it exactly, he is an easy and equitable master.

A gentleman, who has been many years about his person, and is now one of his aid-de-camps, assured me of this:—The king understands what ought to be done: and his servants are never exposed to the ridiculous or contradictory orders of ignorance, or the mortifications of caprice.

His favourites, of whatever kind, never were able to acquire influence over him in any thing regarding business. Nobody ever knew better how to discriminate the merit of those who serve him in the important departments of state, from theirs who contribute to his amusement. A man who performs the duty of his office with alertness and fidelity, has nothing to apprehend from the king's being fond of the company and conversation of his enemy. Let the one be regaled at the king's table every day, while the other never receives a single invitation; yet the real merit of both is known:—and if his adversary should ever try to turn the king's favour to the purposes of private hatred or malice, the attempt will be repelled with disdain, and the evil he intended to another will fall on himself.

LETTER LXXVII.

Potsdam.

On the days when there is no public court at Sans-Souci, we generally dine with Lord Marechal, who is always happy to see the duke of Hamilton, and is of great service to all British subjects while they remain here or at Berlin. Exclusive of other reasons he may have for esteeming the duke, his lordship evidently displays a kind of partiality for his Grace, as the first man in point of rank belonging to his country. This appears in a thousand instances; for with very liberal sentiments, and a most benevolent heart, this venerable nobleman still retains a few Caledonian prejudices.

He asked one day of the duke, if he reckoned himself a Scotchman? Most certainly I do, replied his Grace. By so doing you lie under a mistake, said my lord; for I can assure you, and I am convinced the best lawyers in England will do the same, that you have a much juster claim to all the privileges belonging to your English title of Brandon, though some of them, I fear, are still disputed.

It is to be hoped, said the duke, that the house of peers will not always refuse to do my family justice; on a thorough examination of the case, I still flatter myself they will grant me those privileges, which have been, for no valid reasons, refused my ancestors. But in the meantime, why will your lordship, more cruel than the peers, deny my birth-right as a Scotchman?

Because your birth gives you no such right, replied the earl; for you in reality are but a North Briton;—unless your Grace can prove that you were born before the Union. But, continued he, with an air of triumph, I am a real Scotchman: —— —— —— adding a little after, with a sigh, and in a plaintive accent —— —— and almost the only one in the world ——. All the Scots of my acquaintance are now dead.

The good old earl is infinitely fond of talking of his country, and of the days of former years. When I make any inquiry about the king of Prussia, or concerning Spain or Italy, in which country he resided so long, he answers with a kind of complaisant brevity, and immediately turns the discourse back to Scotland, to which his heart seems wonderfully attached.

In the time of dinner, one of his servants, a stout highlander, generally entertains the company by playing on the bagpipe. I have observed, that these North Britons (to abide by Lord Marechal's distinction) who are the most zealous for the interest and honour of their country, and who value themselves on being born north of the Tweed, are particularly, if not exclusively, fond of this instrument. You will, at least, allow that your gallant friend, Lord Eglintoun, is no exception to this observation; and perhaps, you will admit, that it acquires a considerable degree of patriotism, or *amor Caledoniæ*, to have a great relish for the melody of a bagpipe.

I called on Lord Marechal one afternoon, just as the king had left him: for the monarch, without any form or previous notice, sometimes walks through the garden, and pays a short visit to his old friend, to whom he has an unalterable attachment, both from personal regard, and on account of the high estimation in which he holds the memory of his brother Marechal Keith.

Another day I was with the earl, when the princesses of Prussia and Hesse, with Prince Frederic of Brunswic, all entered and demanded coffee, which my lord immediately ordered, with the addition of a couple of melons; telling the princesses, he knew they would not stay long enough with a man of eighty, to give time for preparing a better repast.—Thus favoured by the monarch and the princess, you will not doubt that the old earl's friendship is cultivated by the rest of the court.

The hereditary prince of Prussia lives in a small house in the town of Potsdam. His appointments do not admit of that degree of magnificence, which might be expected

in the heir of the crown:—but he displays a spirit of hospitality far more obliging than magnificence; and doubly meritorious, considering the very moderate revenue allowed him. We generally sup there two or three times a week.

This prince is not often of the king's parties, nor is it imagined that he enjoys a great share of his uncle's favour. In what degree he possesses the talents of a general is not known, as he was too young to have any command during the late war. But he certainly has a very just understanding, which has been improved by study. He has taken some pains to acquire the English language, to which he was induced by an admiration of several English authors, whose works he had read in French and German. He is now able to read English prose with tolerable facility, and has been of late studying Shakespeare, having actually read two or three of his plays.

I took the liberty to observe, that as Shakespeare's genius had traced every labyrinth, and penetrated into every recess of the human heart, his sentiments could not fail to please his royal highness; but, as his language was uncommonly bold and figurative, and full of allusions to national customs, and the manners of our island two centuries ago, the English themselves, who had not made a particular study of his works, did not always comprehend their full energy. I added, that to transfuse the soul of Shakespeare into a translation, was impossible; and to taste all his beauties in the original, required such a knowledge of the English manners and language as few foreigners, even after a long residence in the capital, could attain.

The prince said, he was aware of all this; yet he was determined to struggle hard for some acquaintance with an author so much admired by the English nation; that though he should never be able to taste all his excellencies, he was convinced he should understand enough to recompense him for his trouble; that he had already studied some detached parts, which he thought superior to

any thing he had ever met with in the works of any other poet.

His royal highness attends to military business with as much assiduity as most officers of the same rank in the army; for in the Prussian service, no degree of eminence in the article of birth can excuse a remission in the duties of that profession. He is much esteemed by the army, and considered as an exceeding good officer. To the frankness of a soldier he joins the integrity of a German, and is beloved by the public in general, on account of his good-nature, affability, and humane turn of mind.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Potsdam.

I AM afraid you will think the anecdotes and conversation which I sometimes send you are rather tedious. Your curiosity about certain characters has led me into this practice: for I choose to give you opportunities of forming an opinion of your own, rather than to trouble you with mine. My opinion might very probably be erroneous; the accounts I give of what I have seen or heard are always true. And, notwithstanding that the actions and conversations I relate may be apparently of small importance, still as the persons in some measure describe themselves, an understanding like yours will be able from thence to draw juster ideas of character than I could have given.

In a former letter I mentioned the great difficulty of deserting from a Prussian garrison, and of what importance it is thought to prevent it. An accident which happened a few days since, will give you a stronger idea of this than any general account.

Two soldiers of the prince of Prussia's regiment got over the walls in the night-time, with an intention to desert; but, unluckily for them, this town stands on a peninsula formed by the river, and the neck of land is guarded in such a manner that it is almost impossible to pass that way without permission. These men could not swim,

and they durst not present themselves at any of the ferries, because the boatmen are forbid, under the severest penalties, to connive at the escape of any deserters, and strictly ordered to assist in apprehending them. A reward is also offered, as a greater inducement to this piece of service.

All these circumstances being known in the garrison, it was imagined that, as none of the peasants would in all probability venture to harbour them, they were still skulking in the fields, among the standing corn. On this supposition, parties of men were employed for three days successively in traversing the fields, and beating the bushes, as if they had been in chase of a hare. Great numbers of the officers of this regiment, some of the highest rank, rode about for three or four hours every day, all employed in the same manner. But not finding the men, they were at last convinced that they had by some means or other got out of the peninsula, and all farther search was given up as unnecessary.

On the morning of the fourth day, these two unfortunate men came and surrendered to the guard at one of the gates. Finding it impracticable to effect their escape, and not daring to enter a house, they were at length compelled, by hunger and fatigue, to deliver themselves up.

Before I close this letter, I will give you an account of an adventure of an affecting nature, which happened in the king's family, at the time when all these researches were made for the two deserters.

The king's principal valet-de-chambre was a man considerably respected. Having constant opportunities of being about the king's person, and having enjoyed his approbation for several years, people of the first rank paid him some degree of attention. He was liked by his acquaintances, as I have been told, on account of his personal qualities, and had accumulated a little fortune by the perquisites of his office. He had built a house near that of my Lord Marechal, and kept a coach for the use of his mistress.

It was this man's misfortune to disoblige the king, probably by some neglect of duty; or it might possibly be something worse:—I never could hear exactly how this had happened:—But while the princesses were at the new palace, the king had blamed him in very sharp terms; and not being satisfied with the excuses the man made, he told him, that as soon as the company was gone, he should be taken care of.

When the princesses went to Berlin, his majesty returned to his old palace at Sans-Souci: and the day after he sent for an officer of his guards, and ordered him to conduct this man to Potsdam, and place him in the quality of a drummer in the first regiment of foot-guards.

The poor man endeavoured to pacify his master by prayers and entreaties, but without success.—He then said to the officer, that there were some things in his room which he wished to put in order before he went, and desired that he might be allowed a little time for that purpose. The officer readily assented, and as soon as this desperate man had entered his own apartment, he seized a pistol, which he had prepared from the time the king had threatened him, and immediately shot himself through the head. The report of the pistol alarmed the king and the officer.—They both went into the room, and found the poor creature expiring.

Though the king certainly had no idea that his valet would shoot himself; and though, it is most probable, he would not have allowed him to remain long in the situation to which, in a fit of resentment, he had condemned him;—yet there is something exceedingly harsh in dashing a man at once from a situation of ease and respect, into a sphere of life so very different.—Such an order was more becoming the fury of an intemperate despot, than the dignity of so great and so wise a monarch as the king of Prussia.

I conversed with a person who had been at Sans-Souci immediately after this melancholy event.—He said the king seemed to be very much affected.—If he felt it as he

ought, he was an object of compassion; if he did not, he was still more so, for nothing can be a greater misfortune to a man than to want humanity.

LETTER LXXIX.

Dresden.

I BELIEVE I neglected to mention in any of my letters from Berlin, that when I visited the manufactory of porcelain, I was so much struck with the beauty of some of it, that I ordered a small box for you. But as I take it to be a matter of indifference, whether you sip your tea out of the china you have already, or this, you may send it as a present to the female you love and esteem most. If by this direction it should not go straight from you to Miss ——, pray let me know to whom you send it. The factor at Hamburgh will give you notice when he ships it off.

I did not imagine that this manufactory had arrived at such a degree of perfection as it has in several places in Germany, particularly at Brunswick and Berlin. The parcel I have ordered for you, is thought equal to the finest made at Dresden.

The day we left Potsdam we dined with good Lord Marechal, who took leave of the duke, with an emotion which at once marked his regard for his Grace, and his fears that he should never see him again.

If I were strongly in a humour for description, our journey through the most beautiful and most fertile part of Germany would afford me a fair opportunity. I not only could ring over the whole chimes of woods, meadows, rivers, and mountains, rich crops of grain, flax, tobacco, and hops; I might animate the landscapes with a copious breed of horses, black cattle, sheep, wild boars, and venison, and vary the description with the marble, precious stones, and mines of lead, copper, iron, and silver, which Saxony contains within its bowels. I might expatiate on the fine china-ware, and fine women, that abound in this

country, formed of the finest clay in Germany, et très joliment travaillées;—but I am long since tired of description, and therefore beg leave to convey you at once from Potsdam to Dresden.

Having been presented to the elector and electress by Mr. Osborn, the British minister here, we had the honour of dining with them the same day. The electress is young, tall, well-made, and lively.—We were afterwards presented to the electress-dowager, and to the princess Elizabeth, the elector's aunt, to the princess, his sister, and to his three brothers, the eldest of whom has lost the use of his legs, and is moved about the room in a chair with wheels.

The court was numerous and splendid; in the evening there was card-playing for about two hours. The duke of Hamilton was of the electress's party, while I played two rubbers at whist with one of the princesses, against the electress-dowager and the princess Elizabeth. —I have never seen deep gaming at any of the German courts.—What has approached nearest to it, has been at masquerades, or where the sovereign was not present.

Dresden, though not one of the largest, is certainly one of the most agreeable cities in Germany, whether we consider its situation, the magnificence of its palaces, or the beauty and conveniency of the houses and streets. This city is built on both sides of the Elbe, which is of a considerable breadth here. The magnificent and commodious manner in which the two opposite parts of the town are joined, adds greatly to its beauty.

There is an equestrian statue of king Augustus, in a kind of open place or square, between the old city and the new. The workmanship is but indifferent; however, I was desired by our Cicerone to admire this very much, because——it was made by a common smith. I begged to be excused, telling him that I could not admire it had it been made by Michael Angelo.

Few princes in Europe are so magnificently lodged as the elector of Saxony. The palace and museum have

been often described. The last was begun by the elector Augustus, and still retains the name of the Green Room, though it now consists of several apartments, all painted green, in imitation of the first. I will not enumerate the prodigious number of curiosities, natural and artificial, to be seen there. Some of the last are curious, only because they are invisible to the human eye. Of this number is a cherry-stone, upon which, by the help of a microscope, above a hundred faces may be distinguished. Undoubtedly these little mechanical whims display the labour, perseverance, and minute attention of the workman; but I cannot think they are proofs of the wisdom of those who could employ artists to so little purpose. Let the astonishing minutiæ of nature be admired through microscopes; but surely nothing is a proper work for the hands of man, which cannot be seen by the unaided human eye.

A work of the jeweller Dinglinger, which represents the celebration of the Mogul's birth-day, is much admired. The Mogul sitting on his throne, his grandees and guards, with a great many elephants, are all exhibited upon a table about an ell square. This work employed Dinglinger, and some assistants, above ten years. Do not you think this was leaving so ingenious an artist a little too long in the Mogul's service?

A simple list of every thing valuable and curious in this museum, would exceed the bounds of one of my longest letters; I shall therefore pass them all over in silence, except the story of the prophet Jonah, which it would be impious to omit. The ship, the whale, the prophet, and the sea-shore, are all represented in pearl; but the sea and rocks are in a different kind of stone, though, in my opinion, there was no occasion to vary the materials; for surely there is as great a difference between a prophet and a whale, as between a whale and a rock. So that if the first two could be represented with the same materials, I do not think it was worth while to change the composition for the third.

The gallery of pictures is highly esteemed. To enu-

merate the particular merits of each, would fill many volumes, and requires a far greater knowledge of painting than I can pretend to. The most valuable pieces are by Corregio and Rubens. There are three or four by the former, and of his most capital works; and a very considerable number of the latter. The strength and expression of this great artist's pencil, the natural glow of his colouring, and the fertility of his fancy, deserve the highest encomiums. Yet one cannot help regretting, that he had so violent a passion for fat women. That kind of nature which he had seen early in life in his own country, had laid such hold of his imagination, that it could not be eradicated by all the elegant models he afterwards studied in Italy. Some of his female figures in this gallery are so much of the Dutch make, and so fat, that it is rather oppressive to look at them in this very hot weather.

In the museum, within the palace, there is a most complete collection of prints, from the commencement of the art of engraving till the present time.

LETTER LXXX.

Dresden.

NOTHING seems clearer to me, than that a fortified town should have no palaces within it, and no suburbs without. As the city of Dresden has both, it would have been well for the inhabitants, during the last war, that the town had been entirely without fortifications. In the year 1756, when the king of Prussia thought it expedient to invade Saxony, he made himself master of this city, and kept peaceable possession of it till 1758, when Marechal Daun, after the battle of Hochkirchen, threatened to besiege it. The Prussian general Schemettau began his defence by burning part of the suburbs. The Saxons and Austrians exclaimed at this measure, and Daun threatened to make the governor answerable, in his own person, for such desperate proceedings. Count Schmettau was totally regard-

less of their exclamations and threats, and seemed attentive only to the orders of the king his master. He gave Marechal Daun to understand, that the remaining suburbs would share the fate of those already destroyed, if he persisted in attacking the town. The king appearing soon after, the Austrians retreated into Bohemia.

The inhabitants of Dresden, and all Saxony, were now in a very dismal situation, and found their hardships increase in proportion to the success of their friends and allies; for whatever exactions were raised in the king of Prussia's dominions by the Austrians and Russians, the like were imposed by way of retaliation on the miserable Saxons. A people must be in a deplorable state indeed, when the success of their enemies is the most fortunate thing which can befal them.

In 1759, after the dreadful battle of Cunersdorf, near Frankfort on the Oder, the king of Prussia being necessitated to repair the slaughter of that day, withdrew the Prussian garrison from Dresden, which then fell into the hands of the Imperialists. But the calamities of this city did not end here; for his Prussian majesty having deceived Marechal Daun by a very masterly feint, while he seemed to bend his course for Silesia, he wheeled suddenly about, and threatened Dresden, which Marechal Daun had abandoned, in the full conviction, that the king had marched to the relief of Schweidnitz. While the Austrians hurried on by forced marches into Silesia, the king attacked Dresden, which was resolutely defended by General Macquire.

Every possible effort was made to reduce this city before Count Daun should return to its relief;—and the wretched citizens were exposed to a continued cannonade and bombardment. This perhaps was justifiable by the laws of war, as long as there were hopes that the town might be brought to surrender by such means.—But the enemies of his Prussian majesty assert, that the bombardment was continued, and churches, fine buildings, and whole streets, laid in ashes, even after Marechal Daun's

return; and when these vindictive proceedings could only tend to the ruin and destruction of private people, without contributing in the smallest degree to the reducing the town, or being of any use to the public cause.

Many of these houses still lie in rubbish; but the inhabitants are gradually rebuilding, and probably all the ruined streets will be repaired before a new war breaks out in Germany. While they rebuild the houses, I cannot help thinking it would be fortunate for the proprietors, that they were allowed to destroy the fortifications, which perhaps might be placed with more advantage around some towns on the frontiers.

The curious manufactory of porcelain suffered considerably by the Prussian bombardment. The elector has a complete collection of the finest pieces, from the first attempts made here in this elegant work, to the latest improvements. This, independent of the beauty of many of the pieces, is a matter of real curiosity, as it marks the progress of ingenuity and invention.

Our morning-walk is in the gardens of the late Count Bruhl, situated on the high banks of the Elbe. Nothing can be imagined more delightful than the view from a lofty terrace in these gardens. The count's magnificent house is now stript of many of its greatest ornaments. The fine collection of paintings has been sold to the empress of Russia for 150,000 rix-dollars. The library, which is in the garden, is two hundred and twenty feet long. I am not certain, whether it was absolutely necessary to have so large a room for containing this nobleman's books; but it must have required one of that size at least for his wardrobe, if the account that is given of it be just. They tell us, that the count had at least three hundred different suits of clothes; each of these had a duplicate, as he always shifted his clothes after dinner, and did not choose that his dress should appear different in the afternoon from what it had been in the morning. A painting of each suit, with the particular cane and snuff-box belonging to it, was very accurately drawn in a large book, which was presented to

his excellency every morning by his valet-de-chambre, that he might fix upon the dress in which he wished to appear for the day. This minister was accused of having accumulated a great fortune. The reverse of this, however, is true. His house and gardens belong now to the elector.

The Saxon troops make a very fine appearance. The men in general are handsome and well made. Neither they nor their officers are so very upright and stiff in their manners, as the Prussians. Having been so long accustomed to these last, this difference struck me very strongly at first sight. The uniform of the guards is red and yellow; that of the marching regiments white. The soldiers, during the summer, wear only waistcoats, even when they mount guard; and always appear extremely neat and clean. The serjeants, besides their other arms, have a large pistol. This is so commodiously fastened to the left side, that it gives no trouble. The band of music belonging to the Saxon guards is the most complete and the finest I ever saw.

I do not expect to receive any accounts from you till we arrive at Vienna; but I shall probably write again from Prague, for which place we intend to set out to-morrow.

LETTER LXXXI.

Prague.

Bohemia, though by no means so fertile, or so fine a country as Saxony, does not deserve the bad character which some travellers have given it. I thought many places very beautiful, and varied with the most agreeable rural objects.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, stands in a hollow, surrounded on all sides with hills. Those nearest the town, and which command it, are comprehended within the fortifications. It is a very large town, retaining some marks of former splendour, but many more evident symptoms of present decay—Symptoms which naturally attend those

places which once have been the residence of royalty, and are so no more.

All the houses, with any appearance of magnificence, are old, and it is not probably that any new ones will be built in that style: for the Bohemian nobility, who are in circumstances to bear such an expense, live at Vienna, and the trade and manufactures of this town are not sufficient to enable any of the mercantile people to build fine houses

In whatever degree this city may have dwindled in wealth and magnificence, the piety of the inhabitants certainly flourishes as much as ever. I do not recollect to have seen so many glaring marks of devotion in any place. The corners of the streets, bridges, and public buildings, are all ornamented with crucifixes, images of the Virgin of all sizes and complexions, and statues of saints of every country, condition, age, and sex. People are to be seen on their knees before these statues in every part of this city, but particularly on the large bridge over the Moldaw, where there is the greatest concourse of passengers. This bridge is so profusely adorned with the statues of saints, that, crossing over it, you have a row of them on each side, like two ranks of musketeers.

Travellers, especially such as arrive directly from Berlin, must be astonished at the people's devotion in this city, and in a particular manner at the vehemence with which it is expressed by those who exhibit before the saints upon the bridge.

Not contented with kneeling, I saw some prostrate themselves on their faces, kissing the earth; and others, who offered their petitions to these saints with such earnestness and fervour, that, if their hearts had not been of stone, they must have paid more attention to the petitioners than they seemed to do.

There is one saint who has more votaries than all the rest put together—Saint Nepomuc, I think they call him: As my acquaintance with saints is not extensive, I never heard of him till I came hither, but his reputation is very great in this town. This saint, it seems, was ordered by

some cruel tyrant, to be thrown over a bridge; his neck was broke by the fall; notwithstanding of which, he is supposed to retain a particular affection for bridges ever since; an effect something different from what was to have been expected from the cause; however, the people here are persuaded, that so it happened to Saint Nepomuc; and to put the fact beyond controversy, he is at this moment the tutelar saint of bridges;—almost all those in Bohemia are dedicated to him. He has also the reputation of excelling every saint in heaven in the cure of barrenness in women.—How his character for this was established, I did not inquire.

It is a melancholy reflection, that the wealthy are more careless about religious duties than the indigent, and that poverty and piety are so often linked together. I often observed, when we stopped at any town or village, which had symptoms of great poverty, that the inhabitants seemed also unusually devout.

It would appear, that hope is a more powerful sentiment in the human breast than gratitude, since those who ought to feel the greatest thankfulness to Heaven, display the least.

We found an acquaintance at Prague when we least expected it; for as the duke of Hamilton and I stood talking in the streets, a priest, who belongs to a seminary of learning in this town, overheard us; upon which he stopped, and after looking at us very earnestly for some time, he at length came up, and addressed us in these words.—I do assure you now, I am an Irishman too. This easy kind of introduction soon produced a degree of intimacy. I asked, how he knew so readily that we were Irish? Am I not after hearing you speak English, my dear? replied the honest priest, for he really was a very honest obliging fellow, and the most useful and entertaining Cicerone we could have had at Prague.

After having visited the royal apartments, they shewed us the window in the secretary of state's office, from whence three noblemen were thrown in the year 1618. This was rather a violent mode of turning out the people

in power; but it is probable the party in opposition had tried gentler means in vain.

As one great use of history is to furnish lessons and examples, by which posterity in all ages may profit, I do not think it would be amiss to remind your friends in administration of this adventure, that they may move off quietly before their opponents take desperate measures: For it has been observed, that the enemies of tottering statesmen are much more active than their friends, who when things come to the last push, are apt to stand aloof,

> Like people viewing, at a distance,
> Three men thrown out of a casement,
> Who never stir to their assistance,
> But jut afford them their amazement.

In case however a similiar outrage should be threatened in England, it is to be hoped that Appollo(as he was wont of old when any of his friends were in danger) will interpose with a cloud, and save the minister; for, in the present scarcity of wit and good-humour, it would be a thousand pities to lose a man so much distinguished for both, at one desperate throw.

We walked over the heights, from which the Prussians attempted to carry the town, immediately after the defeat of Prince Charles of Lorraine and Count Brown. The bombardment of this town was a more defensible measure than that of Dresden; for while the army within were under the dejection natural after the loss of a battle, and unprepared for a siege, it might be supposed, that the confusion and terror produced by the bombardment, joined to the vast consumption of provisions by such a numerous garrison, would induce the besieged to surrender. But although the king's humanity has not been called in question for his conduct here, I have heard many military men censure him for want of prudence, particularly on account of his desperate attempt at Kolin, when, leaving the half of his army to continue the blockade of Prague, he marched with little more than thirty thousand men, and attacked an army of double that number, strong-

ly situated, and commanded by one of the ablest generals of the age.

After all, it is more than probable, that the king had very good reasons for his conduct. But as the attempt was unsuccessful, and as the sad reverse of the Prussian affairs may be dated from that epoch, the voice of censure has been very loud in blaming an action, which would have been exalted to the skies had it been crowned with success. If Hannibal had by any accident been defeated at Cannæ, it is very possible, that historians would have found out many reasons why he should not have fought that battle, and would have endeavoured to prove, that his former victories had been gained by chance, and that he was a mere ignoramus in the art of war.

Adieu, my good friend; I wish you good luck in all your undertakings, that you may continue to be reckoned by the world, a man of prudence.

LETTER LXXXII.

Vienna

On arriving at Vienna, the postillions drive directly to the customhouse, where the baggage undergoes a very severe scrutiny, which neither fair words nor money can mitigate. As nothing contraband was found among our baggage, it was all carried directly to our lodgings, except our books, which were retained to be examined at leisure, and were not restored to us till sometime after. The empress has given strict orders, that no books of impiety, lewdness, or immorality, shall be allowed to enter her dominions, or be circulated among her subjects; and Mahomet himself dares as soon appear publicly at Vienna as any one of them.

Unfortunately for us, Sir Robert Keith is lately gone to England, and is not expected back for several months. We have reason to regret the absence of so agreeable and so worthy a man; but every advantage we could have received from him as a minister, has been supplied by his

secretary, Mr. Ernest; who has introduced us to the Count Degenfeldt, ambassador from the states-general. This gentleman furnished us with a list of the visits proper to be made, and had the politeness to attend the duke of Hamilton on this grand tour.

The first day we waited on Prince Kaunitz, we were invited to dine, and found a very numerous company at his house, many of whom, as I afterwards understood, had been prepossessed in our favour, by the polite and obliging letters which the baron de Swieten had written from Berlin.

Some of the principal families are at their seats in the country, which we should have more reason to regret, were it not for the politeness and hospitality of the count and countess Thune, at whose house, or that of their sister, the countess Walstein, there is an agreeable party every evening; among whom is the viscount de Laval, brother to the marquis, whom I had the honour of knowing at Berlin. The viscount has been as far north as Petersburg, and intends to make the tour of Italy before he returns to France.

The city of Vienna, properly so called, is not of very great extent; nor can it be enlarged, being limited by a strong fortification. This town is very populous: it is thought to contain above seventy thousand inhabitants. The streets in general are narrow, and the houses built high. Some of the public buildings and palaces are magnificent; but they appear externally to no great advantage, on account of the narrowness of the streets. The chief are the imperial palace, the library and museum, the palaces of the princes Lichtenstein, Eugene, and some others, which I know you will excuse me from enumerating or describing.

There is no great danger that Vienna will ever again be subjected to the inconveniences of a siege. Yet, in case the thing should happen, a measure has been taken, which will prevent the necessity of destroying the suburbs: no houses without the walls are allowed to be built

nearer to the glacis than six hundred yards; so that there is a circular field of six hundred paces broad all round the town, which, exclusive of the advantage above mentioned, has a very beautiful and salutary effect. Beyond the plain, the suburbs are built.—They form a very extensive and magnificent town, of an irregularly circular form, containing within its bosom a spacious field, which has for its centre the original town of Vienna.

These magnificent suburbs, and the town together, are said to contain above three hundred thousand inhabitants; yet the former are not near so populous, in proportion to their size, as the town; because many houses of the suburbs have extensive gardens belonging to them, and many families, who live during the winter within the fortifications, pass the summer months in the suburbs.

Monsieur de Breteuil, the French ambassador, lives there at present. The duke and I dined at his house a few days ago. This gentleman was attached to the duc de Choiseul, and had been appointed ambassador to this court, in which character he was about to set out from Paris, when that minister was dismissed by the late king of France; upon which M. de Breteuil, instead of Vienna, was sent to Naples. But since the new king's accession, he has been established at the court for which he was originally intended. He is a man of talents, and not calculated for a situation in which talents have little or no room for exertion.

About a week after our arrival at Vienna, we had the honour of being presented to the emperor. The count Degenfeldt accompanied us to the palace between nine and ten in the morning. After walking a few minutes in an adjoining room, we were conducted into that where the emperor was alone. His manner is affable, easy, and gracefully plain.

The same forenoon we drove to Schonbrun, a palace about a league from Vienna, where the empress resides at present. I had no small curiosity to see the celebrated Maria Theresa, whose fortunes have interested Europe

for so many years. Her magnanimity in supporting the calamities to which the early part of her life was exposed, and the moderation with which she has borne prosperity, have secured to her universal approbation. She also was alone when we were presented. She conversed for some time with the duke of Hamilton in an easy and cheerful manner, and behaved to all with an affable dignity. She now possesses but small remains of that beauty for which she was distinguished in her youth; but her countenance indicates benevolence and good-humour. I had often heard of the scrupulous etiquette of the Imperial court, but have found every thing directly opposite to that account.

Prince Kaunitz having seen a young English gentleman scarcely fourteen years of age, whom the duke of Hamilton patronises, and who has accompanied us on this tour, the prince desired that he also might be presented to the emperor and empress, which was accordingly done, and they both received him in the most gracious manner. I mention this circumstance as a strong proof how far they are superior at this court to trifling punctilios, and how greatly they have relaxed in ceremony since the accession of the Lorrain family.

Two or three days after this, we were presented, at a full court, to the two unmarried archduchesses, their sister the princess Albert of Saxony, and the princess of Modena, who is married to the emperor's brother. The last couple are lately arrived from Milan on a visit to the empress.

The Imperial family are uncommonly well-looking, and have a very strong resemblance to each other. They are all of a fair complexion, with large blue eyes, and some of them, particularly the archduke, are distinguished by the thick lip so long remarked in the Austrian family. The beautiful queen of France is the handsomest of this family, only because she is the youngest; some people think that her sister the princess Albert has still the advantage.

One of the unmarried archduchesses, who formerly was thought the most beautiful, has suffered considerably by the small-pox.—A lady of the court told me, that, as soon as this princess understood what her disease was, she called for a looking-glass, and with unaffected pleasantry took leave of those features she had often heard praised, and which she believed would be greatly changed before she should see them again. The diminution which the small-pox has made in the beauty of this princess, has not in the smallest degree impaired her good-humour, or the essential part of her character, which by every account is perfectly amiable.

When the king of Prussia saw his army defeated at Cunersdorf, after he had written to the queen that he was sure of victory; or when any of those monarchs, of whom history gives examples, were dashed from their thrones to a state of dependence or captivity, unquestionably it required great strength of mind to bear such cruel reverses of fortune; but perhaps it requires more in a woman, whose beauty is admired by one-half of the human race, and envied by the other, to support its loss with equanimity in all the pride of youth.—If those veteran beauties, who never had any thing but their faces to give them importance, whom we see still withering on the stalk, and repining that they cannot retain the bloom of May in the frost of December, had met with such an accident, it would probably have killed them at once, and saved them many years of despised existence

LETTER LXXXIII.

Vienna.

I never passed my time more agreeably than since I came to Vienna. There is not such a constant round of amusements as to fill up a man's time without any plan or occupation of his own; and yet there is enough to satisfy any mind not perfectly vacant and dependent on external objects.—We dine abroad two or three times a

week. We sometimes see a little play, but never any deep gaming.——At the countess Thune's, where I generally pass the evening, there is no play of any kind.—The society there literally form a conversazione.

I dare say, you will be at a loss to imagine how a mixed company, sometimes pretty numerous, can pass several hours every evening, merely in conversing, especially when you are told that the conversation is not always split into parties and tête-à-têtes; but is very often general. You will suspect there must be many melancholy pauses, which, after a certain length, are prolonged, from the reluctance of people to be the first breakers of a very solemn silence; or you may think that sometimes there will be so many tongues moving at once, that nothing can be heard distinctly; and you may possibly figure to yourself the lady of the house at other times endeavouring, by formal observations on the weather, or politics, to keep alive a conversation which is just expiring in all the yawnings of death.

Nothing of this kind, however, happens. The countess has the art of entertaining a company, and of making them entertain one another, more than any person I ever knew. With a great deal of wit, and a perfect knowledge of the world, she possesses the most disinterested heart. She is the first to discover the good qualities of her friends, and the last who sees their foibles. One of her greatest pleasures is to remove prejudices from amongst her acquaintances, and to promote friendships. She has an everlasting flow of spirits, which she manages with such address as to delight the gay, without displeasing the dejected. I never knew any body have such a number of friends, and so much generous friendship to bestow on each. She is daily making new ones, without allowing her regard for the old to diminish. She has formed a little system of happiness at her own house, herself being the centre of attraction and union. Nobody is under the least necessity of remaining a moment in this society after being tired.—They may retire when they please.—No more

notice is taken of the entries or exits of any person who has been once received, than of a fly's coming in or going out of the room.—There is not the shadow of restraint.—If you go every night, you are always treated with equal kindness; and if you stay away for a month, you are received on your return with the same cheerfulness as if you had been there every evening.

The English who come to this place are in a particular manner obliged to this family, not only for the polite reception they generally meet with, but also for the opportunities this affords them of forming an acquaintance with the principal people at Vienna. And I imagine there is no city in Europe where a young gentleman, after his university education is finished, can pass a year with so great advantage; because, if properly recommended, he may mix on an easy footing, with people of rank, and have opportunities of improving by the conversation of sensible men and accomplished women. In no capital could he see fewer examples, or have fewer opportunities of deep gaming, open profligacy, or gross debauchery. He may learn to pass his time agreeably, independent of a continued round of amusements.—He may be gradually led to enjoy rational conversation, and at length acquire the blessed faculty of being satisfied with moderate pleasures.

To the politeness of the countess Thune, and the recommendation of the baron Swieten, I am indebted for the agreeable footing I am on with Prince Kaunitz, who at present lives at Laxenberg, a pleasant village about ten miles from Vienna, where there is a small palace and very extensive park, belonging to the Imperial family.

Prince Kaunitz has lately built a house there, and lives in a style equally hospitable and magnificent. He is not to be seen before dinner by any but people on business; but he always has a pretty large company at dinner, and still greater numbers from Vienna pass their evenings at Laxenberg; not unfrequently the emperor himself makes one of the company. This minister has enjoyed the fa-

vour of the empress for many years. He was her envoy at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, and has been of her cabinet-council ever since. At present he is minister for all foreign affairs, and is supposed to have greater influence with her than any other person.

He is certainly a man of knowledge, genius, and fidelity, and the affairs of this court have prospered greatly under his management. His friends are very much attached to him, and he shews great discernment in discovering and employing men of talents. He is the friend and patron of Mons. de Swieten. It is supposed that he advised and negotiated the French alliance, yet he has always had a strong partiality in favour of the British nation.—He has some singularities; but as they do not affect any essential part of his character, they need not be mentioned.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Vienna.

I HAD the pleasure of yours by the last post, wherein you inform me that our acquaintance C— talks of setting out for Vienna very soon. As nothing is so tiresome as the company of one who is continually tired of himself, I should be alarmed at your information, were I not absolutely certain that his stay here will be very short, come when he will.

C— called at my lodgings one morning the summer before I had left London.—I had remained in town merely because I had no particular business elsewhere;—but he assured me, that the town was a desert;—that it was shameful to be seen in the streets;—that all the world was at Brighthelmstone.—So I allowed him to conduct me to that place, where we had remained only a few days, when he told me, that none of the people he cared for were there; and as I had nothing particular to detain me, he begged as a favour that I would accompany him to Tunbridge. We went accordingly, and to my great sa-

tisfaction I there found Mr. N——'s family. C— remained pretty quiet for about four days;—he yawned a good deal on the fifth;—and on the sixth, I thought he would have dislocated his jaws. As he perceived I was pleased with the place, and would take none of his hints about leaving it, he at last pretended that he had received a letter which made it absolutely necessary for him to set out for London:—and away he went.

I staid three weeks at Tunbridge. On my return to town, I understood that C— had taken a genteel furnished house for the summer in Yorkshire, where he had already passed a week, having previously engaged a female friend to go along with him. He left word in town, that he was not to be expected till the meeting of parliament. Though I never imagined that he would remain quite so long, yet I was a little surprised to see him enter my room two days after I had received this account. He told me he was quite disgusted with his house, and more so with his companion; and besides, he had taken a violent fancy to go to Paris, which you know, added he, is the most delightful place in the world, especially in summer; for the company never think of rambling about the country like our giddy fools in England, but remain together in the capital, as sensible people ought to do.

He then proposed that we should pack up a few things,—take post,—pass over,—and spend a couple of months at Paris. Finding I did not relish the proposal, he wrote an apology to the lady in Yorkshire, with an inclosed bank-bill, and set out next day by himself. I heard no more of him for six weeks, but at the end of that time, happening to be at Bath, I saw my friend C— enter the pump-room.—'Egad, said he, you were wise to stay at home:—Paris is become the most insipid place on earth:—I could not support it above ten days.—But having heard a good deal of Holland, I even took a jaunt to Amsterdam, which, between friends, I found very little more amusing than Paris: two days after my arrival, finding an English ship just ready to sail, I thought it

would be a pity to let the opportunity slip. So I ordered my trunk aboard.—We had a disagreeable passage: —However, I arrived safe a few days ago at Harwich, After this sketch of poor C—'s turn of mind, you see, I have no reason to fear his remaining long with us, if he should come.

Foreigners assert that the English have more of this restless disposition than any other people in Europe.

Il faut que votre ville de Londres soit un triste séjour.—I asked the person who made this remark to me, wherefore he thought so?—Parceque, answered he, tous vos jeunes gens que je vois en France s'ennuyent à la mort.—But, said I, there are a great many of your countrymen in London.—Assurément, answered he, with polite insolence, cela fait une différence.

Our climate is accused of producing this ennui. If I rightly remember, I formerly hinted some reasons against this opinion, and of late I begin to suspect that the excessive wealth of certain individuals, and the state of society in our capital, are the sole causes of our having a greater share of that malady among us than our neighbours. The common people of England know nothing of it:—neither do the industrious of any rank, whether their object be wealth, knowledge, or fame. But in England there is a greater number than in any other country, of young men, who come to the possession of great fortunes before they have acquired any fixed and determined taste, which may serve as a resource and occupation through life.

When a youth has acquired a habit of application, a thirst of knowledge, or of fame, the most ample fortune which can fall to him afterwards, cannot always destroy dispositions and passions already formed.—Particularly if the passion be ambition, which generally gives such energy to the mind, and occasions such continued exertions, as sufficiently ward off lassitude and tedium; for wealth cannot lull, or pleasure enervate, a mind strongly inspired by that active principle. Such therefore are out of the present question. But when a full and uncontrolled com-

mand of money comes first, and every object of pleasure is placed within the reach of the unambitious, all other pursuits are too frequently despised; and every taste or accomplishment which could inform or strengthen the mind, and fill up the tedious intervals of life, is neglected.

A young man in this situation is prone to excess; he seldom waits the natural returns of appetite of any kind; —his sensibility is blunted by too frequent enjoyment;— what is desired to-day, is lothed to-morrow;—every thing at a distance, which bears the name of pleasure, is an object of desire;—when present, it becomes an object of indifference, if not of disgust.—The agitations of gaming are tried to prevent the horrid stagnation of indolence:—All amusements lose their relish, and serve to increase the languor they were meant to expel.

As age advances, caprice, peevishness, and tedium augment:—The scene is often changed; but the same fretful piece is constantly acted till the curtain is dropt, or is pulled down by the impatient actor himself before the natural end of the drama.

Does not all this happen in France and Germany?—Doubtless; but not so often as in England, for the reasons already mentioned. In France, a very small proportion of young men have the uncontrolled possession of great fortunes. They have not the means of gratifying every desire, and indulging every caprice. Instead of spending their time in clubs or taverns with people of their own age, the greater part of the young nobility pass their evenings with some private family, or in those societies of both sexes to which they have the entrée. There the decorum due to such company restrains, of course, the vivacity and wantonness of their behaviour and conversation; and adventures occur which interest and amuse, without being followed by the nausea, languor, and remorse, which often succeed nights spent at the gaming-table, or the licentiousness of tavern suppers.

Nothing has a better influence on the temper, disposition, and manners of a young person, then living much

in the company of those whom he respects. Exclusive of the improvement he may receive from their conversation, he is habituated to self-denial, and must relinquish many indulgences which lead to indolence and languor.

The young French nobility, even although they should have no great share of ambition, no love of study, no particular turn for any of those higher accomplishments which enable men to pass the hours of life independent of other amusements; yet they contrive to keep tedium at a distance by efforts of a different kind, by a species of activity peculiar to themselves: They perceive, very early in life, the absolute necessity of pleasing; this sentiment pervades their general conduct, and goes a great way in the formation of their real character. They are attentive and obliging to all, and particularly endeavour to acquire and retain the friendship of those who can assist their fortunes; and they have a relish for life, because it is not always in their power to anticipate enjoyment, nor can they cloy their appetites by satiety. Even the most dissipated among them are unacquainted with the unbounded freedom of a tavern life, where all the freaks of a whimsical mind, and a capricious taste, may be indulged without hesitation, and which, after long indulgence, renders every other kind of society insupportable.

With regard to the Germans, there are very few men of great independent fortunes among them. The little princes, by whom the riches of the country are engrossed, have, I suspect, their own difficulties to get through life with any tolerable degree of satisfaction. As for their younger brothers and the middling gentry, they go into the army, and are subjected to the rigorous and unremitting attentions of military discipline. This, of consequence, forms a character, in many respects different from that of the English or French gentleman.

But I have not yet mentioned the circumstance which, of all others, perhaps contributes the most to render London the triste séjour which foreigners often find it; I mean the establishment of clubs, from which that part of the

community are excluded who have the greatest power to sooth the cares, and enliven the pleasures of life.

LETTER LXXXV.

Vienna.

We had an invitation lately from Mons. de Breteuil to dine on the top of Mount Calenberg, a very high mountain in the neighbourhood of this city. Common coaches or chariots cannot be dragged up; but having driven to the bottom, we found chaises of a particular construction, calculated for such expeditions. These had been ordered by the ambassador for the accommodation of the company, and in them we were carried to the summit, where there is a convent of monks, from which two landscapes of very opposite natures appear. The one consists of a series of wild mountains; the other, of the town, suburbs, and environs of Vienna, with the various branches of the Danube flowing through a rich champaign of boundless extent.

The table for dinner was covered in a field near the convent, under the shade of some trees.—Every delicacy of the season was served up.——Madame de Matignon, a very beautiful and sprightly lady, daughter of M. de Breteuil, did the honours.—Some of the finest women of Vienna, her companions, were of the company; and the whole entertainment was conducted with equal taste and gaiety.

During the desert, some of the fathers came and presented the company with baskets of fruit and sallad from their garden.—The ambassador invited them to sit, and the ladies pledged them in tokay. Mons. de Breteuil had previously obtained permission for the ladies to enter the convent;——which they accordingly did, as soon as they rose from table, attended by all the company.

You will readily believe, that the appearance of so many handsome women would be particularly interesting to a community which had never before beheld a female within

their walls.—This indeed was sufficiently evident, in spite of the gravity and mortified looks of the fathers.

One lady of a gay disposition laid hold of a little scourge which hung at one of the father's belts, and desired he would make her a present of it, for she wished to use it when she returned home, having, as she said, been a great sinner.——The father, with great gallantry, begged she would spare her own fair skin, assuring her that he would give himself a hearty flogging on her account that very evening;—and to prove how much he was in earnest, fell directly on his knees before a little altar, and began to whip his own shoulders with great earnestness, declaring, that when the ladies should retire, he would lay it with the same violence on his naked body; for he was determined she would be as free from sin as she was on the day of her birth.

This melted the heart of the lady.—She begged the father might take no more of her faults upon his shoulders. ——She now assured him that her slips had been very venial, and that she was convinced what he had already done would clear her as completely as if he should whip himself to the bone.

There is something so ludicrous in all this, that you may naturally suspect the representation I have given, proceeds from invention rather than memory. I assure you, however, in downright earnest, that the scene passed nearly as described; and, to prevent farther mischief, I put the scourge, which the zealous father had made use of, in my pocket.

On my return to Vienna, I called the same evening at the countess Walstein's, and soon after the emperor came there. Somebody had already mentioned to him the pious gallantry of the father at the top of Mount Calenberg.—He asked for a sight of the whip, which he understood I had brought away:—I had it still in my pocket, and immediately shewed it him.——He laughed very heartily at the warmth of the father's zeal, which he supposed had been augmented by the ambassador's tokay.

You have often heard of the unceremonious and easy manner in which this great prince lives with his subjects. Report cannot exaggerate on this head. The countess Walstein had no expectations of his visiting her that evening.——When the servant named the emperor before he entered, I started up, and was going to retire.—The countess desired me to remain, for nothing was more disagreeable to him than that any company should be disturbed on his entering.—The ladies kept their seats, some of them knotting all the time he remained. The men continued standing while he stood, and when he was seated, most part of them sat down also.—The emperor put Count Mahoni, the Spanish ambassador, in mind of his gout, and made him sit while himself remained standing.

This monarch converses with all the ease and affability of a private gentleman, and gradually seduces others to talk with the same ease to him. He is surely much happier in this noble condescension, and must acquire a more perfect knowledge of mankind, than if he kept himself aloof from his subjects, continually wrapt up in his own importance and the imperial fur.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Vienna,

The manners of this court are considerably altered since Lady Mary Wortley Montague was here, particularly since the accession of the present empress, whose understanding and affability have abridged many of the irksome ceremonials formerly in use. Her son's philosophical turn of mind, and the amiable and conciliating characters of her whole family, have no doubt tended to put society in general upon a more easy and agreeable footing.

People of different ranks now do business together with ease, and meet at public places without any of those ridiculous disputes about precedency, of which the ingenious English lady has given such lively descriptions.—Yet trifling punctilios are not so completely banished, as, I

imagine, the emperor could wish; he himself being the least punctilious person in his dominions:—for there is certainly still a greater separation than good sense would direct, between the various classes of the subjects.—The sentiments of a people change very gradually, and it takes a course of years before reason, or even the example of the sovereign, can overcome old customs and prejudices.

The higher, or ancient families, keep themselves as distinct from the inferior, or newly-created nobility, as these do from the citizens: So that it is very difficult for the inferior classes to be in society, or to have their families much connected with those of the superior ranks. And, what is of more importance in a political sense, there are certain places of high trust in the government, which cannot be occupied by any but the higher order of nobility.

Would you not think it disadvantageous for a government to keep a law in force which enacts, that the offices in the state which require the greatest abilities, should be filled from that class of the community in which there is the least chance of finding them?—Perhaps the usage above mentioned is nearly equivalent to such a law. As for the peasants, who are entirely out of the question, they are, in many parts of the emperor's dominions, in a state of perfect slavery, and almost totally dependant on the proprietors of the land.

The ideas relative to dress seem to have entirely changed since Lady Mary's time; and if the dress of the ladies be still as absurd, it is at least not so singular; for they, like the rest of Europe, have now adopted the Parisian modes.

The present race of Austrian ladies can differ in nothing more than they do in looks from their grandmothers, who, if any of them were still alive, may be as beautiful at this day as they were when she wrote; for time itself could hardly improve that ugliness, which, according to her, was in full bloom sixty years ago. I have not as yet inquire what method the parents have devised to remedy this inconveniency; but nothing is more certain than that it is

remedied very effectually; for at present there is no scarcity of female beauty at the court of Vienna.

This being the case, it is natural to imagine that gallantry must now be more prevalent than when her ladyship was here. But exclusive of any real difference, which may have happened in the sentiments of the ladies themselves, they are obliged to observe an uncommon degree of circumspection in that particular, as nothing is more heinous in the eyes of her Imperial apostolic majesty. She seems to think that the ladies of her court, like the wife of Cæsar, should not only be free from guilt, but, what is still more difficult, free from suspicion; and strongly marks by her manner, that she is but too well informed when any piece of scandal circulates to the prejudice of any of them.

With regard to what Lady Mary calls sub-marriages, and of which she has given such a curious account, I do not imagine they are common at present, in all the latitude of her description. But it is not uncommon for married ladies here to avow the greatest degree of friendship and attachment to men who are not their husbands, and to live with them in great intimacy, without hurting their reputation, or being suspected, even by their own sex, of having deviated from the laws of modesty.

One evening at the count Thune's, when there was a pretty numerous company, I observed one lady uncommonly sad, and inquired of her intimate friend, who happened to be there also, if she knew the cause of this sadness?—I do, replied she; Mr. de ——, whom she loves very tenderly, ought to have been here a month ago; and last night she received a letter from him, informing her that he cannot be at Vienna for a month to come. But pray, said I, does your friend's husband know of this violent passion she has for Mr. de ——? Yes, yes, answered she, he knows it, and enters with the most tender sympathy into her affliction; he does all that can be expected from an affectionate husband to comfort and soothe his wife, assuring her that her love will wear away with

time. But she always declares that she has no hopes of this, because she feels it augment every day.—Mais, au fond, continued the lady, cela lui fait bien de la peine, parceque malheureusement il aime se femme à la folie. Et sa femme, qui est la meilleure créature du monde, plaint infiniment son pauvre mari; car elle a beaucoup d'amitié et d'estime pour lui;—mais elle ne sçauroit se défaire de cette malheureuse passion pour Mons. de ——.

I was not in the least surprised that a disappointment of this nature should affect a woman a little; but I own it did astonish me that she should appear in public, on such an occasion, in all the ostentation of sorrow, like a young widow vain of her weeds. Here this passion was lamented by her friends as a misfortune: In England, if I rightly remember, such misfortunes are generally imputed to people as crimes.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Presburg.

The viscount de Laval having proposed to me lately to make a short tour with him into Hungary, I very readily consented, and we arrived at this town yesterday morning.

Presburg, which is the capital of Lower Hungary, like Vienna, has suburbs more magnificent than itself. In this city the states of Hungary hold their assemblies, and in the cathedral church the sovereign is crowned.

The present empress took refuge here when the elector of Bavaria was declared emperor at Prague, when she was abandoned by her allies, and when France had planned her destruction. Her own magnanimity, the generous friendship of Great Britain, and the courage of her Hungarian subjects, at length restored her fortunes, and secured to her family the splendid situation they now hold in Europe.

What politician in 1741 could have thought, that in the course of a few years the empress would be in strict alli-

ance with France, and one of her daughters seated on the throne of that kingdom? Should a soothsayer of Boston prophesy that John Hancock, or his son, will, sometime hence, demand in marriage a daughter of England, pray, do not lay an uncommon odds, that the thing will not happen.

Mons. de Laval and I walked up this morning to the castle, which is a noble Gothic building, of a square form, with a tower at each corner. The regalia of Hungary, consisting of the crown and sceptre of St. Stephen, the first king, are deposited here. These are carefully secured by seven locks, the keys of which are kept by the same number of Hungarian nobleman. No prince is held by the populace as legally their sovereign till he be crowned with the diadem of King Stephen; and they have a notion that the fate of their nation depends on this crown's remaining in their possession. It has therefore been always removed in times of danger to places of the greatest safety.

The Turks, aware of the influence of such a prejudice in the minds of the vulgar, have, it is said, made frequent attempts to seize this palladium. The fate of Hungary seems now to be pretty much decided; so that, exclusive of the value they put upon the crown, as a relic of considerable antiquity, the Hungarians need not be solicitous whether it remains in this castle or in the imperial palace at Vienna.

By the constitution of Hungary, the crown is still held to be elective. This point is not disputed. All that is insisted on is, that the heir of the house of Austria shall be elected as often as a vacancy happens.

The castle of Presburg is the usual residence of Prince Albert of Saxony, who married one of the archduchesses, a very beautiful and accomplished princess. As M. de Laval and I entered one of the rooms, we observed them at a window. We immediately started back, and withdrew, being in riding frocks and boots. Monsieur de Laval had seen their highnesses a few days before at Schon-

brun, and thought they had been there still. The princess sent a polite message after us by a servant, who had orders to conduct us through every apartment of the castle; she herself stept into another room, that we might see that which she left.

All the princesses of the Austrian family are distinguished by an attentive and obliging politeness, which is the more remarkable, as those who live much at courts often acquire a species of politeness which is by no means obliging. The splendour and distinctions of a court frequently inspire an overweening vanity, and have a peculiar tendency to shake the steadiness of the female understanding. Court ladies in general, but particularly such as submit to be abject sycophants to queens and princesses, are apt to render themselves ridiculous by the arrogant airs they assume to the rest of the world; and while they usurp the importance of royalty, fill the breasts of all who know them with as much detestation as is consistent with contempt.

The view from this citadel is very extensive, commanding the vast and fertile plains of Hungary.

Having dined at the inn, and regaled ourselves, at no great expense, with tokay, we went to visit a villa at the distance of four miles from Presburg, belonging to an Hungarian nobleman. This house is delightfully situated,—the gardens laid out a little too methodically; but the park, and fields around, where less art has been used, display a vast luxuriancy of natural beauties. While wandering over these, we entered a little wood in a very retired place; as we advanced into this, we saw a venerable looking old man with a long beard, who, stretching out his hand, seemed to invite us to an hermitage which we observed hard by.

The viscount, impatient to cultivate the acquaintance of a person of such an hospitable appearance, ran before me toward him; when he got up to him, he stopped short as if surprised, and then, to my utter astonishment he

raised his foot with every mark of indignation, and gave the poor old hermit a violent kick.

I do not remember that I was ever more shocked in my life; I was at the same time quite confounded at an action so unworthy in itself, and so incompatible with the character of Mons. de Laval. I was soon reconciled, however, to the treatment the old fellow had received, when I discovered that this venerable personage was not the honest man we took him for, but a downright impostor, made of painted wood, and dressed in the robes of a hermit to deceive passengers.

Over the door was an inscription from Horace,——

Odi profanum vulgus.*

On the inside of the door,——

Fata volentes ducunt, nolentes.†

And in another part, within the hermitage,——

Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Versatur urna, serius ocius,
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura Cymbæ.‡

There were also several inscriptions taken from Cicero, in favour of the soul's immortality, which I am sorry I neglected to transcribe.—We returned in the evening to this place, and are to set out to-morrow for Prince Esterhazy's.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Vienna.

HAVING left Presburg, we travelled eight posts across a very fertile country to the palace of Esterhazy, the re-

* I abhor the profane vulgar.

† Fate leads the willing, and drags the unwilling.

‡ Thus all must tread the path of fate,
Thus even shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat, ah, never to return!
FRANCIS.

sidence of the prince of that name. He is the first in rank of the Hungarian nobility, and one of the most magnificent subjects in Europe. He has body-guards of his own, all genteel-looking men, richly dressed in the Hungarian manner.

The palace is a noble building, lately finished, and situated near a fine lake. The apartments are equally grand and commodious: the furniture more splendid than almost any thing I have seen in royal palaces. In the prince's own apartment there are some curious musical clocks, and one in the shape of a bird, which whistles a tune every hour.

Just by the palace, there is a theatre for operas, and other dramatic entertainments; and in the gardens, a large room with commodious apartments for masquerades and balls.

At no great distance, there is another theatre expressly built for puppet-shows. This is much larger and more commodious than most provincial playhouses, and I am bold to assert, is the most splendid that has as yet been reared in Europe for that species of actors. We regretted that we could not have the pleasure of seeing them perform; for they have the reputation of being the best comedians in Hungary.

We had the curiosity to peep behind the curtain, and saw kings, emperors, Turks, and Christians, all ranged very sociably together. King Solomon was observed in a corner in a very suspicious tête-à-tête with the queen of Sheba.

Among other curiosities, there is in the garden a wooden house, built upon wheels. It contains a room with a table, chairs, a looking-glass, chimney, and fire-place. There are also closets, with many necessary accommodations.—The prince sometimes entertains twelve people in this vehicle, all of whom may easily sit round the table, and the whole company may thus take an airing together along the walks of the garden, and many parts of the park, which are as level as a bowling-green. The ma-

chine, when thus loaded, is easily drawn by six or eight horses.

Prince Esterhazy having heard of M. de Laval's being in the garden, sent us an invitation to the opera, which was to be performed that evening; but as we had brought with us no dress proper for such an occasion, we were forced to decline this obliging invitation. The prince afterwards sent a carriage, in which we drove round the garden and parks. These are of vast extent, and beautiful beyond description; arbours, fountains, walks, woods, hills, and valleys, being thrown together in a charming confusion.—If you will look over Ariosto's description of the gardens in Alcina's enchanted island, you will have an idea of the romantic fields of Esterhazy, which are also inhabited by the same kind of animals.

Tra le purpuree rose e i bianchi gigli,
Cha tepid aura freschi ognora serba,
Sicuri si videan lepri e conigli:
E cervi con la fronte alta e superba,
Senza temer che alcun li uccida o pigli,
Passano, e stansi ruminando l'erba:
E Saltan daini e capri snelli e destri,
Che sono in copia in quei luoghi campestri.*

M. de Laval was in raptures with the gardens of Esterhazy. In the height of his admiration, I asked him, how they stood in his opinion, compared with those of Versailles?

Ah, parbleu! monsieur, answered he, Versailles étoit fait exprès pour n'être comparé à rien.—He acknowledged, however, with difficulty, that, except France, no other country he had seen was so beautiful as this.

Having wandered here many hours, we returned to

* While 'midst the roses red and lilies fair,
For ever nurs'd by kindly zephyr's care,
The nimble hares, in wanton mazes play'd,
And stately stags with branching antlers stray'd;
Without the fear of hostile hand, they stood
To crop, or ruminate their grassy food.
The wild goats frolick; leap the nimble deer,
That in this rural place in troops appear.

the inn, where a servant waited with Prince Esterhazy's compliments, and a basket containing two bottles of tokay, and the same quantity of champagne and of old hock. We lamented very sincerely, that we could not have the honour of waiting on this very magnificent prince, and thanking him personally for so much politeness.

A company of Italian singers and actors were then at the inn, and preparing for the opera. Great preparations were making for the entertainment of the empress and all the court, who are soon to make a visit of several days to Esterhazy. Though the imperial family, and many of the nobility, are to lodge in the palace, yet every corner of this large and commodious inn is already bespoke for the company which are invited upon that occasion.

Hungary is a very cheap country, the land being infinitely fertile, and in some places producing the most esteemed grape in Europe. It is beautiful with lakes, the windings of the Danube, and many streams which flow into that fine river. In the woods of Hungary are bred a race of horses, the most active, hardy, and spirited, for their size, in the world. These have been found very useful in war, and the hussars, or light dragoons of the Austrian army, are mounted on them.

The men in Hungary are remarkably handsome, and well-shaped. Their appearance is improved by their dress, which you know is peculiar and very becoming.

Lady M. W. Montague asserts, that the Hungarian women are far more beautiful than the Austrian. For my part, I think of women, as M. de Laval does of Versailles;—that they are not to be compared with any thing, —not even with one another. And therefore, without presuming to take a comparative view of their beauty, it may be remarked in general, that where the men are handsome and well-made, it is natural to suppose, that the women will possess the same advantages; for parents generally bestow as much attention to the making of their daughters as of their sons. In confirmation of which

doctrine, I can assure you, that I have seen as handsome women, as men, in Hungary, and one of the prettiest women, in my opinion, at present at the court of Vienna is a Hungarian.

None of the empress's subjects are taxed so gently, or enjoy so many privileges, as the Hungarians. This is partly owing to the grateful remembrance she has of their loyalty and attachment in the days of her distress. But although this sentiment were not so strong in her breast as it really is, there are political reasons for continuing to them the same exemptions and privileges; for nothing can be more dangerous than disobliging the inhabitants of a frontier country, which borders on an inveterate enemy.—Nor could any thing please the Turks more, than to find the hearts of the Hungarians alienated from the house of Austria.

I found this country, and the company of M. de Laval, so very agreeable, that I should have been happy to have extended our excursion farther; but he is obliged to set out soon for Chamberry to pay his duty to the comte d'Artois, who is expected there to wait on his future spouse, the princess of Savoy. We therefore returned by the direct road from Esterhazy to Vienna.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Vienna.

So the fate of poor —— is finally decided, and he now finds, that to be ruined is not a matter of so much indifference as he once imagined. I neither see the possibility of his extricating himself from his present difficulties, nor in what manner he will be able to support them. Accustomed to every luxuriant indulgence, how can he bear the inconveniences of poverty?—Dissipated and inattentive from his childhood, how can he make any exertion for himself?—His good-humour, genteel figure, and pliant disposition, made him well received by all.—While he formed no expectations from their friendship,

his company seemed particularly acceptable to some who are at present in power: whether it will be equally so now, when he has nothing else to depend on, is to be tried. And I really think it is as well for him that it be tried now, as five or six years hence.

This calamity has been long foreseen.—There seemed to be almost a necessity that it should happen sooner or later; for he had neither caution, plan, nor object in his gaming.—He continued it from habit alone. Of all mankind, he was the least covetous of excessive wealth; and exclusive of gaming, he always lived within his income, not from a desire of saving money, but merely because he had no taste for great expense.—How often have we seen him lose immense sums to those who could never have paid the half, had he happened to win it; and to some of whom he had lent the money which enabled them to stake against him?

There are many careless young men of great fortunes, who game in the same style, and from no other motives than those of our unhappy friend.—What is the consequence?—The money circulates for a while among them, but remains finally with persons of a very different character.—I shall not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamesters we have been acquainted with, have used those means to correct fortune which are generally reckoned fraudulent. I am fully persuaded, they are seldomer practised in the clubs in London, than in any other gaming societies in the world.—Let all slight of hand, and every species of downright sharping, be put out of the question; but still we may suppose, that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool, and shrewd men are mingled, who know how to conceal real caution and design under apparent inattention and gaiety of manner;—who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition;—who have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required.

If there are such men, is not the probability of winning

infinitely in their favour?—Does it not amount to almost as great a certainty, as if they had actually loaded the dice or packed the cards?—I know you live in the habit of intimacy with some who answer to the above description; and I have heard you say, that however fortunate they may have been, you were fully convinced that nothing can be fairer than their manner of playing. I accuse them of taking no other advantages than those above mentioned; but I appeal to your own experience,—pray recollect,—and I am greatly mistaken, if you will not find, that by far the greater part of those who have made fortunes by play, and have kept them when made, are men of cool, cautious, shrewd, and selfish characters.

If any of these very fortunate people were brought to a trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, while so many others had entirely lost, or greatly impaired their fortunes, (if the word esprit be allowed to imply that artful superiority which belongs to their characters), they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini Marechal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she had made use of to fascinate the mind of the queen?—De l'ascendant, she replied, qu'un esprit superieur a toujours sur des esprits foibles.—Certainly there can be no greater weakness, than for a man of independent fortune to game in a such a manner as to risk losing it, for the chance of doubling or tripling his income: because the additional happiness arising from any supposable addition of wealth, can never be within a thousand degrees so great, as the misery which would be the consequence of his being stripped of his original fortune.

This consideration alone, one would imagine, might be sufficient to deter any reasonable man from a conduct so weak and absurd: yet there are other considerations which give much additional weight to the argument:—the dismal effects which the continued practice of gaming has sometimes been observed to produce in the disposition of the mind, and the most essential parts of the character, destroying every idea of economy, engrossing the whole

time, undermining the best principles, perverting the qualities of the heart, rendering men callous to the ruin of acquaintances, and partakers, with a savage insensibility, in the spoils of their unwary friends.

The peculiar instances with which you and I are acquainted, where the long-continued habit of deep play has had no such effects, are proofs of the rooted honour and integrity of certain individuals, and may serve as exceptions to a general rule, but cannot be urged as arguments against the usual tendency of gaming. If men of fortune and character adopted the practice of gaming upon any principle of reasoning, there might be a greater probability of their being reasoned out of it: but most of them begin to game, not with any view or fixed plan of increasing their wealth, but merely as a fashionable amusement, or perhaps by way of showing the liberality of their spirit, and their contempt for money.

I would not be very positive, that some of them have not mistaken for admiration that surprise which is expressed when any person has lost an immense sum. And this mistake may have given them less repugnance to the idea of becoming the objects of admiration in the same way. Afterwards endeavouring to win back what they had so idly lost, the habit has grown by degrees, and at length has become their sole resource from the weariness which those born to great fortunes, and who have not early in life acquired some faculty of amusing themselves, are more prone to fall into than others. Men born to no such expectations, whatever their natural dispositions may be, are continually roused from indolence by avocations which admit of no delay. The pursuit of that independence, for which almost every human bosom sighs, and whose value is unknown only to those who have always possessed it, is thought a necessary, and is often found an agreeable, employment to the generality of mankind. This, with the other duties of life, is sufficient to engross their time and thoughts, and guard them from *the pains and penalties of idleness.*

As the pursuit of wealth is superfluous in men of rank and fortune, so it would be unbecoming their situation. Being deprived of this which is so great an object and resource to the rest of mankind, they stand in more need of something to supply its place. I know of nothing which can so completely, and with so much propriety, have this effect, as a taste for letters and love of science. I therefore think these are more essentially necessary to the happiness of people of high rank and great fortune, than to those in confined circumstances.

If independence be desired with universal ardour by mankind, the road of science is neither the most certain, nor the shortest way to attain it. But those who are already in possession of this, have infinite need of the other to teach them to enjoy their independence with dignity and satisfaction, and to prevent the gifts of fortune from becoming sources of misery instead of happiness. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have still more occasion for some of the pursuits of science, as resources against the languor of retired or inactive life. —Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, et si ex his studiis delectatio sola peteretur; tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remissionem, humanissimam ac liberalissimam judicaretis.

This love of letters, considered merely as an amusement, and to fill up agreeably the vacant hours of life, I believe to be more essentially necessary to men of great fortune than to those who have none;—to men without ambition, than to those who are animated by that active passion; and to the generality of Englishmen more than to the natives of either Germany or France.—The Germans require very little variety. They can bear the languid uniformity of life always with patience, and often with satisfaction. They display an equanimity under disgust that is quite astonishing.—The French, though no

so celebrated for patience, are of all mankind the least liable to despondence. Public affairs, so apt to disturb the repose of many worshipful citizens of London, never give a Frenchman uneasiness. If the arms of France are successful, he rejoices with all his heart;—if they are unfortunate, he laughs at the commanders with all his soul. If his mistress is kind, he celebrates her goodness, and commends her taste;—if she is cruel, he derides her folly in the arms of another.

No people ever were so fond of amusement, and so easily amused. It seems to be the chief object of their lives, and they contrive to draw it from a thousand sources, in which no other people ever thought it could be found. I do not know where I met with the following lines; they are natural and easy, and seem expressive of the conduct and sentiments of the whole French nation.—

M'amuser n'importe comment,
Fait toute ma philosophie.
Je crois ne perdre aucun moment
Hors le moment où je m'ennuie;
Et je tiens ma tâche finie.
Pourvu qu'ainsi tout doucement;
Je me defasse de la vie.

Our countrymen who have applied to letters, have prosecuted every branch of science as successfully as any of their neighbours. But those of them who study mere amusement, independent of literature of any kind, certainly have not been so happy in their researches as the French. Many things which entertain the latter, seem frivolous and insipid to the former. The English view objects through a darker medium. Less touched than their neighbours with the gaieties, they are more affected by the vexations of life, under which they are too ready to despond. They feel their spirits flag with the repetition of scenes which at first were thought agreeable. This stagnation of animal spirits, from whatever cause it arises, becomes itself a cause of desperate resolutions, and debasing habits.

A man of fortune, therefore, who can acquire such a re

lish for science, as will make him rank its pursuits among his amusements, has thereby made an acquisition of more importance to his happiness, than if he had acquired another estate equal in value to his first. I am almost convinced, that a taste of this kind is the only thing which can render a man of fortune (especially if his fortune be very large) tolerably independent and easy through life. Whichsoever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continually be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view,—his mind will be replenished with ideas,—and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he will still have antidotes against tedium, and (other things being supposed equal) the best chance of passing agreeably through life, that the uncertainty of human events allows to man.

LETTER XC.

Vienna.

In your last, you shew such a passion for anecdote, and seem so desirous of my insisting on manners and characters, that I fear you will not be pleased with my last long epistle upon a subject entirely remote from what you demand. But you must remember, that you were warned from the beginning of this correspondence, that I would retain the privilege of digressing as often as I pleased, and that my letters should frequently treat of what I thought, as well as what I saw. However, this shall consist entirely of sights.

The first I shall mention was exhibited soon after our arrival at Vienna. This was the feast of St. Stephen, at which the emperor dined in public with the knights.

He was at the head of the table: his brother and brother-in-law next him, and the other knights sat according to seniority. The archduchesses, with some of the principal ladies of the court, were at a balcony within the hall to see this ceremony. The emperor and all the knights were dressed in the robes of the order. The Hunga-

rian guards, with their sabres drawn, surrounded the table.

The honour of serving the emperor at this solemnity belongs entirely to the Hungarians. When he called for drink, a Hungarian nobleman poured a little of the wine into a cup and tasted it; he afterwards filled another, which he presented with one knee touching the ground. The emperor often smiled upon this nobleman as he went through the ceremony, and seemed to indicate, by the whole of his behaviour, that he considered such submissive bendings of one man to another, as greatly misplaced, and that he suffered this mummery merely in compliance with ancient custom.

There was great crowding to see this feast, and it was not without difficulty I got admission; though, after all, there was nothing to be seen but some well-dressed men, who ate an exceeding good dinner with tolerable appetite.

Since the feast of St. Stephen, we have been witnesses to the annual ceremony in commemoration of the defeat of the Turkish army, and the raising the siege of Vienna by John Sobieski king of Poland. The Imperial family, and the principal nobility of both sexes, walked in solemn procession, and heard mass at the church of St. Stephen on this occasion. In the middle of the street, leading from the palace to the church, a platform was raised, upon which the company, who formed the procession, walked.—The streets were lined with the imperial guards, and the windows and tops of the houses were crowded with spectators. The duke of Hamilton and I found a very good situation at a window with the Venetian ambassador.

This ceremony would have been too fatiguing for the empress:—She therefore did not attend:—The emperor, the archdukes and duchesses, with all the nobility, did. A prodigious train of bishops, priests, and monks, followed; and a numerous band of music played as they went along.

As this is a day of rejoicing, the richest and gayest dresses are thought the most expressive of the pious gratitude becoming such an occasion. The ladies displayed their devotion in the most brilliant manner. Their minds, however, were not so much exalted by heavenly contemplations, as to be above taking notice of their earthly acquaintances at the windows, whom they regaled with smiles and nods as they walked along.

Next day the Imperial family dined in public, and many people went to see them. I was not of the number, though nobody can more sincerely wish them the enjoyment of all the comforts of life. I know not on what principle the royal family in France, and other countries in Europe, have adopted the custom of eating in public. They cannot imagine, that the seeing them chew and swallow their victuals can create a vast deal of admiration in the beholders. It would certainly be taken for granted, that they could perform these necessary functions, although a cloud of witnesses were not admitted to confirm the fact. If these exhibitions are designed for the entertainment of the subjects, a thousand could be thought of more amusing to them; for however interesting the part of an actor at a feast may be, that of a spectator is surely one of the most insipid that can be imagined.

But the same evening there was a grand masquerade at Schonbrun, which was more generally amusing.—Four thousand tickets were distributed on this occasion.——A large party of dragoons were placed along the roads from Vienna, to keep the coaches in a regular line, and to prevent confusion. The principal rooms of this magnificent palace were thrown open for the reception of the company. In three large halls on the ground-floor, tables were covered with a cold collation of all kinds of fowls, ham, and confections, with pine-apples and every sort of fruit. These, with old hock, champagne, and other kinds of wine, were served with readiness and profusion to all who asked for them.

At the end of the large dining-room, there was a raised

seat for the empress, and some ladies who attended her. Here a grand ballet was danced by the archduke, the archduchess, the princesses of Modena, and some of the chief nobility, to the number of twenty-four. The dancers, both male and female, were dressed in white silk, flounced with pink-coloured ribbands, and enriched with a vast profusion of diamonds.

This ballet was performed three times at proper intervals. Those who had seen it once, passed into the gallery, and other apartments, giving way to a new set of spectators. In the garden, on a rising ground opposite to the palace windows, a temporary fabric was erected in the form of a large and magnificent temple. This was illuminated by an incredible number of lamps, and gave the appearance of a very extraordinary piece of architecture, which continued flaming through the whole night, and had a very fine effect, viewed from Vienna, and other places at a greater distance.

The emperor mixed with the company without ceremony or distinction, taking no part himself but as a spectator. He was conversing in the middle of the hall, in the most familiar manner, with an English gentleman, without observing, that the third ballet was going to be danced, when the master of the ceremonies whispered him in the ear.—The emperor, seizing the Englishman by the arm, said, Allons, monsieur, on nous chasse—il faut se retirer; and immediately walked into another room, to give place to others who had not yet seen the dance.

This very splendid entertainment was given to the archduke, and the princess of Modena, whose usual residence is at Milan.—The empress, thus surrounded by her offspring, appeared cheerful and happy.—She seemed to enjoy the vivacity, and sympathize with the gaiety, of the company.—She is greatly beloved by her own children, and by her subjects in general, whom she also considers as her children in a greater degree than is usual for sovereigns.

It is an error to imagine, that great devotion has a ten-

dency to sour the temper: Though it must be acknowledged, that it has not always the power of sweetening the very austere trunks on which it is sometimes grafted; but in a character naturally benevolent, every good disposition will be strengthened and animated by real piety. Of this I have seen a thousand instances, and I believe her Imperial majesty affords one.

LETTER XCI.

Vienna.

THE emperor is of a middle size, well made, and of a fair complexion. He has a considerable resemblance to his sister, the queen of France, which, in my opinion, is saying a great deal in favour of his looks.—Till I saw something of his usual behaviour, I did not think it possible for a person, in such an elevated situation, to put every body with whom he conversed upon so easy a footing.

His manner, as I have often mentioned, is affable, obliging, and perfectly free from the reserved and lofty deportment assumed by some on account of high birth. Whoever has the honour to be in company with him, so far from being checked by such despicable pride, has need to be on his guard, not to adopt such a degree of familiarity as whatever the condescension of the one might permit, would be highly improper in the other to use.

He is regular in his way of life, moderate in his pleasures, steady in his plans, and diligent in business. He is fond of his army, and inclines that the soldiers should have every comfort and necessary consistent with their situation. He is certainly an economist, and lavishes very little money on useless pomp, mistresses, or favourites; and it is, I suppose, on no better foundation than this, that his enemies accuse him of avarice.

I cannot help regarding economy as one of the most useful qualities in a prince. Liberality, even when pushed to an imprudent length, may, in a private person, proceed from a kind of greatness of mind, because his fortune

is in every sense his own, and he can injure nobody but himself by lavishing it away.—He knows that when it is gone, nobody will reimburse him for his extravagance.—He seems therefore to have taken the resolution to submit to the inconvenience of future poverty, rather than renounce the present happiness of acting with a magnificent liberality and bestowing on others more than he can afford.

This is not the case with a prince.—What he squanders is not his own, but the public money.—He knows that his pomp and splendour will be kept up, and that his subjects, not he, are to feel the inconveniences of his prodigality. When I hear, therefore, that a king has given great sums of money to any particular person; from the sums given, the person who receives it, the motive for the gift, and other circumstances, I can judge whether it is well or ill disposed of; but, in either case, it cannot be called generosity.

The virtue of generosity consists in a man's depriving himself of something for the sake of another. There can be no generosity in giving to John what James must replace the next moment. What is called generosity in kings, very often consists in bestowing that money on the idle part of their subjects which they have squeezed from the industrious. I have heard a parcel of fiddlers and opera dancers praise a prince for his noble and generous behaviour to them, while men near his person, of useful talents and real worth, were distressed for bread.—The emperor certainly has none of that kind of generosity.

His usual dress (the only one indeed in which I ever saw him, except at the feast of the Knights of St. Stephen) is a plain uniform of white faced with red.—When he goes to Laxenberg, Schonbrun, and other places near Vienna, he generally drives two horses in an open chaise, with a servant behind, and no other attendant of any kind.—He very seldom allows the guard to turn out as he passes through the gate.—Nobody ever had a stronger disposition to judicious inquiry.—He is fond of conversing with ingenious people.—When he hears of any person, of what-

ever rank or country, being distinguished for any particular talent, he is eager to converse with him, and turns the conversation to the subject on which that person is thought to excel, drawing from him all the useful information he can. Of all the means of knowledge, this is perhaps the most powerful and the most proper that can be used by one whose more necessary occupations do not leave him much time for study.

He seems to be of opinion, that the vanity and ignorance of many princes are frequently owing to the forms in which they are intrenched, and to their being deprived of the advantages which the rest of mankind enjoy from a free comparison and exchange of sentiment. He is convinced, that unless a king can contrive to live in some societies on a footing of equality, and can weigh his own merit, without throwing his guards and pomp into the scale, it will be difficult for him to know either the world or himself.

One evening at the countess Walstein's, the conversation leading that way, the emperor enumerated some remarkable and ludicrous instances of the inconveniences of etiquette, which had occurred at a certain court. One person present hinted at the effectual means his majesty had used to banish every inconveniency of that kind from the court of Vienna. To which he replied, It would be hard indeed, if, because I have the ill-fortune to be an emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, which are so much to my taste. All the grimace and parade to which people in my situation are accustomed from their cradle, have not made me so vain, as to imagine that I am in any essential quality superior to other men; and if I had any tendency to such an opinion, the surest way to get rid of it, is the method I take, of mixing in society, where I have daily occasions of finding myself inferior in talents to those I meet with. Conscious of this, it would afford me no enjoyment to assume airs of a superiority which I feel does not exist. I endeavour therefore to please, and to be pleased; and as much as the inconveniency of my situation

will permit, to enjoy the blessings of society like other men; convinced that the man who is secluded from those, and raises himself above friendship, is also raised above happiness, and deprived of the means of acquiring knowledge.

This kind of language is not uncommon with poor philosophers; but I imagine it is rarely held by princes, and the inferences to be drawn from it more rarely put in practice.

A few days after this, there was an exhibition of fireworks on the Prater. This is a large park, planted with wood, and surrounded by the Danube, over which there is a wooden bridge. No carriages being allowed to pass, the company leave their coaches at one end, and walk. There is a narrow path railed off on one side of the bridge. Many people very injudiciously took this path, to which there is an easy entrance at one end, but the exit is difficult at the other; for only one person can go out at a time. The path therefore was very soon choked up; the unfortunate passengers crept on at a snail's pace, and in the most straitened and disagreeable manner imaginable; whilst those who had kept the wide path in the middle of the bridge, like the fortunate and wealthy in their journey through life, moved along at their ease, totally regardless of the wretched circumstances of their fellow-passengers.

Some few of the prisoners in the narrow passage who were of a small size, and uncommon address, crawled under the rail, and got into the broad walk in the middle; but all who were tall, and of a larger make, were obliged to remain and submit to their fate. An Englishman, who had been at the countess Walstein's when the emperor expressed himself as above mentioned, was of the last class. The emperor, as he passed, seeing that those of a small size extricated themselves, while the Englishman remained fixed in a very awkward situation, called out, Ah, monsieur! Je vous aie bien annoncé combien il est incommode d'être trop *grand*.—A present vous devez être bien de mon avis; —Mais comme je ne puis rien faire pour vous soulager, je vous recommende à Saint George.

There are people, who having heard of the emperor's uncommon affability, and of his total contempt of pomp and parade, of which the bulk of mankind are so much enamoured, have asserted, that the whole is affectation. But if the whole tenor of any person's words and actions is to be considered as affectation, I do not know by what means we are to get at the bottom of his real character. Yet, people who have a violent taste for any particular thing, are extremely ready to believe, that those who have not the same taste are affected.

I do not remember that I ever told you, that our friend R——, who loves his bottle above all things, and who, I believe, esteems you above all men, let me into a part of your character of which I never had the smallest suspicion.

One day after dinner, when a couple of bottles had awakened his friendship, and laid open his heart, he took it into his head to enumerate your good qualities, and concluded the list, by saying, that you were no milk-sop.—I know what that expression imports in the mouth of R——. I therefore stared, and said, I had seldom seen you drink above three glasses at a time in my life.—Nor I, said he; but take my word for it, he is too honest a fellow not to love good wine, and I am certain his sobriety is all *affectation.*

LETTER XCII.

Vienna.

I RETURNED very lately from Prince Lichtenstein's house at Felberg in Austria, where I passed a few days very agreeably. The Lichtenstein family is one of the first in this country, whether considered in point of antiquity, wealth, or dignity. This prince, besides his lands in Austria, has considerable estates in Bohemia, Moravia, and that part of Silesia which belongs to the empress. Like Prince Esterhazy, he has body-guards in his own pay.—I believe no other subjects in Europe retain this distinction.

Felberg is a fine old mansion, about forty miles from Vienna. The apartments are large, convenient, and furnished in the magnificent style which prevails in the noblemen's houses of this country. The company consisted of the prince and princess, the count Degenfeldt and his lady, a very accomplised woman; the duke of Hamilton, Mr. Milnes an English officer, another English gentleman, and myself. Our entertainment was in every respect splendid, particularly in the article of attendants. Some of the Austrian nobility carry this point of magnificence to a height, which could scarcely be supported by the best estates in England, where one footman is more expensive than four in this country.

The day after our arrival, breakfast was served to the company separately in their own apartments, as is the custom here. We afterwards set out for another villa belonging to this prince, at six miles distance, where he intended to give the duke the amusement of hunting. The princess, the countess Degenfeldt, the duke, and Captain Milnes, were in one coach; the prince, the count, and I, in another; the two young princes, with their governor and the young English gentleman, in a third, with a great retinue on horseback.

As the day was well advanced when we arrived, I imagined the hunting would begin immediately:—But every thing is done with method and good order in this country, and it was judged proper to dine in the first place. This in due time being concluded, I thought the men would have proceeded directly to the scene of action, leaving the ladies till their return.—But here I found myself again mistaken:—The ladies were to assist in the whole of this expedition. But as there was a necessity to traverse a large wood, into which coaches could not enter, vehicles of a more commodious construction were prepared. I forget what name is given to these carriages. They are of the form of benches, with stuffed seats, upon which six or eight people may place themselves one behind the other. They are drawn by four horses, and slide over

the ground like a sledge, passing along paths and trackless ways, over which no wheel-carriage could be drawn.

After being conveyed in this manner across the wood, and a considerable way beyond it, we came to a very large open field, in which there were several little circular inclosures of trees and underwood at wide intervals from each other.—This hunting had hitherto been attended with very little fatigue; for we had been carried the whole way in coaches, or in the sledges, which are still easier than any coach. In short, we had been perfectly passive since breakfast, except during the time of dinner.

But when we arrived at this large plain, I was informed, that the hunting would commence within a very short time. I then expected we should have some violent exercise after so much inactivity, and began to fear that the ladies might be over-fatigued, when, lo! the prince's servants began to arrange some portable chairs at a small distance from one of the thickets above mentioned. The princess, countess, and the rest of the company took their places; and when every body was seated, they assured me that the hunting was just going to begin.

I own, my curiosity was now excited in a very uncommon degree; and I was filled with impatience to see the issue of a hunting, which had been conducted in a style so different from any idea I had of that diversion. While I sat lost in conjecture, I perceived, at a great distance, a long line of people moving towards the little wood, near which the company was seated. As they walked along, they gradually formed the segment of a circle, whose centre was this wood. I understood that these were peasants, with their wives and children, who, walking forward in this manner, rouse the game, which naturally take shelter in the thicket of trees and bushes. As soon as this happened, the peasants rushed in at the side opposite to that where our company had taken post, beat out the game, and then the massacre began.

Each person was provided with a fusil, and many more were at hand loaded for immediate use. The servants

were employed in charging as fast as the pieces were fired off: So that an uninterrupted shooting was kept up, as long as the game continued flying or running out of the wood.—The prince hardly ever missed.—He himself killed above thirty partridges, a few pheasants, and three hares.

At the beginning of this scene, I was a good deal surprised to see a servant hand a fusil to the princess, who with great coolness, and without rising from her seat, took aim at a partridge, which immediately fell to the ground. With the same ease, she killed ten or twelve partridges and pheasants, at about double the number of shots.—The execution done by the rest of the company was by no means considerable.

Though I had not heard of it before, I now understood, that shooting is not an uncommon amusement with the German ladies: and it is probable, their attention to the delicacy of the fair sex, has induced the hardy Germans to render this diversion so little fatiguing.

The company afterwards walked to other little inclosures of planting, where some game was driven out, and killed as before.—The following day, the prince conducted us to another of his seats, where there is a very fine open wood, full of deer of every kind, some of them the largest I ever saw. There is also a great number of wild boars, one of which, by the prince's permission, the duke of Hamilton killed.

Nothing could surpass the politeness and magnificence with which the company were entertained during the whole of their stay. The princess is a woman of an amiable character, and a good understanding; educates her children, and manages her affairs, with the utmost prudence and propriety.

This family, and many of the nobility, who have hitherto been at their country-seats, are now about to return to Vienna. The family of Monsieur and Madame de Pergen have been here for some time. This lady is an intimate friend of the countess Thune; and nearly the same com-

pany, who form her society, now assemble twice a week at the house of Madame de Pergen, who rivals the countess in good sense and many accomplishments; and, without raising jealousy or ill-will, divides with her the esteem of the best company of this place. The agreeable footing on which society is established here, and the number of respectable people with whom we are acquainted, fills me with regret at the thoughts of leaving Vienna; but the duke of Hamilton inclines to pass the winter in Italy. Indeed, if he did not, he would be obliged to delay the journey a whole year, or submit to the inconveniences of travelling in the summer months, which, in so hot a climate, is rather to be avoided.

LETTER XCIII.

Vienna.

I HAVE not said any thing of the Austrian army, having some suspicion that I rather over-dosed you with military details from Berlin, where the subject of my letters was continually before my eyes. But the emperor has very few of his troops in garrison at Vienna. They make a fine appearance, and the army in general are more judiciously clothed, than any other I have seen.

Instead of coats with long skirts, their uniform is a short jacket of white cloth, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and each soldier has a surtout of coarse grey cloth, which he wears in cold or rainy weather. This he rolls up in a very small bulk when the weather is good, and it is little or no encumbrance on a march. They have short boots for shoes; and, in place of hats, they wear caps of very stout leather, with a brass front, which usually stands up, but which may be let down upon occasion, to prevent their eyes from being incommoded by the sun.

Except a very few Hungarians who do duty within the palace, there are no troops in the Austrian service with increased pay, and exclusive privileges, under the denomination of body-guards; the marching regiments on the

ordinary establishment, form the garrison of Vienna, and perform the duty of guards by rotation.

The insolence of the Prætorian bands at Rome, so often terrible to their masters; the frequent insurrections of the Janissaries at Constantinople, and the revolutions effected by the Russian guards at Petersburg, sufficiently point out the danger of such an institution. These examples may have influenced the Austrian government to renounce a system which seems to render certain regiments less useful, and more dangerous, than the rest of the army.

The Austrian army is calculated at considerably above two hundred thousand; and it is imagined that there never was a greater number of excellent officers in the service than at present: so that, in case of a war with Prussia, the two powers will be more equally matched than ever. It would be unfortunate for this court if it should break out at present; for there are some commotions among the peasants in Bohemia, which occasion a general disquiet, and by which some individuals have sustained great losses One nobleman of the first rank has had his house, and all the furniture, burnt to the ground, together with some large out-houses near his castle.

These excesses, according to some, proceed from mere wantonness, and love of mischief, in the people. Others assert, that they are excited by the tyranny of the lords, which has driven those poor men to despair. Whichsoever of these accounts is true, it seems evident to me, that it would be much better for the lords, as well as the peasants, that the latter, instead of being bondmen, were in a state of freedom. At present, they pay their rent by working a certain number of days in the week for their masters, and maintain themselves and families by labouring the other days on their own account. You will readily believe, that more real business will be done in one day when they work for themselves, than in two days labour for their lords. This occasions ill-humour and blows on the part of the master, and hatred and revolt on that of the peasants.

If the estates in Bohemia were let to freemen at a reasonable rent, freedom and property would excite a spirit of industry among these indolent people. They would then work every day with cheerfulness and good-will, and I am convinced the landlords revenues would increase daily. In consequence of this, the peasants would, in all probability, continue as much attached to the ground from choice, as they are at present from necessity.—Do we not see families in Great Britain remain for many generations on gentlemen's estates, though the master has the privilege of changing his tenant, and the tenant his master, at the end of every lease?

In almost every country in Europe, except England, the inhabitants are confined, by some barrier or other, to the situation in which they are born. The total want of education necessarily obliges the greater part to gain their livelihood by bodily labour. National opinions prevent others from ever rising above the level of their birth, however sublime their genius, or however great their acquired knowledge. But in our island the door of science, and consequently the road to ambition, is open to almost every individual. Even in the most remote villages some degree of education is bestowed on the poorest inhabitants.

This may be of little or no importance to ninety-nine in a hundred: and of the small number who, by improving this pittance of knowledge, raise themselves above the state in which they were born, very few arrive at any degree of eminence; the reason of which is, that great genius is a quality very sparingly dealt out to mankind. Though it must be allowed, that much the greater part of the inhabitants of the same country and climate are born with nearly the same natural abilities; and that the degrees of education, and other opportunities of improvement, gradually form all the difference which appears among them in after-life; yet I cannot, with Helvetius, believe that genius is entirely the work of education.

I am fully convinced, that nature is continually producing some individuals in every nation of a finer organiza-

tion, with an infinitely greater aptitude for science of every kind, and whose minds are capable of a more sublime and extensive range of thought, than is attainable by the common run of mankind with any possible degree of culture. This natural superiority is what I call genius. Wherever a considerable share of this is lodged, a little cultivation will be sufficient, but some is absolutely requisite to make it appear.

When it does exist in the minds of peasants in Russia, Poland, and some parts of Germany, it remains dormant from neglect, or is smothered by oppression. But in Great Britain, the degree of education which is now universal, small as it is, will be sufficient to rouse, animate, and bring into action the fire of extraordinary genius, the seeds of which impartial nature is as apt to place in the infant breast of a peasant as of a prince. The chance of great and distinguished men springing up in a country, is therefore not to be calculated by the number of inhabitants, but by the number whose minds receive that degree of cultivation necessary to call forth their latent powers.

On the supposition, that one kingdom contains eight millions of inhabitants, and another triple the number, many more men of original genius, and great eminence in every art and science, may, from the circumstances above mentioned, be expected to appear in the first than in the second. In Great Britain, for example, almost all the natives may be included in the calculation; but in the other countries which I have mentioned, the peasantry, who form the most numerous class, must be struck out.

LETTER XCIV.

Vienna.

WHETHER it is owing to the example of the empress, or to what other cause, I shall not take upon me to decide; but there certainly appears a warmer and more general attachment to religion in Vienna, than in any other great town in Germany: There is also a greater appearance of

satisfaction and happiness here than in many other cities, where religious impressions are more feeble and less prevalent: It is not improbable, that the latter may be a consequence of the former.

Irreligion and scepticism, exclusive of the bad effects they may have on the morals or future destiny of men, impair even their temporal happiness, by obscuring those hopes which, in some situations, are their only consolation. In whatever superior point of view those men may consider themselves, who deride the opinions which their fellow-citizens hold sacred, this vanity is often overbalanced by the irksome doubts which obtrude on their minds. Uncertainty with respect to the most interesting of all subjects, or a fixed persuasion of annihilation, are equally insupportable to the greater part of mankind, who sooner or later endeavour to put in a claim for that bright reversion, which religion has promised to believers. If the idea of annihilation has been supported without pain by a few philosophers, it is the utmost that can be said; such a state of mind can never be a source of satisfaction or pleasure. People of great sensibility seldom endure it long; their fond desire of immortality overturns every fabric which scepticism had attempted to raise in their minds; they cannot abide by a doctrine which plucks from the heart a deeply-rooted hope, tears asunder all those ties of humanity, affection, friendship, and love, which it has been the business of their lives to bind, and which they expect will be eternal. Since sensibility renders the heart averse to scepticism, and inclinable to devotion, we may naturally expect to find women more devout than men; very few of that delicate sex have been able to look with stedfast eyes on a prospect, which terminates in a dismal blank; and those few, who have had that degree of philosophical fortitude, have not been the most amiable of the sex.

None of my female acquaintance at Vienna are in this uncomfortable state of mind: but many of them have embroidered some fanciful piece of superstition of their own upon the extensive ground which the Roman Catholic faith

affords. In a lady's house, a few days ago, I happened to take up a book which lay upon the table—a small picture of the Virgin Mary on vellum fell from between the leaves; under the figure of the Virgin there was an inscription, which I translate literally.—

'This is presented by —— —— to her dearest friend —— ——, in token of the sincerest regard and affection; begging that as often as she beholds this figure of the blessed Virgin, she may mix a sentiment of affection for her absent friend, with the emotions of gratitude and adoration she feels for the Mother of Jesus.'

The lady informed me, that it was usual for intimate friends to send such presents to each other when they were about to separate, and when there was a probability of their being long asunder.

There seems to be something exceedingly tender and pathetic in blending friendship with religious sentiments, and thus, by a kind of consecration, endeavouring to preserve the former from the effects of time and absence.—The perusal of this inscription recalled to my memory certain connections I have at home, the impetuosity of which recollection affected me beyond expression.

I remarked in this lady's house another beautiful picture of the Virgin, ornamented with a rich frame, and a silk curtain to preserve it from dust; I observed that she never looked at it but with an air of veneration and love, nor passed it when uncovered by the curtain without a gentle bending of the knee.—She told me, that this picture had been long in the family, and had been always held in the highest esteem; for that both her mother and she owed some of the most fortunate events of their lives to the protection of the blessed Virgin; and she seemed not entirely free from a persuasion, that the attention of the Virgin was in some degree retained by the good offices of this identical picture. She declared, that the confidence she had in the Virgin's goodness and protection, was one of the greatest comforts she had in life—that to *her* she could, without restraint, open her heart and pour

out her whole soul under every affliction, and she never failed to find herself comforted and relieved by such effusions.

I observed, that devout Protestants found the same consolation in addressing the Almighty.

She said, she could not comprehend how that could be —for that God the Father was so great and awful, that her veneration was mixed with such a degree of dread, as confounded all her ideas when she attempted to approach him; but the blessed Mary was of so mild, so condescending, and compassionate a character, that she could address her with more confidence.

She said, she knew it was her duty to adore the Creator of the universe, and she fulfilled it to the best of her power; but she could not divest herself of a certain degree of restraint in her devotions to him, or even to her Saviour. But the blessed Mary being herself a woman, and acquainted with all the weakness and delicacies of the sex, she could to *her* open her heart with a degree of freedom, which it was not possible for her to use to any of the persons of the Holy Trinity.—Regardez sa physionomie, added she, pointing to the picture,—mon Dieu, qu'elle est douce, qu'elle est gracieuse !

These sentiments, however contrary to the Protestant tenets, and the maxims of philosophy, are not unnatural to the human heart.—Voltaire says, that man has always shewn an inclination to create God after his own image; this lady formed an idea of the blessed Virgin from the representation of the painter, as well as from the account given of her in the Evangelists; and her religion allowing the Mother of Christ to be an object of worship, she naturally turned the ardour of her devotion to her, whose power she imagined was sufficient to protect her votaries here, and procure them paradise hereafter; and whose character she thought, in some particulars, sympathized with her own.

Some zealous Protestants may possibly be shocked at this lady's theological notions: however, as in other re-

spects she is a woman of an excellent character, and observes the moral precepts of Christianity with as much attention as if her creed had been purified by Luther, and doubly refined by Calvin, it is hoped they will not think it too great an extension of charity to suppose that her speculative errors may be forgiven.

LETTER XCV.

Vienna.

THE preference which is given by individuals in Roman Catholic countries to particular saints, proceeds sometimes from a supposed connection between the characters of the saints and the votaries. Men expect the greatest favour and indulgence from those who most resemble themselves, and naturally admire others for the qualities which they value most in their own character.

A French officer of dragoons, being at Rome, went to view the famous statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. The artist has conveyed into this masterpiece, in the opinion of some, all the dignity which a human form and human features are capable of receiving; he has endeavoured to give this statue a countenance worthy of the great legislator of the Jews, the favourite of Heaven, who had conversed face to face with the Deity. The officer happened to be acquainted with the history of Moses, but he laid no great stress on any of these circumstances—he admired him much more on account of one adventure in which he imagined Moses had acquitted himself like a man of spirit, and as he himself would have done——Voilà qui est terrible! voilà que est sublime! cried he at sight of the statue—and after a little pause he added, on voit là un drôle qui a donné des coups de bâton en son tems, et qui a tué son homme.

The crucifixes, and statues, and pictures, of saints, with which Popish churches are filled, were no doubt intended to awaken devotion when it became drowsy, and to excite in the mind gratitude and veneration for the holy persons

they represent; but it cannot be denied that the gross imaginations of the generality of mankind are exceedingly prone to forget the originals, and transfer their adoration to the senseless figures which they behold, and before which they kneel. So that whatever was the original design, and whatever effects those statues and pictures have on the minds of calm sensible Roman Catholics, it is certain that they often are the objects of as complete idolatry as ever was practised in Athens or Rome, before the statues of Jupiter or Apollo.

On what other principle do such multitudes flock from all the Roman Catholic countries in Europe to the shrine of our Lady at Loretto? Any statute of the Virgin would serve as effectually as that to recal her to the memory; and people may adore her as devoutly in their own parish churches, as in the chapel at Loretto.—The pilgrims, therefore, must be persuaded that there is some divine influence or intelligence in the statue which is kept there; that it has a consciousness of all the trouble they have taken, and the inconveniences to which they have been exposed, by long journeys, for the sole purpose of kneeling before it, in preference to all other images.

It was probably on account of this tendency of the human mind, that the Jews were forbid to make unto themselves any graven image. This indeed seems to have been the only method of securing that superstitious people from idolatry; and, notwithstanding the peremptory tenor of the commandment, neither the zeal nor remonstrances of their judges and prophets could always prevent their making idols, nor hinder their worshipping them wherever they found them ready made.

Statues and pictures of saints, which have been long in particular families, are generally kept with great care and attention; the proprietors often have the same kind of attachment to them, that the ancient heathens had to their Dii Penates.—They are considered as tutelary and domestic divinities, from whom the family expect protection. When a series of unfortunate events happens in a family,

it sometimes creates a suspicion that the family statues have lost their influence. This also is a very ancient sentiment. Suetonius informs us, that the fleet of Augustus having been dispersed by a storm, and many of the ships lost, the emperor gave orders that the statue of Neptune should not be carried in procession with those of the other gods, from an opinion that the god of the sea was unwilling or unable to protect his navy; and in either case he deemed him not worthy of any public mark of distinction.

The genuine tenets of the Roman Catholic church certainly do not authorize any of the superstitions above mentioned, which are generally confined to the credulous and illiterate in the lower ranks of life.—Yet instances are sometimes to be met with in a higher sphere. A Frenchman in a creditable way of life had a small figure of our Saviour on the cross, of very curious workmanship; he offered it for sale to an English gentleman of my acquaintance: after expatiating on the excellency of the workmanship, he told him that he had long kept this crucifix with the most pious care; that he had always addressed it in his private devotion, and that in return he had expected some degree of protection and favour; instead of which he had of late been remarkably unfortunate: that all the tickets he had in the lottery had proved blanks: and having had a great share in the cargo of a ship coming from the West-Indies, he had recommended it in the most fervent manner in his prayers to the crucifix; and that he might give no offence by any appearance of want of faith, he had not insured the goods—notwithstanding all which the vessel had been shipwrecked, and the cargo totally lost, though the sailors, in whose preservation he had no concern, had been all saved.—Enfin, monsieur, cried he, with an accent of indignation mingled with regret, and raising his shoulders above his ears, Enfin, monsieur, il m'a manqué, et je vends mon Christ.

Happy for Christians of every denomination, could they abide by the plain, rational, benevolent precepts of

the Christian religion; rejecting all the conceits of superstition, which never fail to deform its original beauty, and to corrupt its intrinsic purity!

LETTER XCVI.

Vienna.

Our disputes with the colonies have been a prevailing topic of conversation wherever we have been since we left England. The warmth with which this subject is handled, increases every day. At present the inhabitants of the continent seem as impatient as those of Great Britain, for news from the other side of the Atlantic; but with this difference, that here they are all of one mind:—all praying for success to the Americans, and rejoicing in every piece of bad fortune which happens to our army.

That the French should be pleased with commotions which must distress and weaken Great Britain, and may transfer to them an equal right to every advantage we gained by the last war, is not surprising; but why the inhabitants of every other country should take part against England, and become partisans of America, is not so apparent.

I should forgive them, and even join in sentiment with them, as far as my regard for the honour and happiness of my country would permit, if this proceeded from an attachment to liberty, and a generous partiality for men who repel oppression, and struggle for independency.—But this is not the case.—Those who can reap no possible advantage from the revolt of America; those who have not an idea of civil liberty, and would even be sorry to see it established in their own country; those who have no other knowledge of the dispute, than that it is ruining England; all join as allies to the Americans, not from love to them, but evidently from dislike to us.

When I first observed this hostile disposition, I thought it might proceed from their being offended at that preference which the English give to their own country and

countrymen, above all others: but this conceit we have in common with every other nation on the globe, all of whom cherish the same favourable opinion of themselves. It assuredly prevails in France in an eminent degree.—There is hardly one sceptic or unbeliever in the whole nation.—It is the universal creed, that France is the finest country in the world; the French the most ingenious and most amiable people, excelling in all the arts of peace and war; and that Paris is the capital of politeness, and the centre of learning, genius, and taste.

This satisfaction at the misfortunes of Great Britain cannot therefore arise from a cause which is applicable to every other country. It may indeed, in some measure, proceed from envy of the riches, and jealousy of the power, of the English nation; but, I believe, still more from our taking no trouble to conciliate the affections of foreigners, and to diminish that envy and ill-will which great prosperity often creates. The French, though perhaps the vainest people on earth of their own advantages, have some degree of consideration for the feelings and self-love of their neighbours. A Frenchman endeavours to draw from them an acknowledgment of the superiority of his country, by making an eulogium on whatever is excellent in theirs. But we are apt to build our panegyric of old England, on the ruin and wretchedness of all other countries.—Italy is too hot, the inns miserable, and the whole country swarms with monks and other vermin.—In France, the people are slaves and coxcombs, the music execrable;—they boil their meat to rags, and there is no porter, and very little strong ale, in the country.—In Germany, some of their princes have little more to spend than an English gentleman:—They use stoves instead of grates;—they eat sour crout, and speak high Dutch.—The Danes and Swedes are reminded, that they are rather at too great a distance from the equator; and many sly hints are given concerning the inconveniences of a cold climate.—Of all things, I should think it most prudent to be silent on this last topic, as so many paltry states will take

precedency of old England, whenever it is the established etiquette that rank shall be determined by climate.

But this consideration has no effect on my honest friend John Bull. When he is in a choleric humour, he will not spare his best friends and nearest neighbours, even when he has most need of their assistance, and when those at a distance seem to have plotted his ruin.—If his own sister Peg should show a disposition to forget old squabbles, to live in friendship with her brother, and should declare that all who renounced his friendship were her enemies, and resolve to conquer by his side, or if that should fail, to die hard along with him.—No! d—n ye, says John, none of your coaxing:—You be d—d! you are farther North than I—Keep your distance.——And so he falls a-pelting Peg with her own snow-balls; and then turning from her, he attacks Lewis Baboon, Lord Strut, Lord Peter, and dashes their soup maigre, olios, and maccaroni, full in their teeth.

But to drop allegory; the universal satisfaction which appears all over Europe, at the idea of England's being stript of her colonies, certainly does not entirely originate from political sentiments; but in a great degree from that reserve which keeps Englishmen from cultivating the friendship of foreigners; that pride which hinders them from stooping to humour prejudices; that indifference which makes them disregard the approbation of others, and betray the contempt they are too ready to entertain for customs or sentiments different from their own.

These are things not easily forgiven, and for which no superiority of genius, magnanimity, or integrity, can compensate. The same causes which have made foreigners take part against us in the dispute with America, induce those of them who are rich, and can spend their revenues out of their own country, to prefer France to England for that purpose. The difference between London and Paris in point of climate is very small. The winter amusements of the former are more magnificent; and perhaps every conveniency, and most of the luxuries of life, are to be

found there in greater perfection. During the summer months, by superior skill in agriculture and a better taste in gardening, England displays such scenes of cultivation, of verdure, and fertility, as no country on earth can equal. To these are added the blessings of liberty; yet few or no foreigners reside in England, except those she maintains entirely at her own expense; all the wealthy, after a short visit to London, returning to spend their fortunes at Paris.

Exclusive of pecuniary advantages, it flatters the natural vanity of the French to find their society preferred to that of all other people, and particularly to that of their proud rivals.—Let them enjoy this advantage; let them draw to their capital the idle, the dissipated, and the effeminate of every country in Europe:—but for heaven's sake, do you and your friends in parliament fall on some measure to prevent them from engaging the affections of our industrious brethren of America.

Such an event would be attended with severe consequences to Great Britain, and probably to America. There are, however, so many repelling points in the American and French characters, that I cannot imagine the adhesion between them could be of long duration, should it take place.

You may naturally suppose, from some things in this letter, that the people here are in a particular manner inveterate against England, in her dispute with America. But in reality this is not the case: for although in general they favour America, I have not seen so much moderation on that question any where as at Vienna. The emperor, when some person asked which side he favoured, replied very ingeniously, Je suis par métier royaliste.

I wish those of our countrymen, who by your account seem to be carrying their zeal for America too far, would remember qu'ils sont par naissance Anglois.

Just as I was concluding the above I received yours, informing me that your young friend was in a short time to set out on the usual tour through Europe. I shall take

another opportunity of writing to him on the subject you desire; at present I must confine myself to the few following hints.

I hope he will always remember that virtue and good sense are not confined to any particular place, and that one end of travelling is to free the mind from vulgar prejudices—he ought therefore to form connections, and live on a social footing with the inhabitants of the different countries through which he passes; let him at least seem pleased while he remains among them; this is the most effectual method of making them pleased with him, and of his accomplishing every object he can have in visiting their country.

There are instances of Englishmen, who while on their travels, shock foreigners by an ostentatious preference of England to all the rest of the world, and ridicule the manners, customs, and opinions of every other nation; yet on their return to their own country, immediately assume foreign manners, and continue during the remainder of their lives to express the highest contempt for every thing that is English.——I hope he will entirely avoid such perverse and ridiculous affectation.

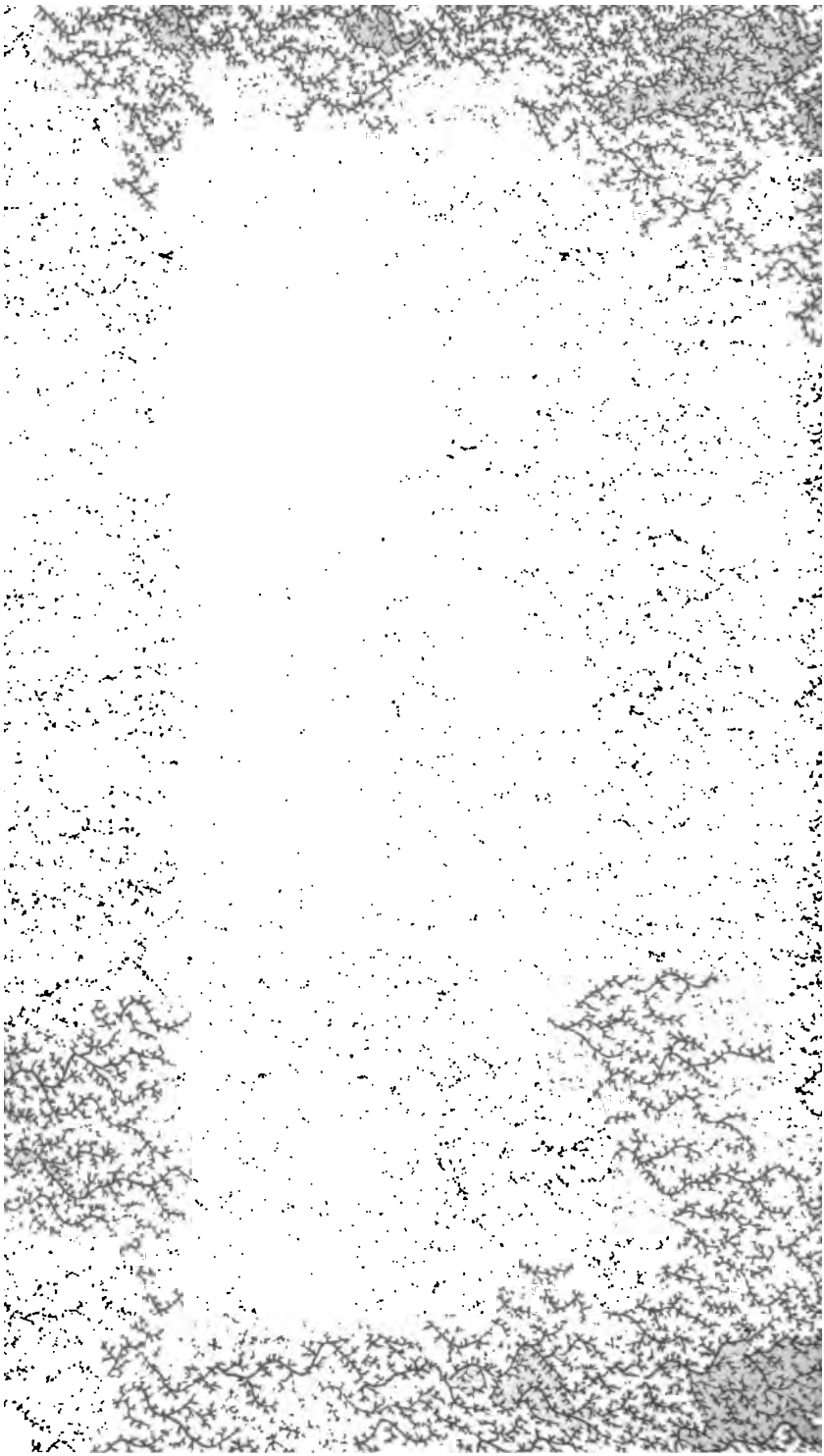
The taste for letters which he has acquired at the university, I dare say will not be diminished on classic ground, or his mind be diverted, by a frivolous enthusiasm for music, or any other passion, from the manly studies, and pursuits which become an English gentleman.

As he regards the confidence of his friends, the preservation of his character, and the tranquillity of his mind, let no example, however high, lead him into the practice of deep play. By avoiding gaming he will secure one kind of independence, and at the same time keep possession of another, by continuing the habit of study, till the acquisition of knowledge has become one of his most pleasing amusements.—Unlike those wretched mortals, who, to drag through the dreary hours of life, are continually obliged to have recourse to the assistance of others, this fortunate turn of mind will add to his own happiness,

while it renders him more useful to, and less dependent on, society.

The preceding sermon, if you think proper, you may deliver to the young traveller, with my best wishes.

Having delayed our journey several weeks longer than was intended, merely from a reluctance of leaving a place which we have found so very agreeable, we have at length determined to set out for Italy—and are to go by the duchies of Stiria and Carinthia, which is a shorter route than that by the Tirol. As the time we are to remain at Vienna will be entirely employed in the necessary arrangements for the journey, and the painful ceremony of taking leave of friends, you will not hear again from me till we arrive at Venice.——Meanwhile, I am, &c.

END OF VOL. I.

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